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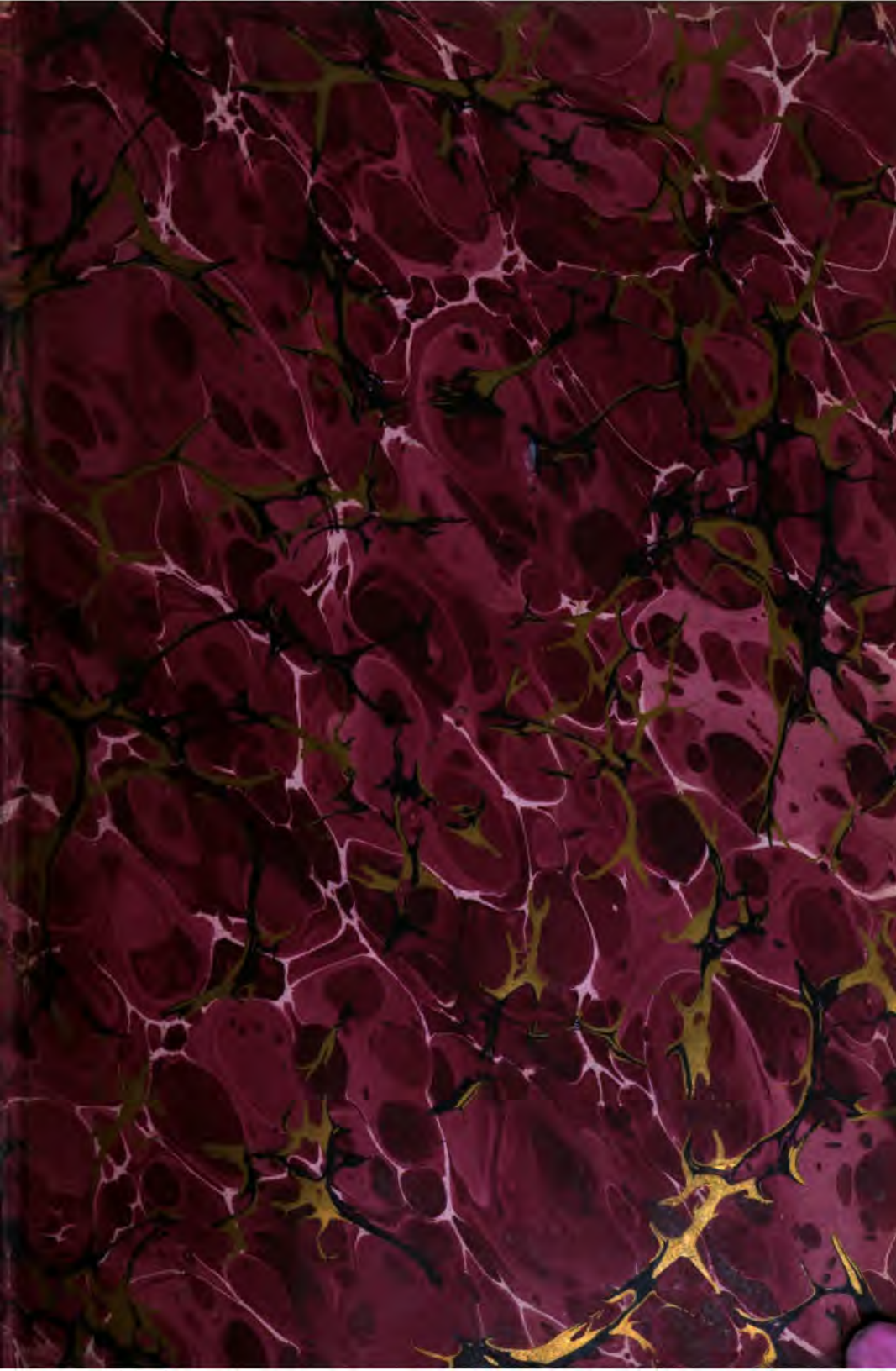
FROM THE FUND

IN MEMORY OF

GEORGE SILSBEE HALE

AND

ELLEN SEVER HALE



Andr. J. Kirkpatrick

LETTERS

AND

JOURNALS

OF

MRS. CALDERWOOD

OF

POLTON

LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF

MRS. CALDERWOOD OF POLTON

FROM ENGLAND HOLLAND AND THE LOW COUNTRIES IN 1756

EDITED BY ALEXANDER FERGUSSON, LIEUT.-COLONEL

Author of 'HENRY ERSKINE AND HIS KINSFOLK.'



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TO

THE MEMORY OF

LILIAS CALDERWOOD DURHAM,

MRS. DUNDAS DURHAM OF LARGO AND POLTON,

'THE LAST OF THE CALDERWOODS'

This Volume

IS INSCRIBED.

'——The more I think of it I find this conclusion more impressed upon me—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion—all in one.'

John Ruskin.

TO THE READER

AMONGST those who think and read there are some who feel it to be a characteristic of much of the writing of the present day, that the refinement of modern phrasing, sweetly modulated diction, and extreme polish, have been carried to a point where the vigour of sound English is endangered; even as we have seen pictures lose what of strength they may have had, by an excessive use of 'finish.' To some feeling of this kind may, perhaps, be due the fact that, of late, the even tenour of one-coloured

narrative in several modern stories has been relieved effectively by dashes of strong unvarnished talk, plain and homely, put into the mouths of old Scotch ladies. The process has been effective, more or less, according as it approached, or fell short of, reality.

In the following letters and journals we see how a well-born Scots lady of the last century thought and wrote. They are a literary curiosity, and over and above the interest they possess, without an undue admixture of Scotch words, have a value as a standard of the purest Scottish idiom. Accordingly it is thought they will be welcomed by all who, like Mr. Ruskin, can appreciate the

language of Scott, and of our grandmothers; and can discriminate between it and inferior imitations, even as he 'knows Horatian Latin from modern and scientific ditto.'

Mrs. Calderwood wrote not with a 'flourit pen.' But, as a very distinguished countryman of hers has said, in connection with another matter, her 'notion of style was to fold words as closely as possible round the very things she meant; and she used, with more or less of tact, every means for that purpose that her English [or Scotch] afforded.'

It will be allowed that in her remarks on persons and things that came under her notice, and in her descriptions of those simple appear-

ances which we now suppose to be known, she is as cogent, and as much to the point, as ever her brilliant nephews were; namely, Henry Erskine, the Lord Advocate of Scotland; and Thomas Erskine, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

For 'closeness' of writing there are passages that would have delighted Charles Reade. Probably no single line in his 'Wandering Heir' contains more than this of Mrs. Calderwood's, 'he dying, the mother bred the children popish, and lived here.' Then there are touches, whether altogether original or not, that deserve to be remembered; as that regarding the Flemish Jewess, who, by her marriage, 'pleased her

eye, but vexed her heart.' A writer who alludes to her infant grandson as a '*hellicat thief*' must be classed among the originals.

The narrative of her journey is little, if at all, known to many in Scotland. Even to many of those who are connected with Mrs. Calderwood by birth, it will be new; though it does not now appear for the first time. Forty-two years ago it was printed, just as the writer left the bare MS., by the Maitland Club; but their books were 'privately printed,' were not published, nor for sale. Consequently, the bulky quarto volume, entitled the *Coltness Collections*, admirably put together by the late Mr. James Dennistoun of Dennistoun,

which contains, amongst other things, Mrs. Calderwood's journal and letters, is rarely to be met with, except in public libraries, or in the collections of book-hunters. When a copy is by chance offered for sale, it fetches a large price.

Such being the case, it was the opinion of several that the narrative might be read with interest if presented in a convenient form, and with such explanatory matter as would make it intelligible to readers in the present day. The favourable reception accorded by English critics to the few short specimens of these letters submitted, not long ago, to the judgment of readers, has confirmed this idea. With this view one or

two letters hitherto unprinted have been added.

In furtherance of this object Mr. Robert Dundas of Arniston, the direct descendant of Mrs. Calderwood, and her representative, has afforded assistance which has been of the utmost value.

Besides an Introductory Chapter, necessarily much condensed, showing who those Calderwoods and Steuarts were, and the occasion of the letters, it has been attempted—to compare small things with great—to do for these writings, as far as has been possible, what has been so excellently done, in the way of elucidation, by Peter Cunningham and Moy Thomas respectively, for the correspondence

of the two great English letter-writers of the last century.

'History,' wrote Michelet, 'ought to be a resurrection.' Accordingly, it is thought, these unvarnished sketches may serve, in some degree, to illustrate a very interesting period in Scottish annals.

A. F.

Lennox Street, Edinburgh,
October 1884.



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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

'—— There is a saying among the Scotch that an ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy.'

ADDISON.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Sir Walter Scott on Scotch dialect: Old Scots ladies: Sir Walter's forecast: Country ladies as critics: Effective Scots narrative: PROVOST STEWART *of Kirkfield: Anna Hope: 'Lady Gutters':* SIR JAMES STEUART *of Goodtrees: Bishop Leighton at Goodtrees: James Steuart in hiding: Pardoned:* 1688: *Lord Advocate: 'Solicitor-General Coltness': Calderwoods of Polton: Agnes, Countess of Buchan:* SIR JAMES STEUART *of Coltness and* LADY FRANCES WEMYSS: *Letter from Paris: Lady Buchan's Letter: Jacobite Exiles: Start of the Calderwoods.*

IT is now sixty years since Sir Walter Scott wrote to his friend Constable deploring the speedy extinction, imminent as it seemed to him, if it had not actually taken place, of that class of Scots gentlewomen that he himself delighted to portray; those fine old ladies who thought and spoke in

racy Scotch, their own native tongue. He recalls with what elegance Mrs. Murray Keith, Lady Dumfries, his own mother, and many other ladies of that day would clothe their quaint ideas in a dialect as different from English as Venetian is from Tuscan speech. It never occurred to any one in those days that Scotch, when spoken as it then was by the learned, and the wise, and the witty, had a trace of vulgarity in it; on the contrary, says Sir Walter, 'it sounded rather graceful and genteel.'

But it is certain that Scott took a view somewhat too despondent when he wrote in this regretful mood. Happily the process of extinction has been more leisurely than was foretold, and the race of old gentlewomen, speaking with perfect purity their own mother tongue, so dear to Scott, and Cockburn, and Dean Ramsay, has proved more tenacious to the soil than was thought for. And it has been the privilege of some still living to hear from venerable lips this gentle Scottish speech, incomparable alike for the expression of pathos and of humour. But it may truly *now* be said in Sir Walter's phrase—'all this is gone, and the remembrance will be drowned with us elders of the existing generation.'

But if these fine old talkers have hastened thus tardily away, the case is different with the old letter-writers, a class of Scotch ladies even more interesting. They have long been gone, and nought but a memory. It is needless to recount the many different causes that rendered it a necessity that this should be so; but it is undoubted that they have done much by their graphic and truthful writing to preserve for us traces of manners, modes of thought, and speech that otherwise would have been lost. How it is that these ladies have given such a distinct character to Scotch narrative writing may be, perhaps, explained partly by their position, and partly by national temperament.

Those ruthless correspondents in the last century, like Mrs. Mure of Caldwell, or before her, Elizabeth Mure, with many others that might be named, who swept the face of society with their light artillery, whose pens were arms of precision effective to pick off the prominent characters of the hour with the most delicate of sharpshooting, were of that well-defined sphere of Edinburgh society which rendered everything possible to them in the way of fearless and effective criticism which their natural talents enabled them to make. Things

were done, and said, and written by ladies of this class which would not have been borne at the hands of persons of lower degree. There was, it is true, a line which might not be passed, as may be seen by those who read with a careful eye, but—it is acknowledged—it is not always easy to discern this line.

The best of these letter-writers were as a rule country gentlefolk who came occasionally to town. Along with an enjoyment of town gaiety, all the more keen because of the rarity of such pleasures which expense and bad roads entailed, city manners were a never-failing subject of interest to those who knew how to observe. How quaintly, for instance, and with what force does Lady Elliot Murray write from Edinburgh the result of her observations; that 'the misses are the most rotten part of the society;' 'envy and jealousy of their rivals,' she says, 'are the absorbing objects of their lives.' But, it is admitted, 'there are many worthy, agreeable, well-principled people, if you get over the language, manners, and adress, which at first are striking.'

This was from a critic whose study had been nature and a few standard books; to whom much laborious needle-work, and silent communing with

her own thoughts, had given a feeling akin to the 'exaltation of loneliness,' and a stand-point higher than that of the city folks so freely canvassed.

It has more than once been stated—fortunately by writers who had no Scotch prejudices—that there appears to have been in Scotland, in the old time, a gift so common as to seem almost a national characteristic, of facility and felicity of expression, combined with the clearest inward sight, of the character of 'artistic vision.' Or it is of the nature of that quality which Hazlitt defined as 'gusto.'

It may not be known to all that there are still extant records of evidence taken before the old Church courts, and elsewhere, in Scotland, which afford instances of happy expression and apparent artless candour on the part of the witnesses wonderful in effectiveness, if single-fold; and if otherwise, marvels of self-concealing art. Instances of this felicity of expression are to be found in plenty in the old Acts of General Assembly of the Scottish Church: for example, when inquiry into a matter under notice was postponed, they directed that it be 'sisted till God give further light.' Again, in most of the complaints to the Scotch king in the sixteenth century,

of wrong and violence done on the Border, the complainants begin by stating that at the time in question they were 'dreading harm from no man, but only wishing to live in God's peace and the king's' when the outrage complained of was perpetrated. Here is a picture of rural simplicity and innocence as skilful and full of suggestion as a sketch from the needle of Seymour Haden, which these Border artists in words were very sure to belie on the first opportunity.

Whether this gift of effective narrative be a part of that shrewdness said to be a Scotch peculiarity is a question that may be fairly discussed.[1] But it is believed that in the letters and journals of

[1] A notable instance of what is meant may be cited; namely, the brisk passage of arms between Major Somerville and Captain Crawfurd, as narrated by that most prolix of writers, Lord James Somerville—*Memorie of the Somervills*, vol. ii. pp. 272-4. The combat between the Major, with his 'half rapper-sword backed, and a great kain in his left hand,' and the Captain armed with 'a large broad-sword and Highland dirk,' began at the middle of the Lawnmarket in Edinburgh: step by step, they fought down the High Street till some way past the wooden booths of the goldsmiths. The varying fortunes of the fight are told in a manner so minute and graphic that, indeed, we seem to hear the clash of the swords as they meet, and the click of the dagger in the parries. *La Rixe* of Meissonier is not a more life-like picture of a deadly brawl. This is all the more remarkable as probably the writer was not born at the time of the occurrence.

Mrs. Calderwood there may be found abundant evidence to support the theories now advanced. Indeed these letters seem, in some measure, to give a clue to the secret of all good narrative writing; in simplicity, earnestness, and intense interest in the matter in hand, brooking no unnecessary ornamentation.

Mrs. Calderwood's position—as will be shown—was such as to give her the freedom necessary for good letter-writing, while her clear-headedness, genial humour, and a goodly measure of the national gift combined to make her notes of travel the entertaining pictures it is hoped the reader may find them.

Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield and Coltness,[1] commonly known as Provost Stewart, was a merchant and banker of Edinburgh. He was accounted one of the 'stiff' Presbyterians in

[1] There has been much and bitter contention regarding the origin of this branch of the Stewart family. Whether the Stewarts of Allanton (the progenitors of Provost Stewart) were descendants of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, or only 'rentallers' of the See of Glasgow, forms the subject of the great 'Saltfoot Controversy,' originally carried on in the first numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, some 64 years ago, and afterwards published in book form. The question can scarcely be said to be satisfactorily settled to this day.

Covenanting times, but was withal an amiable and tender-hearted man, with little of the 'dour' fanatical Whig about him. He is described, at a time when there was little of leniency on either side, as having 'nothing of insolence or bloody cruelty in his disposition,' and it is said he considered that 'the Marques Argyle pursued and prosecute the unfortunate Montrose with too keen resentment.' 'What need,' Sir James would say, 'of so much butchery and dismembering? Has not heading and publickly affixing the head been thought sufficient for the most atrocious State crimes hitherto? We are embroyled and have taken sydes, but to insult too much over the mislead is unmanly.'

When the army of the Commonwealth entered Scotland, and before the battle of Dunbar was fought, Provost Stewart, together with the Marquis of Argyle and the Earl of Eglinton, held a conference with Cromwell on Bruntsfield Links; and withstood stoutly his Independent and sectarian arguments, opposing to them views based on respect for the Church of Scotland, the Covenant, Royalty, and true Reformation. So persistently were these urged that Oliver mounted his horse and rode off, muttering as he went threats of

bloodshed, and words singularly prognostic of a Restoration.[1]

For all his moderation there came, with the restored king, a hard time for Sir James and his sons; fines and imprisonments, and 'forfaulting.' Only the great legal skill of his third son, the future Lord Advocate, extricated him from forfeiture that would have involved the ruin of the whole family.

Provost Stewart married, while yet young, an excellent industrious lady of his own age, Anna Hope, niece of Sir Thomas Hope, Lord Advocate, who, even after her marriage, at her own house in the Luckenbooths, carried on a successful commerce in silks and velvets, as more than one generation of the Hopes, her predecessors, is said to have done; if the historian of *The Somervills* and Sir Archibald Stewart are to be believed.

The estimable Anna died young, leaving six children; and Sir James afterwards 'fixed his choice on a greave matron of middle age, of approved virtue and piety,' Marion M'Culloch,

[1] 'If ever there is a return or restoration, you—Lord Marquess—shall smart among the first.' 'Most of this,' writes Sir Arch. Stewart, 'I had from Major Bunting, who on this conference attended Earl Eglinton.'—*Coltness Coll.*, pp. 32-33.

widow of John Elliot, younger of Stobbs. Though a person with many pettish humours, she seems to have been not altogether unreasonable. Sir James had 'a dexterity to manage the lady's temper,' gently admonishing; and 'sometimes with ane "Insist, Marion!"' the good woman was all submission and acknowledgment.[1] To her belonged the estate of Goodtrees—commonly called 'Gutters'—near Edinburgh; and, according to the Scotch fashion, she was usually styled 'Lady Gutters.' This pretty estate (now called Moredun) ultimately passed into the possession of the Provost Stewart's third son, Sir James Steuart, Lord Advocate.[2]

During his father's lifetime James Steuart, the grandfather of Mrs. Calderwood, was driven to seek refuge in France. His successful defence of his father had caused him to be obnoxious. His sympathy—more than suspected—with the leaders of the Pentland Rising,[3] if not substantial

[1] *Coltness Collections*, p. 28.

[2] Sir James Stewart, the Provost, died in March 1681. 'So he had a numerous and honourable funerall, and was laid in his own burying-ground in Grey Friars Church-yard, and in his loving wife Anna Hope's grave, and many sincere tears were dropped upon his turf, at his buriall.'—*Coltness Collections*.

[3] 'Sir James Steuart told me his father, the Lord Advocate,

assistance afforded to them; his share, whether known or suspected, in the production of two of the most rancorous of the many bitter tractates[1] put out by the Presbyterians at this time, rendered this step a necessity. He was absent four years; and he had not been long returned when another severe cut was inflicted on the Scotch administration of government, apparently from the hand of James Steuart: this was the appearance of another virulent print, entitled *Scotland's Grievances by Reason of the Duke of Lauderdale's Ministry.* His brother's house of Coltness was searched for trace of the offender and his treasons; but he was gone.

Subsequently James Steuart became an important agent in the efforts then being made to

corresponded with the Pentland people . . . that his father lost all hope of them when he heard they wer come to Collingtoun, yet he sent a letter to them by a wif that sold draff the night before the engagement; but it being a terrible snou she lost her way. He sent a message to them the Cougate port was secured.' —WODROW'S *Analecta*, ii. 327.

[1] *Naphtali; or, the Wrestlings of the Church for the Kingdom of Christ;* and *Jus Populi Vindicatum; or, the People's right to defend themselves and their Covenanted Religion Vindicated,* books which have been said to possess great intellectual and moral power, though their tendency is somewhat inadequately described by Lord Macaulay.

re-establish Protestant rule, and was concerned in Argyle's rebellion to the extent of affording him professional advice and assistance.[1] He is also said to have been concerned in the Rye House Plot. He, along with Lord Stair, was ultimately charged with rebellion, in absence; after having been cited at the Pier of Leith, according to old custom, Steuart was tried and condemned to execution, when he should be apprehended.[2]

He was at this time at Utrecht, where were assembled many of his fellow-countrymen similarly situated with himself; amongst others, Fletcher of Saltoun, Lord Cardross, Lord Stair, Lord Melville,

[1] . . . 'The Earl published a manifesto, drawn up in Holland, under the direction of the Committee, by James Steuart, a Scotch advocate. . . . In this paper were set forth, with a strength of language sometimes approaching to scurrility, many real and imaginary grievances.'—MACAULAY, vol. ii. chap. 5.

[2] It was upon this occasion that Sir George Mackenzie, the Lord Advocate, upon sentence being passed, uttered in Court the extraordinary speech:—'This family are not Stewarts; their father, Provost Stewart, was a *pair-legged Macgregor*, and changed his name when he came to town because of the Act of Parliament; and these *forfault* Stewarts are all damned Macgregors!'—*Coltness Collections*, p. 80. The allusion is to '*a strict Act* against the *clan Greigour* suppressing the name.' Ch. i. part 1. cap. 30, revived in the following reign.—See *Index to Scots Acts* by Sir James Steuart, Her Majesty's Advocate. Edin. 1707.

Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, as well as his own elder brother Sir Thomas Stewart, to whom Penn had given the name of 'Gospel Coltness,' all awaiting better days. In Holland he met William Penn, the Quaker, King James's diplomatic emissary charged to persuade the Prince of Orange of 'the king's great sanctity in religious matters, and of his unlimited charity for Christians of all denominations.' He succeeded in convincing Penn of the moderation of his views,[1] so that James, at the instigation of his adviser, pardoned Steuart in the hope that by his means future dealings with the stiffnecked Whigs might be facilitated. Bygones were accordingly forgotten, his share in Argyle's rebellion was pardoned, and he was called over to James's court.

Whether or not it was that James Steuart was able, from the sagacity that a life of struggle and adversity had taught him, to make a skilful forecast of the events of the next year or two in the interests of his party, it is certain that before leaving Holland he managed to come to an understanding with the Prince of Orange. These

[1] His correspondence at this period with Flagel, the Stadtholder's Pensionary, is noticed, amongst others, by Lord Macaulay.

'premature actings,' as they were termed, had, however, the effect of shaking, for a time, what confidence in him either party may have had, and procured for him the nickname of 'Jamie Wylie.'

His political career at this time was not marked by that uncompromising spirit which characterised the leaders of the party, and failed to give entire satisfaction to either side. Still there were those —as Carstares and Wodrow—who never doubted his good faith; the latter knew him personally, and was his confidant, and familiar friend, so that the easy credulity which has been charged upon the historian of the Church's sufferings can with less force be said to affect his opinion in this case.

Connected with the Steuart family, and especially with the good old Provost and Sir James, his son, at the period of their greatest suffering, are many interesting details which would go far to make a comprehensive biography of the Lord Advocate, in which an effort might be made, in dealing with the motives of the far-seeing statesman, to solve one of the most complex cases of 'historic doubt' of modern times.

Provost Stewart, for example, had been intrusted with the care of a young student from England, the same who afterwards became Prin-

cipal of the Edinburgh University, and Bishop of Dunblane, the gentle and lovable Robert Leighton. It is touching to read how, when, after his elevation to a Bishopric, he paid a visit to Goodtrees, his old friend and guardian, the Provost, would meet him with the familiar—'Welcome, Robin.' But it is added, 'though his Lordship of Dumblain took easy what Sir James Stewart said, he did not so easy digest what his eldest son, Thomas, put closer home.' In referring to these home truths urged by 'Gospel Coltness' the Bishop would say—'I have dined at Goodtrees. I wish I had stayed at home and chawed gravel!' The Provost, on the other hand, used to liken him to a 'sanct travelling to heaven sincerely but by dubious steps—a prey to whims and novelties'—and used to add, 'The Court have called up two little better than Judas, and seduced one Nathanael.'[1]

Again, a story is told by Wodrow, with his usual fascinating quaintness, from which it may be inferred that even at the period when Steuart was concealed in London, Sir George Mackenzie, the

[1] 'Thus he expressed of those consecrate at London, namely, Mr. James Sharp, Mr. John Fairfowl, and Mr. Robert Leighton.' —Sir ARCH. STEWART'S *Mem., Coltness Coll.*

Lord Advocate, had little difficulty in finding him when he wanted his assistance. Wodrow relates that 'a debate fell in betwixt one of our Scotch Bishops about the English ceremonies and Prelacy with one of the English Bishops.' The position taken up by the Scottish Prelate—Wodrow is not sure if it was Dunblane—is curious. 'Our Scotch Bishop,' he says, 'set up a defence of Scots Moderate Episcopacy without Liturgy and Ceremonies.'[1]

Ultimately Sir George produced a man in 'a very negligent mean habit' who amazed the English Bishops with his knowledge and skill in debate. 'Could he be gained'—they said—'he deserved the highest post in the Church for his learning and good sense.'[2] This poor man was James Steuart, the future Statesman and King's Advocate.

When the Revolution of '88 was accomplished, and the re-settlement of Scotch affairs of both Church and State demanded attention, it was found impossible to get on without

[1] The striking fact has more than once been pointed out that —for a long period—the Presbyterian Church of Scotland used a Liturgy while the Episcopal Church did not.

[2] *Analecta*, ii. p. 258.

the assistance of Steuart. He was appointed Lord Advocate in 1692, and knighted three years afterwards. Unlike the majority of the Whig party he 'was not for the Union.' He was deprived of his office after holding it some sixteen years.

In Wodrow's correspondence where the matter is mentioned (vol. i. p. 17), no reason is assigned for this dismissal:—'The Advocate is put off without knowing anything of it; . . . he is a little offended at the manner of his removal.' In the Coltness Papers his resignation is spoken of, but no definite reason given.

Two surmises have been adventured regarding the cause of Steuart's dismissal; first, that he was not in Parliament: secondly, that the government were dissatisfied with his conduct of the prosecution in the preceding year of certain Scotch gentlemen who had rashly taken up arms in the Stuart cause; when an expedition actually sailed, but had to put back to France. In the meantime three lairds of the Jacobite family of Stirling —namely, Keir, Garden, and Kippendavie,—with Seton of Touch and Edmonston of Newton, had so far committed themselves that they were brought to trial, but, partly from mismanage-

ment, as was alleged, on the part of the Lord Advocate, the charge of treason was found not proven.[1]

Now, Sir John Dalrymple tells a curious story in reference to this period which may possibly supply grounds for a third surmise, though the anecdote is not told in this connection by the Baron of Exchequer. He writes—'During the intended French invasion of Scotland in the year 1708, the English fleet at the mouth of the Frith of Forth was mistaken at Edinburgh for the French. Upon that occasion Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was flying into England himself, advised Sir James Steuart to do so too, putting him in mind that he had had a hand in drawing the Prince of Orange's manifesto. He answered,—"Ay, ay, my dear, that is true; and I must draw this man's too." 'This is a story,' adds Sir John, 'well known to both families.'[2]

Whether true or not, the effect of such an anecdote in those days, if it got into circulation, could hardly be exaggerated.

[1] See *Lives of the Lord Advocates*, by Mr. G. W. T. Omond. Edin., 1883, i. 276-77.

[2] *Dalrymple's Memoirs*. Edin. 1790. Vol. ii. p. 40.

Sir James was again appointed 'Advocate' in 1712.

For many years Sir James Steuart enjoyed his father's estate of Goodtrees. Shortly before his death he purchased from his nephew, Sir David Stewart, 2d Baronet, the family property of Coltness. He was twice married; his first wife and the mother of all his children, was Agnes Traill of the Fifeshire family of Blebo, a family that had suffered much hardship and imprisonment in Covenanting times.

In 1712 the Church sustained a grievous loss by the death of 'this great man and extraordinary Christian.' The worthy old minister of Eastwood says of his last moments that they were 'truly wonderful,' marked by much humility and 'a convincing demonstration of the reality of religion.'

Though the Advocate on his deathbed had charged his son—'No pageantry, James!' there was at his funeral no little display of public feeling. Fifteen hundred gentlemen were invited, and by the time the Magistrates in procession had wended their way amidst the dense crowds by the Lawnmarket, the West Bow, and the Candlemaker Row to the grave in Greyfriars' Churchyard, the corpse had not left Sir James's house at the

foot of the Advocate's Close. Several lives were lost on this occasion.[1]

As might be expected there were two very opposite opinions of Steuart's character. While there were some who did not scruple to apply to him the bitter sarcasm in the line,

'Tuque colens Christum cœlum nec Tartara credis,'

and to inflict many another venomous sting; others, like Wodrow, were at a loss to find words to express their admiration for this the 'greatest lawyer and the best Christian (in his station) that ever they had.'[2]

A very high opinion was held of the Lord Advocate's son, Sir James Steuart, 'Solicitor-General Cultness,' and hopes were entertained of the advantages his services might have been to the Church had opportunity offered. He might, it was thought, in part have filled his father's place in the church and country. The historian of the 'Sufferings of the Church' paid him the compliment of submitting to him the proofs of his great work.[3]

[1] A striking portrait of Sir James Steuart, the Lord Advocate, by Sir John de Medina, is at Polton; and another by the same artist in the Library of Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh.

[2] *Wodrow Correspondence.*

[3] 'I'll be fond,' he writes, 'of your corrections and additions.' —*Ibid.* ii. 42-44.

Sir James, who was M.P. for Edinburgh, was knighted in 1704 by the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland; one of the last of the Scotch knights elevated in this manner, before the Union. He was created a baronet by Queen Anne in 1705. The same year he was married to the witty and beautiful Anne Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session. Thus she was niece, and her eldest daughter Margaret, Mrs. Calderwood, a grandniece of the Bride of Lammermuir, that is to say, of Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Viscount Stair, the heroine of Scott's story.[1]

In a letter dated 'Edin., the 14th April 1735,' in which Rachel Erskine details to her nephew, Lord Buchan, in London much of the homely cackle of the bourg, there are these items of news

[1] The connection between the Steuarts and Dalrymples is shown more clearly, thus:—

James Dalrymple, Lord President, 1st Viscount Stair. = Margaret Ross, of Balneil.

- John 2d Viscount, cr. Earl of Stair; Lord Advocate, and Secy. of State.
- Sir Hew, of North Berwick, Lord President.
- Janet, 'Bride of Lammermuir.'

Sir Hew, 1704. Anne, = Sir James Steuart, of Coltness, Sol.-General.

Margaret Steuart, 1735. of Coltness. = Thomas Calderwood, of Polton.

—'Justice Clerk died last night—Miss Peggie Steuart is married to Mr. Calderwood of Polton.'[1] This gentleman was the son of Sir William Calderwood, Lord Polton, 'an upright, judicious, and dispassionate man,' who was elevated to the bench of the Court of Session with this title in 1711; in which same year he had purchased the estate of Polton,[2] near Edinburgh. From the end of the sixteenth century downwards, the Calderwoods had been a notable family in that district, as is shown by several notices of them that have been preserved.

Thomas Calderwood is described as being a good easy-going man, somewhat indolent, and not unwilling, when he had proved his wife's wonderful talents for management, to intrust the care of his estate entirely to her. It may be noticed that his wife's journals show him to have been in some respects her superior in point of attainment; for example, he seems to have been an excellent linguist, never at a loss in carrying on a conversa-

[1] Sir David Erskine's ms., formerly in possession of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

[2] The lands and mill of Polton belonged originally to the Chapel of the Hospital of St. Leonard the Abbot, at the Bridge of Lasswade; the revenue being applied to its support and the maintenance of weekly masses.

tion with the diverse persons they met, whether in French or *Latin;* and pleased when he found any who could talk with him of books. He it was who presented to the British Museum the MS. volumes of the Rev. David Calderwood (author of the prohibited *Altare Damascenum*, 1625; and grand-uncle of Lord Polton) which formed the substance of his well-known *History of the Church of Scotland.*

Mrs. Calderwood's sister, the beautiful Agnes Steuart of Goodtrees, married in 1739 Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan,[1] and so became the mother of two very distinguished men, namely, the Hon. Henry Erskine, better known in Scotland as 'Harry Erskine,' Lord Advocate; and of Thomas, Lord Erskine, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

The fact that Lady Buchan is mentioned as having studied mathematics under Professor Maclaurin, the friend of Newton, shows that in point of education these sisters were far in advance

[1] Horace Walpole writes in October 1766 of having met at Bath 'a Scotch Countess of Buchan carrying a pure, rosey, vulgar face to heaven.'—*Letters*, vol. v. p. 16.

'She died in Dec. 1778, in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, in the corner house [her son, Lord Buchan's] joining George St., on the north side, aged 61 years.'—Sir D. ERSKINE's MS.

of the usual attainments of ladies of that age, when 'whoever had read Pope, Addison, and Swift, and some ill-wrot history, was thought a learned lady' —which character, adds Miss Mure of Caldwell— 'was by no means agreable.' Her other sisters were Elizabeth Steuart of Coltness (to be afterwards mentioned) and Marianne, Mrs. Murray of Cringletie, mother of Lord Cringletie, a judge of the Court of Session.

But the only son of Solicitor-General Coltness, the fourth Sir James Steuart, demands further mention, as he was in great measure the cause of these letters and journals being written.

Sir James, after having been taught at the school of North Berwick, where he was in some degree under the eye of his grandfather, the old President of the Court of Session, Sir Hew Dalrymple; and at Edinburgh University; travelled much abroad. At Rome he made the friendship of several gentlemen, the Duke of Ormond, Earl Marischal, Lord Elcho, and others, from whom it was alleged 'his political principles received a tincture' to which was attributed the rashness of his engagements in 1745.

Four years previous to that date he returned home, and in the spring of 1741 he accompanied

his friend Lord Elcho to Dunrobin, where Lady Frances Wemyss, the eldest sister of Lord Elcho, was on a visit to her aunt, the Countess of Sutherland. Lady Frances, 'the flower of the Wemyss family,' as she is described, notwithstanding 'her timidity in regard to the marriage state, and the observations she had made on the infelicities and anxieties to which that state is frequently subject,' ultimately became the wife of Sir James Steuart. They were married at Dunrobin on the 14th of October 1743.

In the following year Sir James was unhappily engaged in a contested election for the county of Edinburgh, at which it was sought to interfere with that direction of affairs which the family of Arniston had long exerted, 'with an eminent reputation.' In the end Sir James's claims, upheld by himself in court, to be admitted a free-holder of Mid-Lothian, were refused. This circumstance is said to have been instrumental in giving a colour to his future life and feelings.

At all events, it was unfortunate that when Prince Charles Edward held his court at Holyrood in '45, Lady Frances lay ill of small-pox. Her life was in danger, and her husband consequently could not retire to his country house of Coltness

as prudence might have suggested. He was painfully situated; surrounded by friends and relatives in sympathy with the young Prince, and his mind distracted with domestic anxiety, he was induced, it is said, to make concessions that he afterwards regretted. In October he retired to the Continent, embarking at Stonehaven, not without—as was alleged—some show of his having been seized, and forcibly put on board ship. Later he reached Paris, where Lady Frances joined him as soon as the state of her health would permit; his son being left at Caldwell, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Mure.

Tempting offers were made to him while in France; amongst others the command of a regiment of the Scots Brigade, which he refused, recommending Lord Airlie for the post, being determined to do nothing that might tell against his young son's interests.

Though Sir James's name was not included in the Bill of Attainder after the Rebellion, yet it *was* inserted in the list, issued soon after, of those excluded from the benefits of the Bill of Indemnity; this he had not expected, seeing he had taken no active part in the recent Rebellion.

A letter dated only '1746,' and without signa-

ture, describes in his own words his position at this time. The letter, it is believed, has not been printed hitherto.

(*To* HENRY DAVID, *Tenth Earl of Buchan.*)

1746.

'MY DEAR LORD,—I see some good friend or other has been pleased to tack my name to a bill of attainder; of this I was informed by H—— B—— some days ago, whose letter I immediately answered, and in it I inclosed a paper, which was all I could obtain from the People, I may say, exported me from Stonhive[1] a Prisoner to France. I have since written to my uncle to come up to Paris from . . . retirement. I have seen the Count D'Argentson, Minister at War, and have presented to him a petition to allow me to go over to London in order to Vindicate my innocence, and prevent the consequences of attainder; his answer was more in compliments, of the bad observance of the Cartell, infractions of the Laws of Nations, etc., than any reply to my request. I have applied to several friends here to use their interest at Court for my liberty—but who knows when it is granted—if at all—that it will come in time? The death of the Dauphiness, and the de-

[1] Stonehaven.

parture of the King for the army, makes the ministers quite inaccessible, who, when they don't like to be pressed, want only an excuse to bet.

'You know how cautious a part I acted while confined in Edinburgh on account of my wife's illness, and that it was only to avoid suspicion that I proposed to withdraw myself to Holland. If a day is fixed by the act of our delivering ourselves, and if I am not at liberty to do so, I should think that the maxim of the civil law should avail me something—"Contra non potentes agendi non currit prescriptio."

'I am sure there cannot be the least proof against me of high treason. You know all my actions while in London, and since I have been abroad. I have never, I do assure you, sent one scrap of paper by the common Post. That I am deeply suspected I know very well, and that I was looked upon as a furious Jacobite by many—but, good God, is that a reason to class me in a bill of attainder without having some sort of evidence of my being guilty of high treason? If I had a mind to have taken up arms, as many others did, I might have done it—it was not for want of them. If ever I had a mind to have furnished them to others, I had it in my power at a time

they were most wanted, before Cope's battle. Inform yourself at Wilson the gunsmith, if they had not many complete stands of mine in their hands; and if I did not desire him to dismount them.

'I had several broad swords . . . and there they are still, I suppose. I write you these circumstances, because they can be verified without my presence, and I hope it is not, nor will not be deemed high treason for any body to speak in my defence; if after all that can be said or done for me, I shall be deemed a traitor to Scotland, which to me sounds oddly, I hope my Creditors will not be sufferers, for in my disposition to my Son, I expressly burthened my estate with all my lawful debts. . . . If your Lordship were a looser it would be a heavier load upon my spirits than my own misfortunes. I thank God I have no fear of Starving.'[1]

Hew Dalrymple, Lord Drummore, a Judge of the Court of Session, writing to Mr. Mure of Caldwell some little time after this, states what was probably the general impression regarding Sir James's case. He says:—

'We all know that Sir James's parts, and his

[1] Sir DAVID ERSKINE'S MS.

behaving contrary to the principles of his education, made him more the object of vengeance than many a one who actually had been in arms.'[1]

It was the rule rather than the exception that the ladies inclined towards the Prince's cause, no matter what the family principles might be. It could hardly have been otherwise where there was a scrap of sentiment or romance. There is a very quaint letter from Agnes, Countess of Buchan, to Lady Frances Steuart, which seems to accord with this theory. It was written from Edinburgh, after the collapse of the rash adventure, and while the young Ascanius was a houseless wanderer with a price of £30,000 on his head; and apparently about the same time as her brother's letter from France.

(AGNES, COUNTESS OF BUCHAN, *to her sister-in-law*, LADY FRANCES STEUART.)

[EDIN.], *Octo.* 1746.

'. . . We are to have a very gay town this winter, by which you will see our sperets are not much the lower by oure misfortons. On Thursday first, there is to be a great assembly, in honour of the king's birthday. Everybody is to

[1] *Caldwell Papers*, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 17.

be there; the loyal folks from love of the day, and the Jacobets for fear of being obnoxious to them, for whom they are not matches. There is four generals in town and vast numbers of officers, which cannot fail to put the town in a speret of gayety, as they are looked upon as preferable to all other gentlemen by the ladys in this place, on account of their success in destroying the rebels in the north. The brags of this they make at all the tea-tables in town would fill a volum, tho' some of there best friends think it wold be better they wold hold there toung. One of the most remarkable in this way is a man who was at Coltness with Jamie Barclay, when Nelly the chambermaid was dress'd and passed for Miss Patersone. He tells how prodigiously he was disapounted, for that he once thought he had the *therty thousand rugg*[1] as he tells it.

'He found in the north a young man who from his looks, and the make of his person, and by his speaking both the French and Italin, and English toungs, convinced him it was the young Pretender: "On which," says he, "I hanged him on the first tree I came to: but to my great disapountment afterwards, I found he was a French officer."

[1] A great bargain, a stroke of luck.

However, his good intentions has been rewarded by a higher command in the army.'

Mrs. Calderwood was not a woman likely to cramp her heart, nor take half views of the men and things which had convulsed the whole of Scotland; what her ideas were may be gathered from her letters. She would *talk Jacobitism*, and recount *prates* of the Duke of Cumberland to the heart's content of the most fiery of the Prince's followers abroad; but she had received in the sad experience of her brother a lesson of caution she was far too prudent to neglect.

The unfortunate Jacobite couple had determined to live in retirement for a time at Sedan; and afterwards moved to Angoulême. Here Sir James remained till 1754, making the commencement of his great work on *Political Economy*, besides completing his *Vindication of Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology*, in French.

For their son's education they now proceeded to Paris, but finding that war between France and England was imminent, they were forced to move once more to Flanders.

Lady Frances joined her husband at Brussels in

the spring of 1756, after a short trip to Scotland necessitated by the state of their affairs. They now resolved to pass the summer 'at the German Spa,' and it was at this juncture that Mrs. Calderwood and her husband resolved to join the exiles, with a view to affording them the comfort of their society, while their sons might receive the benefit of the Continental schools.

Three years before the date of Mrs. Calderwood's Journey her only daughter Anne, at the age of nineteen, had married James Durham of Largo, a gentleman of good and ancient family in the county of Fife. Many letters of hers remain, in the possession of her descendants. These show her to have been endowed with much of the sound common sense and great 'reality,' that quality so thoroughly Scotch, which characterised her mother. From one of these letters it appears that her husband had a claim to the much disputed title of Lord Rutherford, his grandmother having been a daughter of Sir Thomas Rutherford who became heir of line of Lord Rutherford [*East Neuk of Fife*, p. 294]. He went so far as to have a statement of his descent drawn up, as much for the purpose of saving the dignity from falling into wrong hands, as for

any hope he had of securing it for himself.—See *Polton* MSS.

There was the same close sympathy between Mrs. Calderwood and her daughter[1] that existed between Madame de Sévigné and hers; and the desire that the one should live into the daily experience of the other, expressed in the sentence often quoted, 'Vous ne sauriez jamais trop me parler, sur tout ce que vous touche, se sont mes véritables intérêts.'

Thus it fell out that in the early summer of 1756, Mrs. Calderwood, her husband, her two sons; together with Peggy Rainy, a servant of the family; and John Rattray, their man, started from Polton on the momentous journey they had undertaken.

The letters began at once on their departure from Scotland, and apparently ceased not till the return of the party. Mrs. Calderwood also kept a journal carefully, and, when in the winter of 1756 she found herself settled at Brussels, the good idea occurred to her of writing into a continuous narrative the substance of the letters and

[1] The portrait of Mrs. Durham of Largo, by Romney, now at Polton, shows a face of exceeding brightness and intelligence, and much of the Dalrymple beauty, admirably set off by a large hat, and plume of ostrich feathers.

journals made up in 'Volumes,' which, as opportunity offered, she sent by the hands of trusty messengers to Scotland, for the entertainment of her friends. It is evident throughout that she knew her letters would be widely circulated; her careful revision of her writings has been of the greatest service in making the account of her journey, and all that remains regarding her sojourn in the Low Countries, eminently readable.

The arrival in London of the party was at an important juncture in affairs, and Mrs. Calderwood's record of it coincides with what Horace Walpole has written of the same period. The first news of the unsuccess of our forces at Minorca had reached England. Admiral Byng was in everybody's mouth; and people did not know what to think of his conduct. It was believed to be the object of the enemy's movements to draw our ships from the Channel. The number of German troops in England—the Jacobites affected to think—threatened the people's liberties rather than tended towards the protection of the country. It was not till after the departure of the Calderwoods that full accounts arrived of the surrender, 'through the negligence or treachery'

of certain persons, as it was phrased, of St. Philip's by General Blakeney. The Government themselves being arraigned, to emphasise their views, they thought fit to give General Blakeney a peerage; and to try, and shoot Admiral Byng. For the rest, the too brief description of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and Mrs. Calderwood's general impressions of them, are corroborated by Sir Gilbert Elliot who, a little later, wrote to his wife that it was never without a sense of fear of the consequences that he went with a party to such places; while Walpole's admirably told story of a supper party at Vauxhall, shows that a feeling of reckless daring on the part of the ladies was a chief cause of their enjoyment, and a terror to their escort.



MRS. CALDERWOOD'S JOURNEY

'L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont reconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.'

FOUGEROT DE MONBRON. 1750.

MRS. CALDERWOOD'S JOURNEY

CHAPTER I.

Over the Border: Sunday in England: Durham Cathedral: A Highwayman: Rachel, the Chambermaid: Irish or Welsh: IMPRESSIONS *of* ENGLAND: *The Cattle: The People: Their Talk: Comparisons of Land Tenure: Population, Trade, and Wages:* LONDON *Gossip: Vauxhall and Ranelagh: The Duke in Hyde Park: Food and Cookery: Mr. Traill of Jamaica: English Vapours.*

JUNE 3d, at 4 afternoon, I set out from Poltoun; sleeped at Pilmure.

June 4th.—Dined at Beltounfoord, and lay at Auldcamus.

June 5th.—Met there next morning with Provost Alexander, and, as we had set out in haste, and had not got our credit on London

setled, he gave us credit on his correspondent. Finding that journying[1] was too litle exercise, we took post horses in our own chaise at Belfoord, being the 5th of June, and came at night to Morpeth, where we met with Lady Ann Erskine.[2]

June 6th. We dined at Durhame, and I went to see the cathedrall; it is a prodigious bulky building. It was on Sunday betwixt sermons, and in the piazzas there were several boys playing at ball. I asked the girl that attended me, if it was the custome for the boys to play at ball on Sunday.

She said, 'they play on other days as well as on Sundays.'

She called her mother to show me the church; and I suppose, by my questions, the woman took me for a heathen, as I found she did not know of any other mode of worship but her own; so, that

[1] Performing a fixed distance in the day.

[2] Mrs. Calderwood's niece; daughter of Agnes, Countess of Buchan. At this time she was about seventeen years of age. Lady Anne Agnes Erskine became a great light in the religious world, and was the friend and executor of the Methodist Lady Huntingdon. 'I consider it to be the highest illustration of my name and family that she was *my sister*,' wrote Lord Chancellor Erskine. She died in 1804, aged 64.

she might not think the Bishop's chair defiled by my sitting doun in it, I told her I was a christian, though the way of worship in my country differed from hers. In particular, she stared when I asked what the things were that they kneeled upon, as they appeared to me to be so many Cheshire cheeses. I asked the rents of the lands about Durham, and was told by the landlord they were so dear he had no farm, for they let at thirty or forty shillings per aiker near that toun; that a cow was from four to six pounds sterling, and they gave, the best, about eight Scots pints per day. That night we lay at Northallertoun.

Next day, the 7th, we dined none, but baited at different places; and betwixt Doncaster and Bautry a man rode about in an odd way, whom we suspected for a highwayman. Upon his coming near, John Rattry pretended to make a quarle with the post-boy, and let him know, so loud as to be heard by the other, that he keept good powder and ball to keep such folks as him in order; upon which the felow scampered off cross the common. Upon our coming to Bautry, we were told that a gentelman was robed there some days before, by a man whose description answered to the one we saw. I found in generall,

before I came here, that all the grounds lett very low, and that, about all the towns, the aikers were about twenty-five shillings, and the farms not above fifteen.

The first intelligent person I met with was Rachel, the chamber-maid. Rachel could answer almost every question I asked, and I suppose, by that time, I had learned to conform my enquirys to the knowledge of the people, being, before this, always answered with 'I don't know,' to the simplest question I could ask, and often stared at, as much as to say, 'I wonder how such things comes in anybody's head.'

The post-boys, who drive the same road for years, hardly know a gentleman's house, or the name of any place less than a vilage. Rachel could tell who lived near her, what farm her master keeps, and what rent he payd, and what it produced: gave me a receipt for salting butter, which was, to wash it well from the milk with salt and water, and a little salt, then take it piece by piece like the bigness of half a pound, and put it in a can, spreading every piece above another with a sprinkling of salt betwixt each; but to keep it from touching the sides of the can, that the salt betwixt the layers throw a sort of pickle which

keeps the air from it, and so to do till the can was full.

She told me likewayes how they fed their calfs: those for killing they let suck; and those for rearing fed as we do; but in that house, as they had a great deal of broth in which their meat is boiled, and which they did not use as we do, they gave to their calfs the length of six Scots pints per day, upon which they throve very well.

June 8th. From Bautry we went seventy-five miles, and lay at Stilton: there was a fine large inn, and everything in great order, but the linen was as perfit rags as ever I saw, plain linen with fifty holes in each towell. The landlady gave me the receipt for making Stilton cheese, (which is famous,) as follows: two thirds cream, and one milk; the whey prest off, and the curd broke, and salted in the curd; great care in dressing them well, and keeping them clean from moulding.

June 9th.—From Stilton we dined at Hatfeild, where there was a great many coaches in the court-yard with company leaving London, and every family had a coach full of abigalls, who held a most prodigious chatering and scolding at not having proper attendance given them. From

Hatfeild we came to Barnet, the last stage from London, where we stopped, and, whilst we changed horses, I asked some questions at the maid who stood at the door, which she answered, and went in, for we did not come out of the chaise. In a little, out comes a squinting smart-like black girl, and spoke to me, as I thought, in Irish, upon which I said,

'Are you a Highlander?'

'No,' said she, 'I am Welch, are not you Welch?'

'No,' said I, 'but I am Scots, and the Scots and Welch are near relations, and much better born than the English.'

'Oh!' said she, 'the maid said you was Welch, and sent me to see you.'

She took me by the hand, and looked so kindly that I suppose she thought me her relation, because I was not English; which makes me think the English are a people one may perhaps esteem or admire, but they do not draw the affection of strangers, neither in their own country nor out of it.

From Barnet we were to come to Kensingtoun green, which led us a great way round, a very lonly and wild road, and nothing like the repair

one would expect so near a great town. We arrived at Lady Trelawny's[1] at six o'clock, to the great astonishment of the family, who looked as little for me as for the day of judgment.

Before I say any thing of the great city, you will ask me what I think of England in generall. In the first place, it is easy to be seen who has long been in peaceable possession, and who not; for, till you come to Newark-upon-Trent, the furthest[2] ever the Scots went into England, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value, they use them mostly for breeding of cattell and sheep. In some places I saw, the wool was very fine, but the sheep not very large, nor of the true English

[1] Sir John Trelawny of Trelawny, County Cornwall, M.P. for Liskeard, married Miss Blackwood: he died four months before the Calderwoods' visit, namely, in February 1756. Rebecca his sister (see *post*) was wife of John Butler, Esq. of Morval, in the same county.

[2] Swarkstone Bridge, six miles beyond Derby, on the road to London, was in reality the extreme point reached by the Scots Army in this invasion. No former host from Scotland had penetrated further than the Tees. See Chambers's *History of the Rebellion*, p. 62.

[kind], for they had all horns, but they had the bushy tail, for I observed they cut the tails off them, for weight I suppose, and cleanlyness. The villages to north of Trent are but indifferent, and the churches very thin sown, and indeed, for a long time, one would think the country of no religion at all, being hardly either christian church or heathen temple to be seen.

The fields on both hands were mostly grass, and the greatest variety and plenty of fine cattell, all of various coulours. I observe breeders chuse to please the eye, and certainly study the coulour of their cattell, for I did not observe one cow or ox all black or all red on the whole road, nor one black sheep or lamb. It is commonly thought with us that the white cattell are neither so good nor so hardy as the black, but I found a great number quite white, and in seven calfs there would be three white.

I admired the cattel much more than the people, for they seem to have the least of what we call smartness of any folks I ever saw, and totally void of all sort of curiosity, which perhaps some may think a good quality. In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged?

He said, 'to Sir Carneby.'[1]

I knew who he meant, and, to try him, asked 'what Sir Carneby, or what other name he had?'

But he answered, 'just Sir Carneby, who lives yonder,' and that he had never inquired the sirname of the man in whose ground he was born.

As for the inclosing in England, it is of all the different methods, both good and bad, that can be imagined; and that such insufficient inclosures as some are keeping in the cattell, (which is so hard with us in Scotland) is intirely owing to the levelness of the grounds, so that an English cow does not see another spot than where she feeds, and has as little intelligence as the people; whereas, with us, there are few places which does not hang on the side of a hill, by which means the cattell sees what is above or below them, and so endeavours to get at it. I was convinced of this, by some oxen a butcher was driving to market, very large and fat. They walked along betwixt the hedges very well, but, no sooner were they come to a place where there was only an old ditch and no hedge on the

[1] Sir Carnaby Haggerston of Haggerston, Bart., County Northumberland. Into his family married, in 1758, the Lady Winifred Maxwell of Nithsdale, the heir of an ancient name and of many romantic memories.

one hand, but they scrambled over it very cleverly into a feild of rye.

The horses are very good, and what they use for posting are large light ones, mostly bays; they gallop away six or seven miles an hour, without being much disturbed. The price of these posters are £15 or £16 a piece for the best. They use few or no mares over all England for the roads in draught.

I could have little conversation with the people I saw, for, though they could have understood me, I did not them, and never heard a more barbarous language, and unlike English as any other lingo. I suppose it is the custome in a publick house for strangers to roar and bully, for I found, when I spoke softly, they had all the appearance of being deaf.

I think the cathedrall of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expence I saw, to keep up such a pagentry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is no body either to see or join with them, for there was not place for above fifty folks besides the performers.

After we past Durham the country was more closs and levell. We sometimes had an extensive prospect, but not the least variety, so that one

would say there was too much of it; no opening of a scene, no watter, no distinction betwixt a gentleman's seat and his tenant's house, but that he was a little more smothered up with trees, so that I am perswaded, if Scotland was as much inclosed, it would be much prettier to look at. I do not think any thing could be more beautifull than the straths of some of our large rivers, inclosed on every side, where the grounds hang so that each inclosure might be seen above another, and, after they had advanced so high and steep, then the green hill appearing above, covered with sheep, and the waterfalls coming doun now and then betwixt the hills. They have nothing of the landscape prospect, but a rich extensive woody prospect, and nothing appearing above another but a Gothick spire in severall touns, and that for many miles from each other. We used to laugh at the folks in the Highlands for counting their neighbours ten and twelve miles off; but in England, they think no more of thirty miles than we do of five.

Their roads are good indeed, and their horses and machines light, and the miles about London are, I am very sure, not above 1000 yards, whereas they should be 1750: besides the levelness of the country makes travelling much quicker.

They are very carefull in driving their horses, for, on the smallest ashent, they go quite slow, and will tell you they are going up hill. I could not learn what weight their great waggons carried, none of them knowing any thing about it; but, by the number of horses they yoke, it must be a great deal, otherways they carry at too great an expence: they yoke seven and eight horses. Some have four wheels and others two; these last must be very exactly ballanced, not to overburthen the horse, who has the weight on his back, and this sort of carriage is only practicable where there is no dounhill road; for, if this carriage was put off its ballance in comeing doun, it would crush the horses, or, if going up, it would lift them up in the air.

It is surprizing how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotland, without considering the difference of the two countrys: I must own I saw very little new to me, but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for generall use. It has always been my opinion, that the fault-finders are the folks who want judgement, and not the people whose practice they

quarell,[1] for time and experience has taught every part of every country to follow the method most agreeable to their soil and situation, though perhaps mechanicks may not have arrived to the utmost perfection amongst them; neither has that generall benefitt of made roads reached them yet, which in all probability will have many various effects we cannot forsee.

I do not think the grounds in England are in generall so rich as they have the appearance of; in many places the soil is thin, within at least four inches of a soft sandy stone, so open in the cutters, and so loose, that the ground above it can have very little moisture. Other grounds are clay, and often of a white mouldering kind, in which appears to be little richness, and it appears by the crops that are not extraordinary, neither is the grass for either hay or pasture. The tennants pay but a small rent for their grounds, otherways they could not live as they do upon what they produce.

There are many and various ways of letting farms, but I beleive it is very seldome that one farmer puts out another, by which means the landlord has it not often in his power to raise his rents; but this I had no great opportunity of

[1] Object to.

inquiring about, as the only people I saw, who rented grounds, were the publick houses, who, I suppose, had but short leases.

In some countys, such as in Cornwall, I find they let the ground by a sort of feu, which I think is not a bad way for Scotland, where the grounds are in many hands, which I cannot account a loss, for reasons I shall give after. In Cornwall, a man of £500 per annum, his estate does not bring him in above £200, which he can count upon yearly; but then, upon this he will have perhaps a hundred tennants or feuars. Each of these has a lease for three lives; this gives him the chance of three hundred people, the death of every one of which brings the landlord fourteen, fifteen or sixteen years' purchass of the rent or feu-duty in order to have a life put in in the place of the one that fell; so that, by the course of things, these people falling may, at an average, bring in £500 per annum. The large farms in England are a loss, so far as they depopulate the country.

The people in London, who see such crouds every day, were surprised at me when I said, I did not think England sufficiently peopled, nor so populous by far, in proportion to its extent and

produce, as the best cultivated countys in Scotland; and I must beleive this till I see one fact that can contradict it, which I have not seen yet, but many presumptions for what I assert. In the first place, look from the road on each hand, and you see very few houses; touns there are, but at the distance of eight or ten miles. Then, who is it that lives in them? There are no manufactories carried on in them; they live by the travellers, and by the country about, that is, there are tradesmen of all kinds, perhaps two or three of each, smiths, wrights, shoemakers, etc.; and here is a squire of a small estate in the county near by, and here are Mrs. this or that, old maids, and so many widow ladies, a parsonage house, a flourishing house.

All the houses built of brick, and very slight, and even some of timber, and two stories high, make them have a greater appearance than there is reality for; for, I shall suppose you took out the squire and set him in his country house, and the old maids and widow ladies and place them with their relations, if they have any, in the country or in a greater toun, and take a stone house with a thatch roof of one story high, instead of a brick one of two, and there are few country villages in Scot-

land [where] I will not muster out as many inhabitants as are in any of these post touns.

Then I observed there were very few folks to be met with on the road, and many times we would post an hour, which is seven miles, and not see as many houses and people put together on the road. Then, on Sunday, we travelled from eight o'clock, till we came to Newcastle where the church was just going in, so that I may say we travelled fifteen miles to Newcastle, and the few people we met going to church upon the road surprised me much. The same as we went all day long; it had no appearance of the swarms of people we always see in Scotland going about on Sunday, even far from any considerable toun.

Then the high price of labour is an evidence of the scarcity of people. I went into what we call a cottage, and there was a young woman with her child, sitting; it was very clean, and laid with coarse flags on the floor, but built of timber stoops, and what we call *cat and clay* walls. She took me into what she called her parlour, for the magnificent name they give makes one beleive them very fine till they see them; this parlour was just like to the other. I asked what her husband was? She said, a labouring man, and got his shilling per

day; that she did nothing but took care of her children, and now and then wrought a little plain work. So I found, that, except it is in the manufacturing countys, the women do nothing, and, if there were as many men in the country as one might suppose there would, a man could be got for less wages than a shilling per day.

Then the high wages at London shows the country cannot provide it with servants. It drains the country, and none who ever goes there return again, as chairmen, porters, hackney coachmen or footmen; if they come to old age, seldom spend it in the country, but oftener in an almshouse, and often leave no posterity.

Then the export they make of their victuall is a presumption they have not inhabitants to consume it in the country, for, by the common calculation, there are seven millions and one half in England, and the ground in the kingdom is twenty-eight millions of aikers, which is four aikers to each person. Take into this the immense quantity of horses which are keept for no real use all over the kingdom, and it will be found, I think, that England could maintain many more people than are in it. Besides, let every nation pick out its own native subjects who are

but in the first generation, the Irish, the Scots, the French, etc., and I am afraid the native English would appear much fewer than they imagine.

On the other hand, Scotland must appear to be more populous for its extent and produce; first, by its bearing as many evacuations in proportion, both to the plantations,[1] to the fleet and army, besides the numbers who go to England; and indeed breeding inhabitants to every country under the sun; and if, instead of following the wrong policy of supplying their deficiency of grain by importing it, they would cultivate their waste lands, it would do more than maintain all its inhabitants in plenty.

But one great drawback to this improvement is the intaills upon our greatest familys, and that in the south, and most uncultivated plains in the whole kingdome, as these estates cannot grant leases upon any term but the life of the landlord, which is no security for a tennant to improve his grounds.

But the demand for corn from England is no proof that there is a generall scarcity of provisions; for, ever since the disease amongst the black cattell, there has been so much incouragement in

[1] Colonies.

Scotland for rearing greater numbers, that there is more grass ground than formerly; and many farms where grew some corn are now turned intirely to sheep, as the price of them is so greatly increased; so that, what we [pay to] import in corn, we draw back again in cattell.

We have no supply of people from other countrys, and, if we did not produce more people than England, we could never supply them and serve ourselves. I had no opportunity of knowing the price of provisions, but at London and upon the road, where every thing has a high value whatever the original price is.

The grounds about London are not dear; garden and nursery ground is £4 the aiker. I do not think the soil near London is naturaly rich, and neither the corns nor grass are extraordinary. I thought their crops of hay all very light, and but of an indifferent quality; they call it meadow hay, but we would call it tending pretty near to *bogg* hay. I think the most surprising [thing] is, how they are supplyed with such an immense number of fine horses, and how they are all mantained on hard meat all the year round.

As for London, every body has either heard of

or seen it. The first sight of it did not strike me with anything grand or magnificent. It is not situated so as to show to advantage, and, indeed, I think the tile roofs have still a paltry look, and so has the brick houses; for a village it does well enough, as the character of a village is clean and neat; but there is something more substantiall and durable in our ideas of a great city than what brick and tile can answer.

Many authors and correspondents take up much time and pains to little purpose in descriptions. I never could understand any body's description, and I suppose no body will understand mine; neither do I intend to say any things which have ever been thought worthy to be put in print, so will only say London is a very large and extensive city. But I had time to see very little of it, and every street is so like another, that, seeing part, you may easily suppose the whole. There are severall openings and squares which are very pretty; but the noise in most of the houses in the rooms to the street is intolerable.

You will think it very odd, that I was a fortnight in London, and saw none of the royall family, but I got no cloaths made till the day before I left it, though I gave them to the making the day after I

came. I cannot say my curiosity was great: I found, as I approached the Court and the grandees, they sunk so miserably in my oppinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of Kings, Princes, Ministers of state, Senators, etc., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we, at a distance, think the wisdom of our governours will prevent all these things; but those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcell of old, ignorant, senseles bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, and rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, or the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength and circumstances of it, than they never had been in it: or how should they, when London, and twenty miles round it, is the extent ever they saw of it?

Lord Anson, he sailed round the world, therefore he must rule all navall affairs; which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote. It puts me

always in mind of Lundin's[1] story of the gentleman who was going to be tryed for his life;

'It 's true, you know, he is our brother-in-law, but what is he worth when a man's life is in danger?'

You may apply this to our ministry upon all emergent occasions. The King, every body says, and I do beleive it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern than any of them. It is reported he cryed when he read Byng's[2] account of his actions, and said,

'Who can I trust? or upon whom can I depend?'

There is no depending on news at London: there was a lye coined for every day I was there, and every one of them the English beleived, providing it was agreeable. And the Court is no better informed than the vulgar: for, providing there are two lyes raised in one day, a good one in the forenoon; then the Duke of Newcastle drinks Mr. Byng's health at dinner: out comes a defeat

[1] Lundin of Lundin in Fife, whose *facetiæ* and ingenious contrivances were often mentioned.

[2] Admiral Byng's engagement off Minorca, for 'want of judgment' in which he was tried and shot, took place on 20th May 1756.

in the afternoon; he damns Mr. Byng for a scoundrell. Out goes one of the Princess's masters to Kew: he tells, Mr. Byng has defeat the French. The Prince of Wales hears it: then it comes, Who told you, Heny Peny? At last, it lands on the French dancing-master, who lays it on a Hanoverian officer, whose name he knew not. So the reports go abroad.

I had frequent opportunitys of seeing George Scott,[1] and asked him many questions about the Prince of Wales. He says he is a lad of very good principles, good-natured, and extreamly honest, has no heroick strain, but loves peace, and has no turn for extravagance; modest, and has no

[1] George Lewis Scott was a cousin of Mrs. Calderwood's. His mother, Marion Steuart of Coltness, was wife of George Scott, a gentleman who held diplomatic posts at various German courts. George Lewis Scott was preceptor to George III. while Prince of Wales, and to his brothers (*Caldwell Papers*). He married Sarah Robinson, the bright and clever sister of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, the author of an *Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare*—Mrs. Montague 'of Shakespearshire,' her friend Walpole used to call her—but the marriage turned out badly; Scott being blamed. Much regarding this couple (including many of Mrs. Scott's letters, rivalling those of her sister in grace of diction) is to be found in *A Lady of the Last Century*; selections from Mrs. Montague's letters, edited by Dr. Doran, Lond. 1872.

tendency to vice, and has as yet very virtuous principles; has the greatest temptation to gallant with the ladies, who lay themselves out in the most shamefull manner to draw him in, but to no purpose. He says, if he were not what he is, they would not mind him.

Prince Edward[1] is of a more amorous complexion, but no court is payed to him, because he has so little chance to be King. The King is at present at Kensingtoun, the Princess at Kew. She comes in every Sunday to Court. I saw them pass in their coaches, but had no distinct view of them: their equipages are very plain.

No body thinks of going further to air than Hyde Park, which is very pretty. But nothing but the greatest stupidity can suffer the same mile or two of ground every day in their lives, when, at the same time, it is no exercise nor air, for it is a gravell road, quite smothered with trees. The trees indeed are very pretty, being fine timber, and fine carpet-grass, with cows and deer going in it: but it is a small part of the Park in which coaches are allowed to go. There are always

[1] Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York and Albany, K.G., died, unmarried, at Monaco in September 1767, at the age of thirty, to the great grief of the whole nation.

a great number of coaches, and all other machines, except hacks, some of them very neat and light; but the beauty of them is the horses of all different kinds. The Duke of Marlborough[1] had a sett of peyets,[2] very prettily marked.

Any of the English folks I got acquainted with I liked very well. They seem to be good-natured and humane; but still there is a sort of ignorance about them with regard to the rest of the world, and that their conversation runs in a very narrow channell. They speak with a great relish of their publick places, and say, with a sort of flutter, that they shall to Vauxhall and Ranelagh, but do not seem to enjoy it when there. As for Vauxhall and Ranelagh, I wrote you my opinion of them before. The first I think but a vulgar sort of entertainment, and could not think myself in genteel company, whiles I heard a man calling,

'Take care of your watches and pockets.'

I saw the Countess of Coventry[3] at Ranelagh.

[1] Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland and second Duke of Marlborough.

[2] Piebald, literally *magpies*.

[3] The Countess of Coventry—*née* Maria Gunning—died prematurely, of the effects, it was said, of an over application of cosmetics.—*Horace Walpole's Jour.*, 18th June 1757.

I think she is a pert, stinking-like[1] husy, going about with her face up to the sky, that she might see from under her hat, which she had pulled quite over her nose that nobody might see her face. She was in dishabile and very shabby drest, but was painted over her very jaw-bones. I saw only three English Peers, and I think you could not mak a tolerable one out of them: Lord Baltimore,[2] Lord Edgecome and Lord Chomly.[3] Lord Baltimore is sadly married, and parted from his wife because she loves diversions and he loved home; but, ever since they parted, she keeps home and he goes to every publick place. Lord Edgecome's eldest son[4] is the greatest

[1] Haughty, or supercilious.

[2] Frederick, seventh Lord Baltimore, married in 1753 Lady Diana Egerton, 'a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater.' He is chiefly remarkable for the trial he stood on a charge of felony, of which he was acquitted, in 1768.

[3] George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, K.B., married the only daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford. Horace Walpole makes pointed reference to the *Genoa Damask* under pretence of which he had borrowed great sums from various people (*Letters*, ii. 295). He died 1770.

[4] Dick Edgecumbe, who succeeded his father as second Baron in 1758, was the draftsman of the famous satirical coat of arms of the two gambling clubs at White's *invented* at Strawberry Hill in 1756. He died unmarried in 1761, when the

gamster in England. His second is a commodore in Byng's fleet; my Lord says, if his son has not behaved well, he will never see his face. Miss Pelham[1] was along with Lady Coventry, she my Lord March[2] would run away with, had it not been for the marriage bill;[3] truly I would sooner excuse him for stealing a sheep, for, of all the draghling, odd-like things ever I saw, she is the first.

I saw very few, either men or women, tolerably handsome. There was a Miss Bishope,[4] a girl of no fortune, who is reckoned a beauty, and she is very well; something of a solemn, black, loomy countenance. The ladys pass and repass each other with very little appearance of being acquainted, and no company separates or goes from those they come in with, or joins another, and indeed they all seem to think there is no

Barony passed to his brother George, 'Commodore,' and afterwards Admiral, and First Earl of Mount Edgecumbe.

[1] Daughter of Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] Afterwards Duke of Queensberry; better known as 'old Q.'

[3] The Bill to deal with clandestine and other irregular, but especially with the infamous Fleet marriages, passed in 1753.

[4] One of 'endless hoard of beauty daughters' of Sir Cecil Bishop of Parkham, Essex, spoken of so often by Walpole.

great entertainment; but, however, they are there, and that is enough.

The Duke uses to frequent Ranelagh, but was not there that night I went. There were severall Hanoverian officers very rugged-like carles, stiff-backed and withered, with gray hairs tyed behind, and the forelock cut short by the ear, and there was a hussar attending them, a thick, fat fellow, drest in furrs, and Bess's[1] great French muff upon his head, not the red feather one.

I went one morning to the Park, in hopes to see the Duke[2] review a troop of the Horse Guards, but he was not there; but the Guards were very pretty. Sall Blackwood and Miss Buller[3] were with me; they were afraid to push near for the croud, but I was resolved to get forward, so pushed in. They were very surly, and one of them asked me where I would be;

'Would I have my toes trode off?'

'Is your toes trode off?' said I.

'No,' said he.

'Then give me your place, and I'll take care of my toes.'

[1] The writer's sister, Elizabeth Steuart of Coltness.

[2] H.R.H. William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, K.G., Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces.

[3] See note, p. 9.

'But they are going to fire,' said he.

'Then it's time for you to march off,' said I; 'for I can stand fire. I wish your troops may do as well.'

On which he sneaked off, and gave me his place. Some of them were very civill; but, what was of a peice with many other things, these Horse Guards are closs in London, seen every day by every body, are reviewed almost every morning in the Park, where I suppose the same folks sometimes come to see them, yet none [of] all near where I stood could tell me the name of one officer: that I insist upon is peculiar to the English.

I paid some visits, and went to see Greenwich Hospitall, which is a ridiculous fine thing. The view is very pretty, which you see just as well in a rary-show glass. No wonder the English are transported with a place they can see about them in. The only fine houses I went to see more were the King's at Kensingtoun, and the Jew's I wrote you of.

The palace looks better within than without, and there is some very fine marbles, pictures and mirrors in it. But I could not see the private appartment of the old goodman, which they say is

a great curiosity. There [are] a small bed with silk curtains, two sattin quilts and no blanket, a hair matress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire and mends it himself, and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early, and is up severall hours before he calls any body. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there is nothing but very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits.

Now, this appearance of the King's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a King. It rather looks as if he applyed to business, and knew these hours were the only ones he could give up to it, without having the appearance of a recluse, and that he submitted to the pagentry rather than made it his only bussiness.

As for their victualls they make such a work about, I cannot enter into the taste of [them], or rather, I think they have no taste to enter into. The meat is juicy enough, but has so little taste, that, if [you] shut your eyes, you will not know

by either taste or smell what you are eating. The lamb and veall look as if it had been blanched in water. The smell of dinner will never intimate that it is on the table. No such effluvia as beef and cabbadge was ever found at London. I never used to be fond of bacon or salt things, and did not reflect upon it, till after that I ate of them whenever I could, as it was without thinking but that it was better than it used to be, till I considered and found that it had been from its having more taste that made me have a naturall desire for it. I am not surprised the English run into the French cookry, or speak with so much pleasure of rashers of bacon or of roasted beef, for their beef and bacon are their best meat.

The fish, I think, have the same fault. They are keeped in fresh water till they are quite tasteless. As for the salmond, I did not meddle with it, for it cut like cheese. Their turbet is very small by ours, but I do not think it preferable when ours is as long keept as theirs. Their soll is much smaller, and not so much meat on them; they are like the least ever you saw; were it not that they are long and narrow, I should think them common flounders. Their lobsters come from Norway or Scotland; they are sold for four and five pence, the small ones.

At London, garden things of all kinds are very good, but they do not understand the right culter of strawberries, nor are they at pains to propagate many of them; they pull them all with the husk, but it was very few I saw before I left the place.

The night before I left London I sleeped at Mr. Traill's,[1] as his house saved us all the toun going through in our journey. His wife was staying with Lady Trelawny all the time I was at Kensingtoun; she is a very good woman, and, indeed, I may say they are one of the best and most obliging couples ever I saw. She has been very unlucky in her family, and he has had as good luck in meeting with her: she was left a widow with one son, the only remaining child of twenty-two; she had severalls born before the time. Her husband was an appothecary, and she carried on the business after his death for five years. During this time, Mr. Traill, who had made a good deall of money in Jamaica, intending to come home, put all his effects, wife and children, in one ship, and he followed in another. The ship in which his all was, with wife and children, was cast away, and home came he not worth a farthing,

[1] Probably a relative of Agnes Traill's, the wife of Sir James Steuart, Lord Advocate.

after labouring the best part of his life. Some how or other, he was recommended to this widow to go in partner, and to carry on her business; and, after two years' acquaintance, they married, and live in a very handsome manner.

His acquaintance with Jamaica made most of the folks there be recommended to him when they came to London, and severall of their children entrusted to their care, when sent over for education. Of this number was a young man, whom she has brought up from a child, and loves as her son; and a young girl of £12,000 fortune, with whom her only remaining son fell in love. When the girl was but fourteen her mother came over for her; nobody regarded the lad's affection for her, or her's for him, till they came to part, and then he told his mother he would follow her. The poor woman stood out against [it] all she could, as it was losing him for ever, as he must settle in that country; upon which he drooped and turned quite melancholy. The girl's mother found her daughter as fond of him, and offered Mrs. Traill, if she would let him go, she would regard him as her son, and marry him to her daughter in two years, so that she was forced to agree to it. Over he went, was married at the two years' end,

and lived but seven months after. It is little more than a twelvemonth since he died; since which she has been very ill, is still low-spirited, but bore such a stroke with great resignation.

When she is in any good spirits she is very entertaining. She is a little, well lookt, neat body, and far from being conceited; but her low spirits take often the turn of making her imagine she has a very bad appearance, and looks very odd-like. This makes her very shy to appear to strangers, and she told me, she thinks—

'Bless me, I wonder such an one comes abroad, I am not so odd-like as her.'

'Yet sometimes' (says she) 'I dress my-self well, and go out well enough pleased with my-self; then in a little I think, bless me! I am set here, just like a monkey, and if any looks to me, I think they say to themselves, what an odd monkey-like creature is that? and if two or three look at me, I turn afraid, and am just ready to run away.'

There are few or none of the English who are not troubled with low spirits and vapours, of which they speak very freely; they will tell you they are quite over-run with the hip, or that they are quite 'hipacondryick'; that is the name they give to low spirits or nervous.

CHAPTER II.

On the Road for Harwich: Cattle Plague, Fish Ponds, and Swine: Visit to Provost Stewart at Mitcham: Colchester: The Harwich Packets: The Calderwoods embark: Fellow Passengers: Dr. Monro: Peter Dondie: The Opera Dancer: King's Messengers: Misery at Sea: HELVOETSLUYS: *A disputed landing: Helvoet to* ROTTERDAM: *Life at the Swyn's Hooft: Dutch currency.*

WE set out from Mr. Traill's on Friday the 25th of June, for Harwich, all through the county of Essex; we past through Stratfoord, Rumfoord, Brantwood and Ingerston, where we dined. There we got a mighty chatty inteligent landlady; she told me the most of the busness in that country was feeding calfs for the London market. They let them suck (she had three, sucking two cows) till they are two months or ten weeks old, then people come about whose busness it is to buy them up, and they have a long-bodied waggon, divided

in places, where a calf stands on its feet cross the waggon; some waggons hold six or seven, and they pay the feeders about fifty shillings a-head for them. I found the cows did not give much more milk there than in other places, and as for the price, it can be no rule, as it is according as they have had the disease, as in that country it has been the most fatall. A cow that has recovered will give £10. There is no remedy like to be found out for it, neither is there any fixt symptom, but all take it almost in different ways, but all have a terrible running at nose and eyes, with such a smell that is intolerable. They are not allowed to open them, but to bury skin and all.

Nowhere in England they milk their cows more than twice a-day; all down Essex they feed calfs, so some are carried seventy-two miles to market.

She showed me her fish ponds, which were three in number; the first was a breeding pond, it was made with no great nicety; it shelved in from all sides, and very little fresh water was let into it, and it was full of weeds and dirty; the other two they called feeding ponds; these two had a communication betwixt them, cross a walk of about twelve foot broad, and about eight foot over. This place was open above, and covered only with a lid

made of timber spoked, which opened to every hand like a chest. It likeways had a spoked bottom which lifted up and let doun with a pully; the use of this was that they drew the pond, and took out the best of the carp, and put them into this place betwixt the ponds, which was fenced on each side with wicker or spokes, so that the water from both ponds got in, but the fish could not get out. So when they wanted to take any of them, they lifted up this bottom with the pully, which came up like a brander,[1] and all the fish on it, so took what they wanted, and let it down again. They give their carp no meat, except sometimes a few grains, or that we call *draff*—with pardon. The ponds were very weedy and thick; they clean them every year, and I imagine the reason the fish do not thrive with us in Scotland is, we supply our ponds too plentifully with fresh water.

This woman keept a great many swine, which fed with the sheep; she had them ringed with a broad bit of iron, about a quarter of an inch broad, and put in like a ring in each of their nosetrills, as closs as a lady's ear-ring is in her ear, and some had one in the grissel betwixt the nosetrills. She told me they made very fat just on the grass; she

[1] Gridiron.

complained heavily of the dear rents, twenty-five shillings per aiker, inclosed ground, and wished it were uninclosed that they might have it cheaper.

But this puts me in mind, that I should have told you before I left London, Lady Trilawny and I paid a visit to Provost Stewart,[1] at a place called Mitchem, about eight miles from London, on the other side of the river, which we passed at Fulham Bridge, which is a large bridge made of timber, and pays a very high toll; a chaise and pair pays a shilling both going and coming. We had a good part of the road pretty wild, what they call downs and we call moor. The road, as all are near London, was very solitary; however, we passed severall little villages, and came to that where Mr. Stewart was, where there is a little running water, very clear and pretty, led by canalls through the court and garden. Mr. Stewart has taken a long lease of this place, and has a very pretty large house, with a great deall of garden

[1] Archibald Stewart, only son of Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, Bart., was Lord Provost of Edinburgh when Prince Charles Edward's army occupied the city in 1745; for his alleged partisanship with them he was tried, but acquitted, in October 1747. The records of the trial are very voluminous. The male line having failed, this family is now represented by Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Bart.

ground, and other grounds from another landlord, inclosed for thirteen shillings per aiker. He has the house, with every sort of office houses and pidgeon house, fine fruit walls and gardens, made at a great expence, with twenty-four aikers of ground, for £69 per annum, the house very neatly finished, the hall laid with marble, a mahogany stair-case, a cold bath, all which I thought very cheap, within an hour and a half of London, for we must not count by miles there. Archy was not at home, but Madam was, and we were very genteelly entertained, with an air of frugality rather than expence; and there we had a full desertation upon the politicks, and more intelligence than I had heard from my being in London, but as it may all be stale by the time it reach you, I shall omit it.

So, to return from whence I left my story, we slept that night at Witham; we set out early for fear of being too late for the paquet, and breakfasted at Colchester. We were attended at breakfast by a drawer, whom I questioned according to custom about the town and the country, and from whom I received much more satisfaction than common, upon which I was going to declare him the smartest Englishman I had seen, when, un-

fortunatly for England, he turned out to be a Frenchman transplanted young.

From this we took post, being too late, and came to Manningtree, where, for the satisfaction of my Lady Buchan,[1] I must not omitt that I drank the best cyder ever I tasted, and it was directly the same taste as what she made at Goodtrees. Hers was[2] so much of the taste of the apple, that I did not beleive it was the true cyder till I tasted this. We past by the fine seat of Squire Rigby, which Miss Rigby used to speak so much of, but though it be just on the banks of the Stour, which there is a very fine river, yet it is so situated, what with the planting, and the ground rising a little betwixt[3] and the river, that it has not a sight of it.

[1] Agnes Steuart of Goodtrees, the writer's sister, wife of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan, and mother of David, eleventh Earl; the Honourable Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate; and Thomas, Lord Chancellor Erskine.

[2] It is a well-established fact that many expressions that are now considered to be Americanisms are, in reality, only relics of speech that has become obsolete in the old country, but has been better preserved in the new. In a quaint New England story recently published, entitled *Cape Cod Folks*, more than once such phrases as this occur:—'By doing pretty much they *was* a mind to;' this may be compared with Mrs. Calderwood's expressions in the text.

[3] This is a common Scots idiom and legal *formula*. Compare

We arrived at Harwich in time enough, but found the wind was not fair for sailing, but as the paquet is obliged to saill so soon as the maill arrives, the captain would not tell us whether he would saill or not, till nine o'clock at night, and then let us know we might go to bed, which I was very happy at, as we had been very early up that morning.

Harwich is a pretty large town, but nobody but seafaring men lives in it, and most of its busness is the passage. There are four paquets belongs to it in time of peace; and, in time of war, they call the paquets from Dover, as it is not so safe from privateers as Harwich. The commanders of the paquets are named by the Government, and the ships are theirs; they are very small, not being a third longer than a Kinghorn boat, but much deeper, and somewhat broader, for they have two very neat cabins with eight beds in each of them, and in the first, or rather off it, is a small state-room with a bed.

It is surprising the constant intercourse of passengers alone (for they carry no goods) there is betwixt England and Holland, for each of these

with this the phrase made use of at the attempted introduction into the Scottish Church of Archbishop Laud's Service Book, and often called in question—'betwixt and Pasch,' *i.e.* Easter.

paquets makes twelve hundred pounds per annum to the captain, who imposes sadly on the passengers. I suppose it raises as much to the publick, for we paid twelve shillings for our passage, and a shilling to the clerk; this should be for our passage, but then the captain has the cabin bedded at his expence, and, if you take a bed, you pay a guinea, and if not, the half: this makes the captain be sure to keep you a night on sea, though, if the wind be good, it may be made in twelve hours; you take provisions on board, or can have it from the steuart of the ship.

The river at Harwich is but like half a mile broad. There is no harbour built, but they have two old men-of-war, one of seventy, and another of forty guns, the one runs out like a peer, the other turns like a head; they are firm to the ground, and make a very good harbour. You may propose this method to the Laird of Lundin; it will save so much time and labour, but I do not know the price of an old man-of-war, for these were given by the Government, so I do not know if it would save money. There was a seventy gun ship building in the dock-yard; it was as high to the top from the ground as a house of three stories, and a prodigious length.

This county of Essex, which reaches all the way to Harwich, is a very rich country, and more pleasing to the eye, as it has severall rising grounds in it, and towns and houses set up to view, as it were. Its produce is mostly wheat, barly, and beans, and rapeseed, which they change alternatly with fallow. This looks to be a very rich, plentifull country, and is reckoned one of the best in England. Its whole produce goes to the London market; and I do not think it is so populous as I would expect. If you see one English town or village you see them all; they are very neat and pleasant. The inns in all this country are built (round a court-yard) of timber, and open galleries from whence most of the rooms enter.

On Sunday the 27th of June we went on board the paquet about eleven o'clock forenoon. We were in an inn which is not so much frequented as another, so that we did not know of any passengers but two young gentlemen I saw walking about, and one who lodged in our inn, come from New England; but we were no sooner on board but we found ourselves a very numerous company.

As I have now got all their names, I may call

them by name, which I could not do whilst on ship-board, nor for many days after: In the first place, there was an old lady with her son and daughter, the lady's name was Mrs. Clark, her son was Peter Dondie, bred a corn factor; Miss Dondie was a girl about eighteen, not ill-lookt, quite a cockney, she has exactly the voice of the stage, and might be made a player, had she as much sense or feeling as to enter into the spirit of her part.

Peter you have often seen acted by Stamper;[1] he seemed to understand a horse-race or a cock-match much better than the price of corn; he is just the figure of a young squire who would be married to a cast-mistress, if some good-natured person in the drama did not prevent it, for which he would express his thankfulness with many grins and smiles, severall bows and scrapes, shrugs, and rubbing of his hands for gladness.

The old woman is a good-natured body, and seems to desire nothing so much that she would run the risque of giving offence to obtain it. She told me that she had severall troubles in her life;

[1] Stamper was one of Mr. Digge's and Mrs. Ward's company at the theatre in the Canongate in 1753-56, and is described as 'an actor of merit.'—ARNOT's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 369.

her first husband was a Frenchman, he died when the lassie was at nurse, and left her with Peter, another daughter and her. The other daughter was most charmingly married, but died a few months after, of the small-pox: that she had married, for a second time, a coall-merchant of the name of Clark. She did not know whether he was Scots or not. She supposed he was of no great family, or she would have heard enough of it, but indeed he was so unhappy, (which signifies ill-nature in Scots,) that she durst never ask anything at him he was not pleased to tell her.

Now do not suppose I got all this on board a ship, for you will see, by the course of our travells, I have met her often again.

The next in rank of our company were two young gentlemen, the one, Mr. Webb, setting out for the tour of Italy, and his companion, one Mr. Bowlls, the son of a very rich father, who keeps a crown-glass warehouse near London. He had allowance from his father to accompany Mr. Webb (who had been a Cambridge companion) the tour of Flanders, and was to return by Dover in a few weeks.

Then we had one Mr. Cookson, a merchant of Leeds, a very good descreet man, going abroad

to settle his correspondence before the war break out;—a Presbiterian minister going to Utrecht to supply the place of Mr. Brown,[1] who has got the Church-history in St. Andrews;—a very fine body they call M'Culloch;—two messengers, one returning to Pettersburgh from London, he is an officer in the service, as the Russian Court has no people of that kind or office as we have; this gentleman, in his way to London from Harwich, where he had never been before, met with a company of Germans, so, for the sake of coming with them, he left the English passengers, and joined the Germans, who made him pay the whole expence of the company, which was £7, and told him England was a very dear place. He was one of the merriest finest bodies ever I saw, and sung vastly fine.

The other messenger was a very smart lad; he was going to Berlin, and from that to Petersburgh, and the two were to set out together a journey of twenty-two days, night and day travelling, and was not to have off their clothes till they arrived. He was sent to Lisbon with the account of the present

[1] The Revd. William Brown, Professor of Divinity and Church History in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews—see *University Calendar*, where the date 1757 is given.

from the Parliament,[1] and was there at the second great earthquake.

We had likeways a Doctor Monro going to study at Leyden, but he had as much knowledge already as would do all his busness, which he had bought for forty shillings; this was a cure for the jaundice. He had likeways in his pocket a bottle of drops infallible for preventing sea sickness, which was no other than the spirit of lavender; but if his other specifick be no better than that, he is forty shillings out of pocket. However, every body swallowed of it greedily, but, alais! it proved of no effect.

Marinasa the opera dancer was in the company, and a companion of his, a Swiss, who was either a singer or a dancer, we could not know which, for he sung very ill, and did not look as if he could dance. This poor Italian applyed to the doctor

[1] The great earthquake of Lisbon occurred on the 1st Nov. 1755, and was felt more or less during the following seventeen days.

In answer to a message to Parliament sent by the King on the 28th Nov. a sum of £100,000 was voted to enable his Majesty to afford speedy and effectual relief to the inhabitants, and his own subjects in that country. On 5th Dec. H.M.S. 'Hampton Court,' 70 guns, was despatched for Lisbon with '£50,000 in specie, and as much provision of beef, flour, biscuit, etc. as she could carry.'—*Scots Magazine*, Nov. and Dec. 1755.

for a few of his drops, which after taking, he fell sick, took his bed, and did not get up again till he was within smell of land; we all thought he would have died outright. All the company were sick, less or more, for first we plyed doun the river with a cross wind, tacking every half hour till the tide was spent, and about three o'clock afternoon, when we were of Orford, on the coast of Suffolk, we were obliged to cast anchor; which was no sooner done than every one fell a wameling[1] as the ship did, and there was such sighing and groaning in the two cabins, as I never heard the like.

Mr. Calderwood had got possession of the state-room, and there lay he snug with the door shut, very squeamish. There was such a stink below, that I durst not go down, so sat above till it was almost dark; then down I must go, and into bed as soon as possible, very very squeamish. I could not keep my feet in the cabin. And it was such an opperation betwixt John[2] and me, to get off some of my clothes, and to get on my night clothes, that had anybody been inclined to laugh, they might have had a good subject. I at last got to bed, but such a night I think I never will forget.

[1] Rolling about.

[2] John Rattray, their servant.

At the upper end of the cabin, a bed lyes across the stern, in that lay the Swiss dished up like a boiled salmond, (for it has no cover over it,) sick to death; on the right hand of it lay the almost expiring dancer; on the left lay the old lady; at her feet was Miss making a deplorable lamentation; at her feet lay I as quietly as I could; on the side with the dancer lay Mr. Webb; John Rattray was laid before my bed, with his head on a clog-bag[1] and his feet into the state-room.

About twelve we all composed ourselves to sleep, but were very soon awaked by a most dreadfull storm of thunder, and lightning and rain. When I waked, I heard Miss calling out,

'Oh, good La, is there any danger?'

Mr. Webb sitting up in his bed, with a night-cap and red vest, demonstrating to Miss that the thunder would not drown her. Bowles, who had come from the other cabin to pay us a visit, was speldring[2] with legs and arms to keep his ballance, and holding by the walls, protesting he had never seen such a night; the poor dancer crying out his prayer, and sick by turns. I had sleeped so sound I had forgot where I was, when all this presented itself, and you may figure how astonished I was.

[1] Cloak-bag, portmanteau. [2] Spreading himself.

The thunder continued for three hours; however, it had the effect to change the wind, so that we set saill again with a fair wind, about four o'clock in the morning.

The minister, poor body, got up about nine, and made a large pot of coffee, which he came round with, declaring it to be the finest thing to settle the stomachs of the whole company; but it was ordained in this voiage, that every thing which was intended for a remedy proved quite contrary, for no sooner was the coffee swallowed, but every one fell sick, and I, who had withstood everything, at last yeilded to the minister's coffee, and made a clean stomach.

My remedy came next, for about dinner time, I caused John make some mutton broath; by the time it was ready, we were coming within sight of land, so that it had a great effect on the company as it is a good remedy comes in the end of a disease. Every one praised the broath, and wondered I could be so wise as to think of making broath; little did they know that I thought I had not got a dinner since I left home for want of broath.

The sight of land cheared every body's spirits, and even the poor dancer creept out of bed like a

poisoned rottan;[1] he returned thanks to the company for their concern for him, but, indeed, it was only comiseration he had received from any of them but us. Every one said, the poor Italian is [ill], but nobody offered him any assistance but the minister, who gave him of his coffee, and we gave him part of any thing we had. I sent him some peppermint water, and he reached out his bare neck, and head without a night-cap, and cryed,

'Me thank ye, Madam.'

John gave him broath, and took great care of him, at which he was so thankfull that he gave John half a croun.

We came in sight of land about four o'clock afternoon, and arrived in sight of the harbour of Helveotsluce at eight: I say in sight, for there it seems it is the custome to cast anchor, that there may be money given for a boat to take you in, though the ship can go as easily as any other part of the voiage. The sea run pretty rough; the captain went into his boat, and all who were very impatient got in with him, but those who thought the sea rough demurred a little, of which number were the ladies, some of the gentlemen, and the

[1] Rat.

Italian, and the Swiss, and two poor servant lasses I forgot to mention. We waited some time, and no appearance of the boat's return, and though it had, they that had gone into it made so bad a figure on the water, that we did not choose to follow them.

Whilst we were considering what would be done, up comes a Dutch boat, a great odd-like thing, by all the world just like a great parton;[1] for, instead of being hollow in the midst, it rose up round like the back of a parton, and had two boards fixed to the sides, not unlike the toes. There was two men in it, who asked a shilling per head from us; they could speak no English, we no Dutch; but you must take this alongst with you, that in money matters, the Dutch understands any language. The poor lasses say to me,

'But what will become of us, for we have not a shilling to pay?'

'Go in boldly,' says I, 'we will not pay till we land, and then what can they do? If they threaten to drown you, the company will pay two shillings to save you.'

So in we all went, and after we entered the harbour, they demanded the money; every one

[1] Crab.

payed their shilling; when it came to the Swiss, he gave a guinea to change, and expected nineteen shillings back, which paid for him and the dancer, but they offered him but seventeen, withholding the other two for the poor lasses; upon which insued a scolding bout betwixt the Swiss and the skipper, each in their own language. The company interposed in every language they could speak, to try if any party could understand them, but to no purpose, and this was certainly the most lively representation of the Confusion of Babell ever I had been witness to.

The two poor lasses were pointed at by both, and were terrified out of their wits; all that I could understand of the whole dialogue was, 'G—d d—n ye,' which was thrown out by both sides; which, to the honour of the English, has become part, and I think the only part, of the universall language so much wished for.

This dispute was at last determined in favour of the Swiss, who got back his guinea, and somebody gave him two shillings to pay for him and his companion.

We got on shore, and came to an English house, we had been recommended to, where we, Mr. Cookson, and the minister, put up; all the

rest went to another. We got very good entertainment in a low parlour, very neat and clean set forth, with many pictures and much china. When we came to go up stairs to bed, there was a *trap*, which is the Dutch name for a stair, and, indeed, it answers all the idea anybody can have of a trap, for there was not two foot of difference betwixt the head and the foot of it, though it went straight up before you. The maid spoke English:

'Bless me,' said I, 'such a stair!'.

'Madam,' said she, 'this is one of the best stairs in all Holland;' which I found to be true.

The next question was, in what manner we should go to Rotterdam. The parson had been instructed to go by water; there is no track-scoot goes from Helveot, but they go to the Brille in a waggon, which is but two miles, and then takes a sailing scoot up the Maes to Rotterdam. As this passage depends on the wind, it may sometimes be tedious, so that the surest way, though the most expensive, is to take what they call a *rattel waggon*, that being the genteelest conveance, straight to Rotterdam. In this way Mr. Cookson and we intended to go, but the parson was instructed to go by water, and by water he would go; so Mr. Cookson, we, and the two gentlemen, Webb and

Bowles, set out in two waggons, and left the parson with the ladies, the Doctor, Petter, the dancer, and the Swiss.

This waggon is a long-bodied narrow cart, that just holds two to sit in the wideness. There are four benches in it, including the one the driver sits in; it has very soft cushions on the seats, four wheels, and is very easy. It is drawn by two horses, but has no pole, for the horses are yoked to a cross-tree, and betwixt the two fore wheels there is a peice of timber turned up like a hook, and this serves for a rudder to the waggon, which the driver governs with his foot. The intention of this is, that in this way they can make a much shorter turn, and pass another machine much nearer, as the roads are very narrow, high raised on the top of what they call dykes, with deep ditches on each hand, and when you have to make a turn it is very sharp, and often upon a little bridge which goes over one of these ditches. The horses are very well trained, and go at a good rate.

This way of travelling was very agreeable; you know to a minute how long you will be on the road, for they count all by hours; it is four hours betwixt Helveot and Rotterdam. There was no cover over our head, and we saw the whole country

round, which is very flat, but not inclosed any other way than by water, that is, in broad ditches always full of water, and in some places canalls; there are bushes of trees here and there, for all these dykes are planted, I suppose to make them stand the firmer. All through the country are these dykes, far from the sea, and made only to prevent the water from going further should it breake in at any part.

We got to Rotterdam in good time to dine; the waggon set us down on the other side of the Maes, which we had to ferry over in about five minutes sailing or rowing. When we arrived at the ferry, Mr. Webb, who had come in another waggon, told us he had rode in great pain; he really was in great distress, poor lad! We came to the best inn in Rotterdam, called the *Swyn's Hooft*, which being interpreted, signifies the Sow's head. This house was keeped by a Frenchman, and a Dutch frowe of the first magnitude. There we had things dressed in the Dutch manner, some of which was new, which I shall tell you when I come to display my acquirements in cookery.

I dined one day at the ordinary for curiosity, and there was a collection of severall nations, French, Dutch and German, and some of them could speak

a little English. We had sixteen dishes of meat, and a very good desert of fruit, fresh and dry, for we here had the finest strawberries and cherries since ever we came to Holland. The price, besides the wine, which every body paid as they called for it, was a gilder the head.

Now, I must make you acquaint with the Dutch money in order to save me calculation when I name the price of any thing: The highest coin they have here is a ducat, that is a very pretty gold peice, broader and thinner than our half-guinea; that, when changed into silver, is five gilders five stivers, and the nearest thing to our nine-and-sixpence. The next coin to that is a gilder, which is twenty stivers; a stiver is rather more than our penny, for our shilling goes for eleven stivers, our half-crown for twenty-eight; so that there is a loss of a twelfth part in bringing English money here. There is two stiver pieces called doublesees; there is likeways five stivers and one-half, which is exactly the value of an English sixpence. Then there are six stiver pieces, these they call skillings, and twelve stiver pieces, called two skillings or twelve stivers. They have the stiver in silver, and the only copper coin is doits, of which there are

eight for a stiver. They have severall other silver coins, as double and single dollars, but they are not now so much in use; and they have no other gold coin but the ducat, which, by general agreement, is allowed now to be current all over Germany, but they are looked upon only as a sort of conveniency, for they are not reckoned money, but merchandise.

In any large payments, and in bills of exchange, or payments of any extent, silver is the only thing called money; and when a man makes a bargain, the payer will stipulate, that so much of the price is to be received in ducats, or rather gold. They have no paper credit, so you may judge what a mint of that ugly ill-coined silver must be in this country, when there are few pieces of it above twenty-two pence of our money, which is a gilder.

CHAPTER III.

Preliminary Note: ROTTERDAM *depicted: Canals and Coaches: Horses and Horse-chairs: Boompjees: Markets: Dutch Houses: The Beds: Pewter Work:* MR. CRAWFURD'S *House: Peats and Charcoal: The Secret of Dutch Bleaching: Worship of the Herring: Dutch Farming: A Dutch Sunday:* THE PEOPLE *criticised: Character and Appearance: Dutch Vivers: Delft to the Hague.*

[WHEN Mrs. Calderwood's party arrived in Holland, the memory of defeat and humiliation following the glories of Marlborough's campaigns were strong in men's minds: how Marshal Saxe had overrun the country; one by one the barrier towns falling into his hands, till the Low Countries lay at the mercy of the French. The rout of Fontenoy, and the Jacobite rising in Scotland had paralysed alike both England and Holland. At the moment of their greatest need a Dictator had

arisen and been received with enthusiasm: Prince William Charles Frisco became Stadtholder and Captain General of Seven Provinces, offices afterwards declared hereditary. William IV., the Stadtholder, died in 1751. His widow, Anne, daughter of King George II., succeeded to the government in behalf of her son—then three years of age—under the title of 'Princess Governess.' The rule of the Princess Anne was hardly a success. Personally, she was disliked, notwithstanding that Frederick the Great has recorded his opinion that she was a woman of 'magnanimity, prudence, and an understanding superior to her sex.'[1]

While the travellers were in the Netherlands, the 'Seven Years' War' broke out, and it was with difficulty that the Dutch Provinces stood clear of the complications that ensued.—ED.]

The sight of the town of Rotterdam is something very new. It is situated on a very fine fresh water river, up which the largest ships can come, from whence every large street in the town has a canall, always supplied with fresh water every tide; the streets are on each side of the canall.

[1] Letter in *Univer. Mag.*, quoted in Davies's *Hist. of Holland*, vol. iii. p. 430.

There are the houses on one hand each within themselves; they have commonly two steps, then a flat of a black stone, or blew like marble, before the door, and as much on each hand of the door as hold a binch of the same stone, with the one end to the street, and the other to the house, where the carles[1] sit in the evening and smok their pipes. Next to the steps is a foot-walk of bricks, laid with their edges uppermost; this sort of bricks they call clinkers, and are as hard as any flint. Next that they have a stone casway, about eight or nine foot broad; and, on the other side of that, to the edge of the canall, is all laid with these clinkers, and will be about as broad, or broader in many places, than the casway, and in the middle of it is planted a continued row of old fine elms, which are keeped in nice order, and make a fine shade.

Ships of good burthen saill from canall to canall to any part of the town, and all the bridges are made to draw up tolet them through, so that the town is intirely a mixture of houses, trees, and ship masts from the one end to the other, and this is the appearance and plan of every town in Holland.

Their streets are keeped as clean as any parlour floor, washed from the door of every house cross

[1] Old fellows.

to the canall every day, with a besome made of small twigs. The Dutch maid-servants do nothing on earth but wash the house and the streets, and the veshells of the house and kitchen; none of them wash their linnen at home, they are all washed in publick fields and brought in wet, so that, when the maids have not them to dry and dress, they have nothing to do but slester[1] and wash. They have plenty of water, and every house has a pump, and they will have a pump of water in every story. This is one inducement to wash, but the originall of it is the necessity, as the streets would in a few days gather a fog[2] betwixt the bricks, and that in a short time would certainly breed a vermine.

All the houses and the streets, and every thing here, are all founded on timber pillars, which makes the streets so noisy that it is quite intolerable; a wheel-barrow makes as much noise in passing as a coach and six would do in another place, and one would think they put rattling things to their machines to increase the noise. A great many things they carry on slipes,[3] for instance barrells. They have slipes of a great length, on

[1] To slush, or slop. [2] Moss, or lichen.

[3] To slipe, to move freely any weighty body which is dragged through the mire.—JAMIESON'S *Scot. Dict.*

which I have counted four-and-twenty empty barrells.

All the bread and things of common use are wheeled about in what they call a *croy waggon*, which is like a large box set on two wheels; it has no shaft, but a crooked thing like a hook, which they hold by, and pushes it before them, as fast as they can run it drives away. You see no porters here with burthens on their backs; all is carried on wheels or on slipes, which makes a prodigious and constant ratling on the streets.

Then there are a great number of coaches, made in a different form from ours. The coachman's seat is much lower, the fore wheels so low as to run in under the carriage when they turn. The coach is supported by two large braces [that] go through below it; it hangs very easy. All the back part is full glass down to the seat. They are large, and clumsily made; but all the Dutch carriages have a certain roundness, and a coach and a ship have the same bulge, in which both differ from other nations; but their coaches are most magnificently ornamented, and gilded to a high degree.

A Dutch hacke is finer than any coach the King of Britain has; black japaned ground, with fine carved corners; cornices round the windows, all

upon the carriage, and on the wheels all over guilt.

The gentlemen's coaches are still finer, all painted and japaned, and overlaid with coats of arms and coronets, as if they were all dukes and princes. They are all lined with flowered velvet, a gold or silver fringe round the coachman's seat; the finest liveries quite covered over with pacements,[1] more than any drummer ever you saw, broad laced hats and large shoulder knots; the harness, some of red Turkey leather, with a great many fine buckles, double guilt; the horses' mains are plet with scarlet or other coulors of worsted binding; the reins are the same, and the horses has a large bob of a tasell at each ear, such as hang at a lady's chair, the same tying up their tails sometimes, and a large top betwixt their ears.

They mostly are mares, which are very large, and finely shaped, very black, with long tails; they are so fat, so well keeped and clean skined, that they are the prettiest creatures ever I saw, and look much better in a coach than the light horses now used in England; they are not for such swift travelling, but they are better for draught and deep roads, and, were I to breed horses, I would have

[1] Lace, passementerie.

them for that use; the finest of them are bred in Frisland, and cost about two hundred gilders the piece, which is just £18 sterling.

The English horses of their size have risen since the war to £25 the piece, and they could never keep up their number of horses in England without a great supply from this country every year.

Besides the coaches, there are many and various sorts of machines for travelling in Holland. There are phaetons made for holding six folks; the back part is like a coach, where two can sit; then there is a window, then another seat with no back to it; then there is another window, and then another seat; then, below this is a little bench for the driver; this goes likeways without a pole, and is conducted by a rudder; when it comes down a slope, (for there is no down hill,) the driver keeps it back by puting his foot against the horses' buttocks; in this way they can yoke either two or three horses a-breast. They have no harness but a bridle, and sort of brecham[1] about their necks, and yoked by ropes; to the outermost side of each bridle comes a small cord, which is all the command the driver has, but he has no need, for they are so well trained that they all obey by words.

[1] The collar of a working horse.—JAMIESON's *Dict.*

In a narrow road they will never flinch, though the briars and thorns brush against their faces that you would think it would pull out their eyes.

Such horses as they use in these carriages for travelling are of a smaller size than those I mentioned before, and will drive seven or eight hours in a prodigious hot day, at the rate of betwixt three and four miles an hour, without any thing but a little water every two hours, and once a little grass and a bit of rye bread. There is no water on the roads for them to drink, as every wet place has a bridge over it; for that there are certain houses on the road who have always grass and water set out for passengers; the driver drinks a pot of beer, whiles his horses drink water; so on we go again.

There are a great many rivers and branches of rivers to pass, which are too broad for bridges; on these they have the most convenient passage-boats can be: I have drawn you a very bad draught of it. Any carriage, with the horses and passengers in it, drive just into it, and are ferried over; the boatmen pulling the rope pushes the boat from one side of the river to the other; so they drive out at the other end, the end board lying closs on the ground. This is an improvement may easily be

transplanted into Scotland, where there is much need of it.

But, to return to the carriages. Another conveance is the post-waggon, the draught of which I send you likeways. It is divided, the two first seats from the last, next the driver, by a canvas which draws up and down, so that it is like a coach and a chaise joined, only the folks in the coach and chaise may converse together or not as they please, by putting up or down this canvas. The two first sits face to face as in a coach, the other seat faces the horses, so that they sit back to back.

Then they have a single horse chair, which is for one or two persons to take the air in, and this is a great diversion in the evenings. They are very neat, light things, highly ornamented. You have one of these an afternoon for half a crown, and drive as much as you please. Nobody rides by, for the horses are finely trained. Nobody rides a-horseback here, nor in all Holland almost, but the post. The country-people all travell in carts and waggons of various sorts. The conveance in the *track-scoot* I shall speak of when I come to travel in it.

The town of Rotterdam is a very busy place,

ships loading and unloading every moment. One of the finest streets in the town, they call the Bomcase, is upon the side of the Maes, with a row of fine trees before the windows, through which you see an unnumerable quantity of ships and boats continually passing, and many pleasure boats, on which the young extravagant Dutch beaux lay out a vast deall of money. One of them I heard of had three sloops for his pleasure, of different sizes, the largest cost a thousand pound sterling.

In this street there are the finest houses in the place, and severall of the richest merchants live in it. Every street is full of shops and ware-houses, and work-houses, where every sort of people are at work, and there is nothing comes from any part of the world which is not to be had there.

There are certain places allotted for each market; the flesh is sold in a house and not exposed to the air; the fish is under shades; the herbs and fruit are in a place by themselves. These last are carried up and down the streets in baskets carried on the women's shoulders, and it is surprising what a weight they can carry hung to a peice of board which goes on their neck, to which the baskets are hung. All the strawberries are carried in little earthen pots set in those baskets,

and are of the large hoyboy kind, very good. They are vastly well supplied with garden stuff of all kinds; you buy one or two large cucumbers for a doit; the Dutch live greatly on garden things, rich and poor.

The houses all over Holland are built of brick, the walls very thin, six inches is the common; but the strength of the houses is in the timber. They have great oak beams, and severall houses, which are not of the finest, incline forward so much that the top is in some two foot off the plum, and looks as if they were falling forward; but this is done, it seems, designedly, either to widen the house above, or to make them cast the rain, but I imagine it is just an old fashion that nobody follows now.

I cannot commend their architecture by no means.

They look upon a stair as a necessary evil, so puts it in as little room as possible, and in as dark an out of the way corner as they can find. If the street runs a-squint the town, then all the houses run a-squint in the fore wall, and every room is two foot longer on the one side than the other. The chimney places are very droll like; they have no jams nor lintell, as we have, but a flat wall the

grate is set to, and then projects over it a lum,[1] in the form of the cat-and-clay lums in the country houses of timber, and commonly a muslin or point ruffled pawn[2] round it; above that is what we call a chimney-piece, and above that severall other little cornices for setting china upon, which every house must be decked with.

They have excellent bedding here, fine down and feather beds; most of the bottomes are timber, and over that a straw matress, then a large down bed, then a wool matress very thick; a Dutch bolster is at least three quarters broad, and not made round as ours are, but in the pillow shape; the pillows are in proportion, and made square. The finest bed I lay in in Rotterdam had no blankets, but a soft callico, quilt very thick with cotton, and very slightly quilted together. I thought I should not have enough of clothes, so took another, but soon found it too warm.

I expected to find in Holland the finest large basons, and every other thing of Delph, but, to my great surprise, found nothing but puther. Every thing you can imagine is made of puther, tea-kettle, tea-pot, milk-pot, bason, plates, casters,

[1] Chimney.

[2] A valance, as round a bedstead.

juggs, muggs, and every thing you ever saw in silver or in china.

When I first went through the town, I saw, as I thought, the most magnificent silver-smiths' shops I could imagine, finely polished, in other shops silver-work unpolished, prettily chaced, but the culour of the inside of our new plate, and, upon enquiry, found that all the polished work was puther, and the unpolished silver.

Providence has certainly wisely ordered, for the greater correspondence amongst mankind, that every country should despise its own produce or manufactures, otherways the Dutch, who are a very wise and rationall people, could never prefer the uggly puther to their fine china and Delph, nor our printed cottons to their fine chinces. If you say to a Dutch lady,

'Your gown is a vast pretty chince,' she will say,

'It is not a chince, I do assure you, it is an English cotton, which I value much more.'

They are not come into the taste of paper in their houses; the guilt leather, or silk, or tapestry, is the only thing used. But the principall finery and expence in their houses are carving, guilding, stucko, marble, china of the ornamental kind and

pictures. As for marble, there is the utmost profusion of it; a very indifferent house has the passages in marble, both above and below stairs. The kitchen floors are marble for certain, lined with the glased tile.

The Dutch houses are all after the same plan, which at first appeared to me very odd; some parts of the house that is to the street was three stories, some parts two stories, some but one story, and that lighted from the roof; but the reason of this is, they are greatly confined to the street, so can have but the length of one room to it, and then the house runs a great way back.

Mr. Crawfurd's was the only fine house I was in. It is built after the Dutch plan, which indeed the ground prescribes. This house cost him, warehouses included, which lye behind the house, and in the sunk story, seven thousand pounds. His house is twenty-six foot long, and ninety foot deep. Now, how is the middle of this house to be lighted, but by cutting a room out in the middle of it? so that, instead of being five rooms in deepth, it is first two, then a blank, and then two. In this blank there is one room on the ground, lighted from the roof, which some makes a parlour of, but they make some other use of it.

This house is built of brick, some stone pillasters and ornaments above the door as you come in. There is a passage laid with very fine white marble, every stone about six foot long and four broad. Off that, all on one hand, enters the compting room, and other places for his busness, and this lantern room, as they call it, or hot-bed, as I called it. Above stairs, and up a very good stair, (which is a wonder,) there is another long passage, laid with marble, and the walls lined with white tiles. The fore room is a very pretty one, lined with green and gold leather, the chimney in the English fashion; but as the walls are so thin, they cannot contain it. It must be built so as to project upon the room, and all that projection is marble back to the wall. All above the lintell is carved in wood, with brecates set out for china.

The roofs in all the best rooms, and in this, are stucko, which was wrought by an Italian, much cheaper than Rennick's, and of so hard a nature that it is like stone. The roofs of the rooms are all high, and the doors and windows very high; the windows will be about twelve by five or six foot, and the doors more than seven foot.

The bricks of which the houses are built are vastly hard; Mr. Crawfurd had forgot to bore a

hole for a bell, (which, in every house, is put so as the handle is at the side of the outer door, that, instead of knocking, you ring,) and in peircing that hole through the brick, it was as hard to do as if it had been marble.

Behind this room I have described there is a parlour, lighted into the void; beyond the void a bed-chamber, and behind that a drawing-room. You may judge of the windows, when three window curtains and two peices of hangings will take ten peices of Indian damask to hing them.

Above they have lodging rooms, a large nursery, (as they have ten children, the eldest little more than ten years old,) and a place for drying clothes, which I thought vastly convenient. There are joists laid alongst at the height one can reach, at the distance of about eight foot from each other, and on them are cut out, at about two foot distance, a notch, and betwixt every joist, at that distance, is laid a poll, on which the clothes are hung; the polls always lye on the joists, so they just take down the one end, and string the clothes on and put it up again, which is very clever.

Up in the garret lye the peats: the Dutch allow nothing to be carried through their houses, so how think you the peats gets up to the garret? they

come in at the window, or rather a place made on purpose, with a tackle and pulley; a basket is tied and let down, so everything is put into it that is wanted up stairs. Then, to take them down again for use, every story has a bunker for peats, and these bunkers have a communication from each other, and up to the garret, by timber spouts, such as they let down malt with. The peats have little ashes, so that a white-iron pan takes away the whole day's ashes, which the maid carries away in her hand with a cloth thrown over it.

I have been particular in the description of this house, as I reckon it in the conveniency equall to the best. Every one of the lower order is in the same stile, only some very bad copies, and many exceed it in expensive finishing: their kitchens are very neat.

The peats are a vast conveniency, as they serve for stove holes in any part of the kitchen without a vent above, as the peats they use in the stoves are chared, and have no smock, that is, they are half burnt, and then smothered; but, at any rate, they are of a much finer kind than we have. They are all fished with nets out of a lake, like coffee grounds, then laid out in heaps to dry, and so cut into square peices; they are brought to every town by

the cannalls. Those peats have a fine heat, and answer all sorts of kitchen use better than coals, as with them they use every sort of earthen vessells for the kitchen.

This, or charcoal, with an earthen pot, is the whole secret of Madamosel's *boulie* we could never light upon; and this is like many imported improvements, which, by not answering, gives our country the character of being stupid, self-conceited, wedded to our own way, etc. when, behold, the very materials are not in use amongst us, that such things can only be done by.

I must here make a degression, least I forget it, of some things of the same kind. How often have I heard us blamed for the Dutch excelling us so much in both whiteness and cheapness in their bleaching? The Dutch say they have certainly a secret, and a method of bleaching which we cannot obtain, and our wise Trustees[1] have bestowed a

[1] During the troubles in which the Fletcher family, and many other Whigs, were involved in the times of persecution, the mother of Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton (*see post*), who was a daughter of Sir David Carnegie of Pitarrow, went to Holland, taking with her a clever millwright and a weaver, in the hope that by their means she might be able to discover

vast deall of money upon rogues, who pretend they have got the secret of the Dutch bleaching, when the Dutch have no more secret than what Margaret Pedie [has], and I suppose her great-grandmother had before her, which is boiling her cloth and laying it out to the sun, and watering, and putting it into sowr milk when it is near white. They give their servants a great day's wage,[1] perhaps twenty-pence, and yet they bleach at two-pence farthing their yard, which is our three quarters.

The secret of it is what I am afraid can never be brought into Scotland, at least the two main articles, the last may. First, there is no duty on either soap or pot-ashes. The wood-ashes they get down from Germany by the Rhine, at a perfect trifle, as any body may imagine, that, if an

the secret of the weaving and dressing of linen as practised by the Dutch.

In 1754 and 1755, 'the Commissioners and Trustees for improving Fisheries and Manufactures in Scotland' were very zealous in their endeavours to better the system of making and dressing linen throughout Scotland, and at an outlay of £3000 elaborated a scheme for the erection of stations and schools; and the training of teachers and artificers all over the Highlands.—*See Scots Magazine*, 1754 and 1755.

[1] This phrase still is commonly used in Scotland where 'wages' would be employed in England.

ash-midden is worth carriage, it is worth but little more. In the next place, the weather is quite serene and constant, and, for most part in summer, very hot; and, last of all, the water is quite of a different quality. There are no springs in all Holland, though the country is full of water. This water falls from the heavens in winter, and covers the whole face of the ground, and what is carried with great rapidity to the sea with us, by every river and burn, with them lies in the ground for want of levell.

For this reason, the whole country is cut into these cannalls and ditches in order to receive it, and what lies in the hollow places, and cannot get into the cannall, is drawn up by wind-milns, and thrown into the cannalls, and this is one great use of the unnumberable wind-milns through Holland: besides, these cannalls have all a circulation of fresh water from the great rivers, which keeps them fresh all summer. But it must appear, at this rate, that the water here is of a much softer quality than any in Scotland, and the only way that can be supplied with us for bleaching is, to make ponds which shall keep as much water as will serve a bleaching-feild all summer.

Harlem, which is the famous place for bleaching,

has the finest water; there are many sand hillocks near it, which the water comes through, and, as it were, filters it from all sort of minerall or bad ingredients of any kind.

Most of the reproaches our country meets with are as ill founded as this, and can only be the effects of want of enquiry or reflection.

The Dutch herron will cost me another degression, so I shall mention them here. You know there were great hopes conceived of the British herron fishery, which has not succeeded, and every body said that is very odd. Will you see how the Dutch herron fishery always thrives, and how many bushes they have? but you must know that that affair of herron is like witchcraft here. The first herron that comes in are cured after a particular manner. The French salt is refined here, and then sent out to cure the herron. Every town, or certain ships, are priviledged by turns to bring home the first herron, which no sooner arrive, than every man, woman and child in Holland run upon them as if they were mad; they will sell in the morning for half a crown the peice, and at night come down to threepence.

The first herron arrived, since I came here, about three o'clock in the morning, and I was

told one of the great burgomasters in this town sent out for a couple, and sat up in his bed and eat them. It can be nothing but a sort of naturall instinct that makes them be so run upon, for it is observed no disease rages the time of the herron, and they cure every body that is not well. They are all eat raw, and appear to be so fat that they are almost transparent, which must be owing to the curing, for they are the same with ours. They are not very salt, and they call them *fresh* herron; they will not keep any time, and ships are constantly coming in, and they are as fast eat up.

They are likeways sent to all parts of Germany, and the first which arrives are sent in a present, express to the King of Prussia. Suppose this is but home consumpt, and brings in no money from other countries, yet, finding employment for a people at home makes them not think of going out of the country; and when they apply themselves to get bread at home, they think of many ways of doing to the advantage of their country.

All the folks in Holland who live by carrying, (that is, upon the water, either out at sea or on the cannalls,) their whole family lives in the boat, and they have no other house; wife and bairns all live in the *scoot* always. But these track-scoots who

carry passengers have no family living in them. This is the reason why the Dutch fish the herron and other fish cheaper than other nations. The master of the vessell is always at home, and does not keep two families, and they all live on the herron that they catch, so has no provision to take with them but bread and cheese.

I find it was a great loss that I could not speak to the folks and ask questions, so that there are many things I could not inform myself of. I went with Mrs. Crawfoord to a dairy farm, for all the grounds almost in the province of Holland are grass. They have lost, by the disease, all their fine breed of cattle, and, by the supply from Denmark and other countrys, the cattle is become small. The ground belongs mostly to the boors; there are almost no other lairds in the province of Holland.

No gentleman asks more than a house and garden, and, indeed, it would be needless to have land, for, of a hundred gilders of rent, there comes off seventy gilders of taxes; for it takes the whole rents of the country, and much more, to support it and the government; as it is all art,[1] it must be keept up at a great expence.

[1] Artificial.

This dairy I went into; the woman, her second husband, (who had been her servant,) and her son, lived in [it.] There is not a wife in Scotland that is not as well drest or genteel like as her, and yet she had had two thousand pounds to her tocher. Her first husband was very rich, and her marrying the servant man was not an odd thing at all, he was as good as she. They keep forty cows, and had lost their whole stock three times over with the disease. I inquired into the management of their milk, and found that, so soon as it is milked, they sieth[1] it into a brass veshell tinned within, of the shape of the green water-canns used by our country people. They immediatly put those veshells into cold water, and let them stand till the milk is cold; then they pour it into earthen veshells, narrow below and wide above, and let it stand only a day and half, and take care that the cream be not sower in the least. They churn three times a-week, and what the churn wants of being full, they fill it up with new milk, which is sometimes more or less, but often a third part. This churn is wider in proportion than ours, and like the hold of a nine gallon

[1] To sythe or sey, to strain any liquid for its purification through a *searce or sey dish*.—JAMIESON.

barrell; it works with a churn-staff, and is wrought by a very simple machine which is moved by a horse in a little house adjoining, yoked in a thing of the nature of Lundin's pump.

But the great nicety of the Dutch butter is the salting of it; they never put more salt on it than is common to put in England on the first butter, which is just a little more than we do. The proportion, they told me, was like our mutchkin of salt to twenty pound weight of butter, and with this I eat butter of last summer, which I did not know but that it was churned the day before. This salt they work into the butter after it has been washed from the milk as well as possible, and pour a pickle on it till the next morning, then pour it off, and so on till the barrell is full. The barrells are like half ankers, but all depends on the keeping it. When in the barrells, it should stand near nothing that it attracks a taste from; where it can contract no taste, nor be too dry. So, in the best houses in Holland, they have a place for their butter like a press, lined with tiles, and, when they take any out, they never hollow it, but slice it smooth off, and the least bit must not be left on the sides of the cask.

The Dutch churches are very clean and pretty, all paved, some with marble, some with stone. They have very few seats fixed, and most people sit on chairs. This church is battered[1] as full of escutchions as the wall can hold. There is a fine organ in each, and in severall, very pretty monuments of the Orange family, and of their great admiralls, as De Roiter, etc. I think they are the best set of reformers, for they have just keeped what they could affoard, and no more; and whim or fancy never governs the Dutch.

A Sunday is very droll in Holland; they almost all wear black to go to church, and you would take them for so many Seceders, they put on such a Sunday face, and walk as if they would not look up. No sooner is the sermon over but they fall to feasting, drinking and dancing. This was certainly not originally presbiterian; but, as their situation made all nations come amongst them, they could easily perceive they would not get a day, in which there was no work, keeped in a manner peculiar to themselves, so I suppose they thought it better to permit such things, than to let them be done by way of a sin; which, to be sure, was right, for, when folks come to think light of

[1] Plastered, literally pasted.

one sin, they soon think light of others: and you see, in all penitent confessions, that breach of Sunday was the first thing loosend their conscience.

The Dutch folks are very solid and rationall. They are not the people I would like to live among, by their appearance; but one must admire them for their solidity, industry, and pains-taking in every thing, and for the latitude they give to every body to follow their own way. They have no notion of what we call *whity whaty*, nor can they, I find, comprehend one's being undetermined. Though they have no vivacity, yet I think they are smart, and smarter, a great deall, than the English, that is, more uptaking.[1] I must be judge of this, as I went very much about by myself, and into every shop and place, and I found it very easy to make them understand what I wanted to know about their business, though I had not above ten words of Dutch, which did, you will allow, require some smartness.

A china wife and I turned very great;[2] she gave me her direction, and set down the price of several

[1] 'Uptak' in Scotland is equivalent to Anthony Trollope's 'observation and reception.'—See *Autobiography*, ii. 47.

[2] Intimate.

of her best things, and told me the age of every peice in her shop. It was from her I bought the small bottles I send you. They have no notion of your troubling them; if they think you come unresolved whether to buy or not, and in that case are very short, and ask you if you intend to buy, or if you be wanting anything; but, if you buy a triffle, or say that you are a stranger looking for curiosity, or that you would buy, but cannot carry things from place to place, then they are very civill.

The thing I think the oddest about the Dutch is their appearance; there [are] almost none of them have the look of gentlemen or ladies. The men are tolerable; they have the air of sober men of busness, but, for the ladies, they look like chambermaids, put on them what you please, and they dress very plain. A fine guilt coach will pass, and in it a chamber-maid in her Sunday's clothes, or an old worn-out housekeeper; and, when you see them walking from church, drest, they are just like a lady from the country, who has not had on a hoop, nor a fan in her hand, for twenty years, looking very prim, with her elbows into her sides, her two hands streight out before her, holding the fan out likeways, as if she was to

red[1] her way by it, and hagheling,[2] as if she thought all her pitecots were coming off. And this is a description of every body, for there is no odds[3] in any town, either in the appearance of the people or the place, for, shut your eyes, and you will not know in what town you are, they are so like.

What do you think of their making salt in Rotterdam, as a proof of their industry? The salt water is brought severall leagues off, and their peats from high up in Germany, yet they made salt almost as cheap as we buy it in Scotland; till of late, that the States has laid a duty on it. The salt water is brought in a boat, which is made to hold a certain quantity. The boat goes down the Maes out to sea, they pull out a cork, and she draws as much water as she can hold; in with the cork, and away they come, and it is pumped out of the boat into the salt-pan. This is an improvement to Mr. Martin, least his water is too fresh.

Every thing of vivers[4] is dear in Holland but vegetables, upon which the commons live almost

[1] To clear, or straighten.

[2] Not translatable by any word in English, nor at all without much circumlocution.

[3] Difference.

[4] Food, provisions.

all summer, and the better sort a great deall. Every body, great and small, sups on sallad with oil and vinegar. Their cookery is preferable to ours in all sorts of stewes or stoved things. They stew almost all the vegetables which we boil, which I think is a great improvement, as it gives many of them a taste which otherways has none; for instance, carrots stewed as we do cabbage. Turky-beans and pease they make great use of, which are very good boiled, or rather stewed in the hulle,[1] like kidney-beans: they have no stoffin within; I have seen them in Scotland; the English name is 'pease without parchment.'

Nobody chooses to eat beef in Holland at present, for the disease; for, whenever they are seized with it, they kill them, and eating them does no harm.

I have just now heard of a hand to carry this to London, so shall refer further minute particulars, and carry myself as far on as I have time to do in this. It was on the last day of June, I beleive, we got to Rotterdam, which was on Tuesday, and on Saturday we hired a pheatone, and set out for the Hague. In our way we dined at Delph, and went to see the Delph manufactory, which is much the

[1] Pod.

same as you saw at Glasgow; but, least the composition be other than they have, I brought away a peice of it. They had very little of it to dispose of at the place, and that very dear; it is all sent out of the country somewhere, for there is little made, for I told you they did not use it in Holland.

The road betwixt Delph and the Hague is about five miles of a fine avenue, quite shaded, with a cannall on one hand, and grass grounds full of cattle or hay on the other.

CHAPTER IV.

At the Hague: The Light-headed English: Dr. Monro cross-examined: The Dutch Court: The 'PRINCESS GOVERNANTE': *Princess Caroline: The Young Stadtholder: States Chambers: 'House in the Wood': Scheveling: Arbours and Summer-houses: A Burgomaster's Politics: The Anabaptist Professor's Views: Dutch Jews: The Burgomaster's gratitude: Fair at Harlem:* AMSTERDAM: *Frederic the Great incognito: Philosophy of Travel.*

THE Hague is a very pretty town, with cannalls and trees like the rest, but many very fine houses, which is a great ornament to the street. We lodged in an English house, and Mr. Brown, our landlord, I imagined had been there all his life, as he spoke broken English, but, to my surprise, found he had been but two years there, and had hardly got any Dutch, so that I suppose poor Mr. Brown will soon fall through betwixt two stools.

(*N.B.*—All the English one finds settled abroad in that sort of station are the lightest headed divels in the world.)

Here we forgathered[1] with our fellow passengers, the lady and her son Peter, and Miss, and the doctor. The doctor declared he had not tasted meat he could eat since he came to Holland, till that day that he had eaten roasted chickens and green pease, and imputed it to the English house. Mr. Calderwood begun to sift him, as he wore a Scots name, viz. Monro, and asked him if he was come of Scots parents, or if he knew Proffessor Monro[2] at Edinburgh?

'Yes, yes,' said he, 'he is my relation, but it is by his wife.'

'Then you are related to Sir Alexander Macdonald's family?' said Mr. Calderwood, at which the doctor was non-plussed, and asked him if he had ever been at Cambridge, and talked very fast about cocks and bulls of Cambridge, by which he found out that the doctor could not give a very

[1] Forgather 'was an excellent word before it was ill-sorted.' It cannot be used in place of 'to meet' as has been attempted of late. You cannot 'forgather' a person.

[2] Professor Alex. Monro, *primus*, the great anatomist, and founder of the Medical School of Edinburgh, resigned his chair in 1759.

good reason for his being called Monro, and, after some conversation he had in the ship about the Duke of Grafton, concluded he was a bastard of his who bore that name.

I would warn every man, who would conceal his birth or station, not to choice a Scots name, for the first of the country he meets will find him a counterfit.

The Court was not at the Hague; they were paying a visit to the old Princess at her country house in Frisland. The Princess Governante[1] is in but a bad sort of condition; she cannot keep up her eyes all day, but sleeps closs, and, in her coach on the street, her head lies on her breast, rolling like a bullet, fast asleep. Whenever she goes to bed, she cannot sleep a wink. In summer she is like to starve of cold, and in winter like to die with heat; so that she is contra all human kind. Her daughter, Princess Caroline,[2] I beleive, is about fourteen; she is as big a fraue as is in Holland, and nobody to look at her would take

[1] Anne, Princess Royal of England, married in 1733 William IV., Prince of Orange-Nassau, Hereditary Stadtholder. On his death in 1751 the Princess was appointed 'Governess of the United Provinces' for her son William V. Anne died in 1759.

[2] Daughter of William IV. of Orange-Nassau; afterwards married to the Prince of Nassau-Weilburg.

her to be under thirty. They say the Prince is a very pretty boy, but it is thought a great chance if he claw the head of an old Statholder.[1] The Princess Governante is not well liked; she imploys none of the Dutch in any office almost, and imploys Germans and Swiss in her troops, and, in short, is under a weak ministry. I suppose the Statholder will be thrown overboard sometime or other to lay a storm.

What is shown to strangers here are the churches, horses, guards, and States' chambers. There are three chambers; first, where the States meet at a long table, covered with green cloth; at the head is a chair for the Statholder, at the one

[1] A Scotch figure of speech, meaning that the boy would probably not live to old age, or hold that dignity if he did. Mrs. Calderwood's forecast may be said to have come true. After a reign of thirty years, marked by troubles and much unpopularity, the Stadtholder retired to England on the invasion of his country by the army of the French National Convention in 1795. Here he figured as 'the sleepiest Prince of Europe.' The efforts of Thomas Sheridan and Henry Erskine scarcely sufficed to keep him awake: but he was not stupid. The story of the Stadtholder and Dr. Beverley of Cambridge, how the Prince, inquiring about a text, would not accept for answer either the 'Second Epistle of Jude,' or 'the Second Chapter,' has been preserved in the lines:—

'For the future be *shy*, nor dare to reply,
But remember the *Second of Jude*.'

side one for the Pensionary, and twenty-four of the others; before each lies a quire of paper, and betwixt two is an inkstandish. The second room is for the embassadors being received, or their meeting, and the other is for the triall of state crimes. In this last are severall pictures, reckoned very fine; they are but about a foot and a half square, and the three first an English peer offered twenty thousand pounds for. They are the crewalties of the Spaniards before the revolt, and their liberty obtained by the Prince of Orange. The rest of this building is the State-house of the Hague, for every town is under its own government, and none has more to say than another, further than the richest has influence over the rest by their power of serving them; by which means Amsterdam obtains a leading in the province of Holland, and the province of Holland leads the other provinces, so that the Burgomasters of Amsterdam in a manner govern the country.

Upon Sunday we went down to see what they call the House in the wood. This is a very neat house of the Prince's, in the midst of a wood, which begins at the town, and reaches four or five miles. It is all cut out in broad and narrow roads and walks, and in that every body walks, or drives

in their coaches, and that night being Sunday, it was very full. There is not much fine furniture in this house, but some very good paintings, and fine marble and stuco, and a painting of a whitish culour like stuco, that you cannot beleive is not raised from the wall till you touch it. There is a truly Chineas room and closet, with japaned finishing, and fine china, and all Indian.

I was through all the stables at the Hague; the horses were out at grass, but you might have eat off the floors for cleaness, and not the least smell of a stable. There was fifty-eight treveses[1] in one end, and thirty in another; the poles hung betwixt the stalls were covered with plates of copper, and the side of the manger likeways, to hinder the horses from biting it with their teeth. I cannot see how the Princess can keep up things in proportion to her stables and coaches, with servants to wait on them.

Her coaches were very fine, and of all kinds, but no grander than many others; and, indeed, unless you come to fine painting, they can go no greater length in guilding and carving. I saw a chariot exposed to sale, quite new, as a generall who had bespoke it was dead. The whole ground of it was

[1] Treviss, the partition between two stalls.—JAMIESON.

gold, and green flowers painted on it; it cost but £100 sterling at first, and was sold for about £75; had it been made at London, it would have cost in proportion to other machines, £300.

We went likeways to Schevelin, which is a little town on the sea, about two miles from the Hague, and may be called their Leith, but that no vesell larger than a fishing sloop lies there. The sand is all of the gray culour, and large hillocks of it, with *bent* on them; [it] is all the defence they have against the sea. Last winter, they lived in the terror of their lives; eight hundred men wrought night and day to keep the sea from breaking in, and there was a battry of cannon placed, the firing of which was to be a warning to the people to make their escape into Utrecht or Gelderland, which lies higher than the province of Holland and the Hague.

We saw, betwixt the Hague and Schevelin, the fine gardens made by the Duke of Portland, and now possessed by his son, the Count Bentick;[1]

[1] William, Count Bentinck of Rhoon and Pendrecht in Holland, and of Terrington St. Clement's, County Norfolk; second son of the first Duke of Portland, was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Charles VI. in 1732; he married in the following year the Countess Charlotte, only daughter and heir of Anthony II., Count of Aldenburgh, Sovereign Lord of Kniphausen, etc. He died in 1774.

there is nothing but a summer-house on the place, but the gardens are of great extent, with walks and hedges, water-works and shell grottos and orangeries, all with a neatness and cleanness which appears no place but in Holland. There [is] no green grass under trees in all this country where one is to walk, which is certainly a good contrivance; if it is not keeped, it is very rough and course, and if keeped, is very expensive, and besides, it is damp, and wants air. They have no gravel either, so they supply the want with sand, which does very well.

They are very fond of arbours and summer-houses of honeysuckle, and long walks, which they train up with an hedge on every side, and after it is come to a proper hight, then they pleat the boughs over to meet, and arches the roof with stick, like girths, to which they tye the tender shoots, till it is closs above, and clips it as smooth ever after as the rooff of a house; and these, with a sand floor, make a very pretty walk, oppen at both ends. They have a way of rearing their thorn hedges here contrary to ours; they bring them first to their hight, and then to the thickness. The way is, they train them up upon small pailling-like espaliers, and tye them round with rushes to it, till

it come to a proper hight, which it comes to in about three years, and then they keep it down, and clip the sides of it, till it is at a proper thickness.

And all the little gardens in Holland are vastly neat. Round every town are little country houses; they are very showy, they train vines upon the walls by speking over the walls, and nailing the vines to that. They have little parterrs laid in the shapes of flowers, with culoured bits of glass, which look very pretty. They lay out vast summs on those country houses betwixt the Hague and Harlem. They stand very closs to each other, and no man has more than a house, garden and park; and that he will lay out ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds sterling upon, in statues, marble grottos, fine furniture and paintings; and there are the finest flower gardens in all Holland, and the country there is but a dead sand.

We set out from the Hague for Amsterdam in the post waggon: when we came to take our seats, there came in a very genteel well-looked man, about thirty-five years old, his own hair, and looked liker a French than a Dutchman; he had a very fine diamond ring, and looked like a finer man of

note in that country than you would think would travell in a post waggon, so we took him for a stranger. Mr. Calderwood spoke to him in French, but he answered in very good English, which I was very glad of, as it was dull for me to travel a whole day with folks I did not understand.

After we were set, a very tall, grave-like man came up to take his place, but, finding there was only a back seat, he chused to go up beside John, who sat on the seat which was oppen to the horses, behind where the driver sat. The first man told us that man was professor of devinity amongst the anabaptists at Amsterdam, and a very learned man. After he was set, we let down the canvas which divided him from us, and, when he heard us speaking English, he joined in the conversation, though he did not speak it so well as the other.

We soon found the first was a Burgomaster of Amsterdam; he knew all the places on the road and told us the great folks who lived in them. Severalls[1] of the best were his near relations; such an one was embassador in France, and such an other had been or was embassador in England, and

[1] Throughout her writings, Mrs. Calderwood, as here, occasionally uses the plurals of adjectives, according to the old Scots fashion.

so on, and the valuable and curious peices of furniture they had. We got all the Dutch politicks; we joked them upon the rest of Europe saying they were in the interest of France, but the professor said the English could not be perswaded but they must be in the interest of France, since they would not join in the war, but that was a mistake; for they loved the English better than the French, but they loved themselves better than either, and that a strict neutrality was their true interest.

'The English,' said he, 'has been very rash, and it will be a most unhappy war; had the French begun and hurt Britain in Europe, we are bound by treaty to give a certain specified assistance, but America is out of that question.'

They were very inquisitive about the ministry in England, for they said it appeared to be a very weak administration. We found they had both been in England, and were acquented with severalls of the great folks, especially the young man. He said he could not understand the pleasure the English took in horse-races and cock-fighting, such cruel diversions, but said, what things folks were accustomed to, they did not reflect upon the cruelty of them; for, when he was in England, a gentleman,

whose house he was at desired him to show him the way of dressing a water-sutchy.

'I took,' said he, 'the pearches alive, and scraped them with a knife, for otherways the scales do not come off.

'"Oh!" cried the Englishman, "was there ever such cruelty, to scrape the fish alive?"

'"Are not you as cruel," said I, "who can take so much pleasure in tormenting a poor cock for your diversion?"

'"Truly," says the Englishman, "I never thought on that before."

'"Nor I," said I, "of the pain it gives the pearches."'

This puts me in mind of an English boy who served in the inn at Rotterdam. We asked him how he liked Holland; he said, very well, but it was not like England. We questioned him to find in what he thought England excelled it to the like of him, and found that his fault to Holland was, there was no horse-racing nor cock-fighting.

'In good faith,' says John, who was standing by, 'the Dutch has some other tow in their rock!'[1]

[1] Rock, a distaff. 'To have other tow in one's rock' is a common Scotch phrase, meaning to have business on hand of quite another kind.

The professor was very fond of the English books, in particular the divines; and to see the odds[1] of clergymen in one country from another, or rather the Dutch from any other! a generall tolleration to all religions intirely puts out bigotry. This man, who differed from others in some religious points, had no notion of suppressing or discouraging popery; on the contrary, he exclaimed against laws for suppressing it, or using any means but perswasion, and wondered how the English could make laws for Ireland to hinder protestants and papaists marrying together; and the Burgomaster told us their custom with regard to that was, that when papaists and protestants married together, they made a contract concerning the way the children were to be educated. If any of the parties died, if the survivor did not keep up to the articles, and the friends complained to the magistrate, they called for the contract, and ordered it to be fulfilled; and that he had been in that office last year, and during the time he filled it, he had ordered severall protestant fathers and mothers to breed their children papaists, in terms of their contract of marriage.

This puts me in mind of the Jews, who are the

[1] Differences.

drollest set I ever saw. We call them, by way of reproach, *smouce*, but that is only a name for a certain sort of them; I asked a man if he was a *smouce*, and he said, 'Ya, Mefrowe.'

They wear their bairds, and the women you will know by a certain sort of mutch[1] they wear with a double row of plaits, and close battered[2] to their faces, so that you see none of their hair, and some has a curl of wool round their faces, by way of a wigg, some black and some white.

I went into their synegogue one morning, and they were at service, but what kind I could not find out, but I suppose it was a fast-day, for there were two men standing on the altar, I suppose, for it was raised higher than the rest, in the midst of the room; there was a lamp burning, though the sun was shining. They were both reading aloud, with harn clouts[3] on their heads, and severall of the congregation had harn clouts likeways. Some were sitting with books in their hands, some standing, reading or looking on a book, some walking about, snuffing and cracking[4] as loud as if they had

[1] A cotton cap.

[2] Pasted, plastered.

[3] Literally brain-cloths, a cloth round the head. 'Harn pan,' the skull, is used by Gawin Douglas, and frequently by Sir Walter Scott.

[4] Conversing, gossiping.

been in the street; in short you never saw such a congregation; some were coming in, some going out, and those who went out had their harn clouts in their pockets.

In Amsterdam, they have a quarter of the town to themselves, and they say it is the oddest, nasty, raggamuffin-like place ever was seen, and people go to see the Jews' quarter for a curiosity.

But to return to our company. The first time we changed horses, which we did three times by the road, the professor came into the coach, but all we could say he would not accept of a seat to be drawn forward; for well did he like to crack with a stranger, and Mr. Calderwood and he went through all the English books, which he was delighted with. The first time we changed horses, we met an empty post-waggon returning to the Hague; we stopped, and their horses were put into ours, and on we went without stopping five minutes, for it is only taking out and putting in a cleik,[1] for all the horses are yoked in together.

When we came to a ferry, we drove into the boat and out without stirring; when we changed again, we drove into a stable, and the horses were changed, and we drove out at the other end; and

[1] A hook.

when we changed for the last time, we stopped at a very small village, the pleasantest ever I saw. It was quite shaded with fine old trees, in the midst of a wood, nothing like a street, but a few houses built as it were on the road side, and all the trees meeting above, so that it was almost quite dark. Here we went into a house; it was about four o'clock, and we had travelled closs since eight. We had a cold chicken with us, of which none of them would partake, but called for a peice bread and butter, with some thin slices of what they call *cumin caas* laid on it, (which is cheese made of skimed milk, mixed with different sorts of seeds, which you buy for three half-pence a pound,) and a drink of beer. We called for a bottle of claret, which they took a glass of; but, when we asked what was to pay, we were told nothing, and the Burgomaster said very politly, that he had been very handsomely [entertained] in England, and that it gave him great pleasure to have an opportunity of showing he was sensible of it to any of the British. When we told this again, it was said to be the most wonderfull thing ever happened from a Dutchman.

When we came near Harlem, there is a large wood, all cut out in broad walls with vistos, which

were vastly pretty, as each of them looked at the end like the arch of a bridge, which you saw through, the wood was so closs and so dark. Most of them we passed terminated on the Harlemer-mere, a large salt-water lake.

The Burgomaster ordered the driver to go off the road, and drive into the wood to show it us, which showed his authority; for, if a Dutch driver was driving any king in Europe, he would not budge out of his road for him. All the road we came was planted on every side, and, as we drew near to Harlem, there was a row of these country houses I mentioned before on each hand.

As we came through Harlem, it was *Kearmas*, which is a great fair, which all the towns in Holland hold once every year, and to which all the merchandise of every part of Europe is drawn, that is, to the great towns. In Amsterdam it holds six weeks, in Rotterdam one week, and they say is the greatest curiosity that can be seen; a collection of all nations, and the produce of every nation, to an immense value. Harlem is not a great town, so the *Kearmas* was not so fine, but there were mountebanks and rope-dancers, and the Lord knows what, and a vast crowd.

Harlem is a very pretty, gay-looking town, but we did not stop at it. After we passed it, we saw the cannall, which joins with a sluice to the Harlemer-mer; we asked if any attempts had been made to drain that lake; they said they had land enough, and unless they had more inhabitants the acquisition of land would only diminish the value of what they had; and that all the land they had was dear of the upholding. Here all the country and road was open, when before it was all planted, which was a very pleasant variety.

When we came in sight of Amsterdam, and Saardam, (which lies over a ferry of half an hour's sailling, but looks to be very near,) it appeared like a wood of wind-milns; the road was quite straight, and the cannall on one hand, with a great many track-scoots constantly passing.

We arrived at Amsterdam about seven o'clock, and when we came to the gate of the town, there was waiting for our Burgomaster a most magnificent coach, with servants in laced liveries. He offered to carry us to the inn, but we would not accept, so the professor and he stepped in, and we parted. Travelling in Holland, you see, is so safe, and so easy, that this man, though he could

very well affoard it, had neither his own coach nor a servant with him; it is just stepping in at one town at a certain hour, and you can promise to a minute when you will be at the next, without ever stepping out of the *voiture*, unless you please. But they say the Dutch are famous for the care they take of their horses and their wives; and, indeed, it is very seldom you meet a gentleman's coach upon the road, but all travell in stage waggons.

So soon as we came in at the port, a man came up to us driving a very droll machine. This was what they call a *trano*, which is just the body of a coach hirsleing[1] on its bare sole, and drawn by one horse yoked with ropes, which a man walks a-foot and drives, and holds it when it goes off the crown of the casway, for then in [it] hirsles into the strand. This is the best description I can give you of it, for I often heard, that at Amsterdam they had coaches without wheels, but I imagined there was more machinery about them than I found. They are very neat within, and glass, and just a coach in every respect, but nothing more than the body. They have, it seems, a great tax on wheels, whether for shaking the town, which is all founded on piles,

[1] Shuffling, scrambling.

or not, I cannot tell, for these are the only carriages used without wheels, more than in any other town.

If you want to have an idea of Amsterdam, you will find it in the prophet Ezekeal, in his description of her great-grandmother Tyre; here all the riches of both east and west are dayly pouring in.

I was not well the two days I stayed there, and did not go about so much as I would, but Mr. Calderwood went to see the granary of their spices, which is prodigious; but I went and saw the State-house, and walked to see the finest streets.

The State-house you have seen a print of, and very like it, but the inside and out together makes it the most expensive building in Europe of modern date, and, if you add, for profain use in opposition to sacred, the first. It is founded on fourteen thousand piles of wood; it contains, below, the prisons, the banks, the criminall court, and above, the chambers for all the offices in the state, great and small. At the door of every chamber is the emblem of its use, carved in marble, and very finely done; there is the fishery, with the nets so well done that you think you see all the folds, as if you saw through a great fishing net thrown in a heap: all these chambers are as finely finished within. In the criminall court are very fine emblems and

examples of justice, with figures as large as the life, representing shame and remorse, &c., vastly well exequte. The outside of the building is all of fine white stone, smooth, and ornamented with pilasters and festouns, as within. On the timpony behind and before are three statues; Atlas carrying the world on his shoulders, and others, which must be very large, as they appear at that distance as big as the life. But what looks very odd, in this fine building there is no sash window, but all the old leaded windows; but I suppose they think it has cost enough already, as it never was built for three millions sterling. It requires a particular order to see the bank, which we had neglected to get; there must be an immense quantity of silver in it, as that is the only money, and almost every farthing which belongs to any body is lodged there.

There are some of the principall streets that from one end to the other are all fine houses, with gardens behind them, and as you pass, each house has a large gate with panes of glass, through which you see the gardens behind, full of flowers and statues, with walks and parterrs, all laid with shells of various culours, or peices of glass like birds' eggs of different culours, and laid in shapes which appear like a rary-show box, when seen through

the glass gate. In these houses are contained great estates in pictures, china, mirror and marble, guildings, carvings, and statues, and japaned work, besides silks, velvets and embrodery. We went to see a china warehouse, where there was to the value of at least £40,000 worth of chinas, Japan and Saxon china; above stairs was all the fine, and below all the common. I saw jars there as tall as the Durham, of fine japaned china, five for a set, of the shape of the largest I send you, for a hundred gilders the set, which, if they were to sell in Edinburgh, would be valued at £50; an hundred gilders is £9 sterling. The Saxon china was vastly pretty, but most extravegantly dear; I could not get the smallest bit, such as a mustard dish, or any little thing for curiosity, for less than twelve or fifteen shillings. And there was a press, from top to bottom full of the ornamental things, like pagods, men on horses, and such noncence, all of the Chinese figures, [so] that you would have thought the whole Chinese empire had been gathered together. Below was a prodigious quantity of plates and dishes, turines, fruit baskets, and salad basons, which are a square sort of bason, very good for making salads. I did not see the *rasp-house*, for they said it was a disagreeable

sight; this is where all the criminalls are condemned to work for a term of years, at rasping down the woods for dying, and other hard labour.

We lodged in the inn called the Morning Star, the best in the town. There was a convention of all nations, and it was quite full. There lodged next room to us a lady and a gentleman, both young folks: I went to the door one night to call for something, when out came the man in the next room, with his head finely curled and powdered, his neck quite bare, a silk night-gown flowing behind him, and a pipe in his cheek, I am sure a yard long; a very genteel young lad he was, which I thought made his appearance the more ridiculous; but every man smoaks in Holland, but none of the women.

In this inn the King of Prussia lodged, in his travels through Holland *incog;* he was three days in Amsterdam, and nobody knew him. He had but one gentleman with him. He bought a great many flutes and other musicall instruments, and when the landlord said to his servant,—

'I think your master is very fond of musick,"

'O yes,' says the servant, 'he is cheif musician to the King of Poland.'

He travelled in the track-scoot, and there was a

gentleman's sons and their governour; he turned very fond of the governour, and they discoursed about the memoirs[1] of the house of Brandenburgh, and the governour gave his opinion of it and found some faults, which the king defended. He, after he left Holland, let this man know who he was, and he has gone to pay him a visit. Severall of his own officers saw him, and did not know him, nor did his own embassador at the Hague. He had his hair covered with a wigg, and a coat all buttoned up about him. When he was going away from Amsterdam, he bid the landlord get him a coach; the landlord said he would get a waggon or a phaeton, for nobody travelled in coaches. When the waggon came to the door, he said:—

'That is a bad thing to travell in; are there no better to be had?'

'The best people that comes to my house,' says the landlord, 'travells in it; I have hired the same machine for German counts, ay, for English lords, and they never found fault with it, and I think it

[1] These were the work of the Prussian king himself, 'Mémoires pour servir a l'histoire de la maison Brandebourgh,' which are comprised in 'Oeuvres de Frederic II. roi de Prusse, publiées du vivant de l'Auteur.' Tome I^re^, Berlin, 1789.

may serve you very well.' So the king stept into it.

'Now,' says the landlord, 'you sit like a king, I think.'

He took some cold meat with him, and asked for a napkin to wipe his hand.

'No,' says the landlord, 'take just a sheet of paper, that will serve the purpose as well.'

Very soon after he was gone, it came out that he was the King of Prussia, and there was such comparing of notes, what he had said, and what he had done. The landlord sent him a present of some cains, to which he returned him a very pretty peice of silver-plate for the midle of a table, with casters, etc., very finely wrought but very slight. This present is keept in a fine carved box, which the landlord sets down on a table, and there he flourishes for a compleat hour in French, so fast and with so many demonstrations, that it is entertaining even to those who do not understand a word of it.

We were very sorry we could not get over to Saardam, a town that lies on the other side the water; the wind was so that we could not go and come home that night. It was here the Czar of Muscovy served his apprenticeship to a ship

carpenter. In that town there are seven hundred wind-milns employed in different manufactories, and the people differ as much in their looks, manners, and way of living, as if they were not in the same country, and exceed the Dutch in cleanliness as much as they do other nations. Everywhere through the town of Amsterdam there were garlands of flowers hung out to show the herrings were come in, and there were a vast number of large odd-like boats, with all their masts hung with the goods they have to sell; these boats come down the Rhine with goods, and the boats are sold for timber.

At Amsterdam we forgathered again with Messrs. Cookson, Webb and Bowles; Mr. Webb was bound for Geneva, and Bowles was to return home. Webb was, I suppose, the same thing on board the ship he was then, but it was then the Englishman appeared, when he was compared with others; he wished to God most strongly that he was at Geneva, I suppose that these travels might be over his head. Mr. Cookson advised them to stay another day, to go to Saardam.

'Has any of you a taste for mechanicks?' says he; 'for, if you have, the variety of machinery you

will see in these seven hundred wind-milns will entertain you.'

'O yes,' says they, 'we love mechanicks, and understand them.'

But, in the next breath, Webb declared that he would not stay, unless to oblige Mr. Bowles, if he wanted to go, for, damn him if he had seen anything worth his while, or eat anything that was good, since he had come to Holland, and wished to God he was at Geneva, where, I suppose, he will be as much disappointed as he had been before; yet I make no doubt but he will return from his travells so much improved, as to despise every thing in England as much as he does in every other part of the world.

I find it is the truest way of obtaining to the philosophical principle of dispising everything in this world, first to send a young man abroad to despise the continent, and then to bring him back to despise his own island.

CHAPTER V.

Preliminary Note: The 'Track-Scoot': Æsthetics of the Dutch: Extortion: Canal Scenes: Fletcher of Salton and the Skipper: Church at Targow: Post Waggon to Rotterdam: Loss of the Guide book: BERGEN-OP-ZOOM: *The siege criticised: On to Antwerp: Characteristics of Soph. Johnstone: The Bells of Antwerp: Peggie from Edinburgh: Mass in the great Church: Visit to the English Convent: A Festival.*

[THE only excision of any consequence that has been deemed necessary in the revision of this narrative occurs in this chapter. The cause of it is striking, and interesting; and lies in the intense bitterness of expression which Mrs. Calderwood permits herself to employ with regard to everything connected with Roman Catholic ritual which she now saw for the first time. But it must be borne in mind that she was separated by only one life from the horrors

of the persecution in King James's reign, 'the killing time,' so forcibly described in that literature to which her grandfather contributed; in which, according to Lord Macaulay, 'ferocity and absurdity' are the most prominent features. Mrs. Calderwood's two cousins had attended the Rev. Hugh M'Kaill, the martyr, their tutor, to the place of his execution at the Cross of Edinburgh, and there received his blessing; and the elder of the lads his Bible.[1] Her grandfather's sufferings, inseparably associated with Popish pretensions, were fresh in her memory. If Mrs. Calderwood's outrageous expressions on this subject appear to us to be in exceeding bad taste, and not what one would expect from a gentlewoman of her culture and kindly nature, the fact shows curiously how far from being extinct, in her time, were the rancorous feelings of the Covenanting age.—ED.]

We had not yet travelled in the track-scoot, so resolved to try it in returning to Rotterdam; so we got a trano to carry us to the scoot by seven o'clock. We had before taken what they call the *rooff*, which is a little place at the one end, divided by a partition from the rest where all the

[1] Sir Arch. Stewart's Mem., *Coltness Colls.*, pp. 40, 41.

ordinary passengers sit. The whole boat is covered above, and has windows that they open on each side, and sit on each side of a long table where the carles smoak, so that, when a scoot passes, you see the smoak stoving[1] out at the windows; and this *rooff* is like a little closet, with seats round it, and plenty of cushions; if you incline to sleep, you may lay yourself out on the bench at your ease. It goes down with a step, which makes the door so low, that if any body from without speaks to you, they must sit down on their hungkers.[2]

We were no sooner set, than comes the skipper on his hungkers, with a long pipe in his mouth, gabling a great deall, and pointing to another trano. We understood that he wanted us to admit some other passengers to the *rooff*, which we had been forbid to do; as, if you admit one, others will demand the same, and then you are crowded and smoaked to death, so that we declared none should enter. When the skipper could not prevail, there came a gentleman on his hungkers,

[1] Steaming.

[2] The position, sitting on one's 'hunkers' is exactly that of the natives of the East, who habitually sit squatting on their heels. Still 'hunkers' is never applied to any particular part of the body—so far as I am aware—nor used at all except as in this phrase.

and, as he could speak French, he told he had a wife, whom he begged we would admit; so we told him, if he would pay the half of the *rooff*, (for there is no such thing as give and take amongst the Dutch,) and would promise not to smoak, we would admit him and his wife; which he agreed to, and so they came in.

This man looked like one of our ministers of a middle age, but was not a clergyman; his wife he called his young *feme*, but she might be past thirty; our Maudy, laced in very strait stays, with less sun-burnt complexion, would be very like her. What is it about this woman, thinks I, that makes her look so like a servant lass? Is it her dress? No, it is not that, for she had on a very pretty chince night-gown, a very good laced mob, her hair snooded back and powdered, and a new yellow callimanco pettycoat, twilted.

'That is it,' says I, 'it is her snooded hair and yellow pettycoat that gives her that look.'

She let down her gown, and put on a cap, which hid these indications, but to no purpose; she had diamond rings, shoes with lace, a fine snuff-box, but all would not do. She did not even turn like a neat chambermaid, but just a servant lass, and if it was owing to any thing but to her being a Dutch

woman, it was to her stays. The Dutch stays contribute greatly to their vulgar look; they run in like a sand-glass below, and stand out round like the same above; they set their shoulders up to their ears, and bring them forward as the landward[1] lasses do when they hold up their head. Then they are quite even down in the back; then they all wear night-gowns closs before, and no aprons, with round short hoops, all which makes them very daft-like sights.

To make this voyage, we had carried some provisions and a bottle of wine; we stopped about dinner time, and came into a house, and brought the provisions with us. There was set behind a table a great fat carle with a red face, and so short necked that you would think he would worry[2] [at] every word he spoke, with a high crowned hat, and a long pipe in his mouth; he had standing before him bread, butter, and cheese, and a long stick like a spit, with peices of eels cut and stuck upon it, and roasted. I could not imagine what that was, it looked like peices of cheese, and came

[1] Belonging to a rural district.

[2] To worry, to strangle. The sentence on convicted witches usually ran that they 'be worriet quhil [i.e. until] they be deid.'—*Conf.* Pitcairn's *Ancient Criminal Trials.*

near to touch it, at which the carle gave such a gurll as made me jump. All these he sold to the passengers; I eat some of them with vinegar, which were very good.

We afterwards eat our own provisions, and drunk our wine; but, when we came away, he made us pay the price of them, as if they had been his own, at which John was like to go craisy; but there was no help for it, for, if anybody challenge a Dutch bill[1] they just make it double, and by the law you must first pay that, and then pursue for the imposition, for which they will be most heartily souced.

When we returned to the boat again, we found the Dutchman, our neighbour, had been wiser, for he had a basket with some meat, but he did not bring it in; nor did he see ours till it was in the house, otherways he would have told us. His provisions consisted of things like little French loaves, browned on the outside, but were composed of minced veall, mixed with salt and spices, which

[1] 'They are the Jews of the New Testament that have changed only the Law for the Gospel. . . . If you travel, to ask a Bill of Particulars is to purre in a wasps' nest; you must pay what they ask as sure as if it were the assessment of a Subsidy.'—*The Dutch drawn to the Life.* London, 1664.

was very good; they are made up in that shape, and then sent and baked in the oven; and this is a great fare at Amsterdam; for I saw folks always passing on the street, with pails full of minced meat, which I did not till then know the use of. These loaves they put amongst their soup, or serve them up with a sauce about them, or eat them cold, for carrying with them in the track-scoot.

We came no further than Targow by water, where we arrived about five at night. I do not love the track-scoot, it is a very laizy way of travelling, and you see very little about you, for, in severall places, the reeds on the cannall sides are so high that you cannot see well over them. All the folks, as we came along, were carrying their hay off the feild, and building it on boats for the purpose, and severall great sows of hay were on the cannall, drawn by one horse; it looked very odd to see a hay sow, perhaps fifty or sixty foot long, broad in proportion but not so high, sailling along with so many men sleeping on the top of it: severall of them contained, as we could guess, betwixt two and three thousand stone. Then there were scoots loaded with peats as large, and others loaded with baskets full of herbs.

When two scoots meet together, the one going

to the greatest town has the preference; the other stops, and lets the rope of it slack, so as to drop [into] the water, which the other sails over. When the road alters from one side of the cannall to the other, there is a bridge for the horses to go over, and the mast to which the rope is tyed is let down till it pass below. The rope is vastly long and very small, so that the horses go so far before, that though the mast be in the midst of the boat, and [the rope] fixed to the top of the mast, yet the boat steers in the midst of the cannall, and the skipper's busness is to keep it streight in the water by the helm.

They tell a story of old Fletcher of Salton and a skipper:—

Salton could not endure the smoak of toback, and as he was in a night-scoot, the skipper and he fell out about his forbidding him to smoak; Salton, finding he could not hinder him, went up and sat on the ridge of the boat, which bows like an arch. The skipper was so contentious that he followed him, and, on whatever side Salton sat, he put his pipe in the cheek next him, and whifed it in his face; Salton went down severall times, and brought up stones in his pocket from the ballast, and slipt them into the skipper's pocket that was next the

water, and when he found he had loadened him as much as would sink him, he gives him a shove, so that over he hirsled. The boat went on, and Salton came down amongst the rest of the passengers, who probably were asleep, and fell asleep amongst the rest. In a little time bump came the scoot against the side, on which they all damned the skipper; but, behold, when they called, there was no skipper; which would breed no great amasement in a Dutch company.[1]

There is nothing worth seeing at Targow but the church, and that for the very fine paintings on glass. The windows are fifteen or eighteen in number, all of the small pained kind, joined with lead, but made [so] as that that lead does not obstruct the appearance of the figures of the

[1] This was probably a tradition regarding Andrew Fletcher of Salton, the celebrated politician and author, who was a fellow exile in Holland with Mrs. Calderwood's grandfather. The incident here narrated is paralleled by that mentioned by Lord Macaulay as having occurred during Monmouth's invasion, when Fletcher, under great provocation, shot dead one Dare, an Englishman, who had ventured to shake a switch at him. (See *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 145.) Fletcher, who is described as 'a low thin man of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern sour look,' escaped to the Continent, overwhelmed with remorse. His life and character have been well portrayed by Mrs. Calderwood's nephew, David, 11th Earl of Buchan.

history peices, as large as the life, and very finely done. Indeed it seems this church had been brunt down, and built by collection,[1] and most of the churches, states, and kings of Europe gave these windows to ornament it, in the time of popery. There is one of them given by Harry the seventh of England. This town is very neat and clean, like the rest, and has a fine large open market place, but seems to have little repair, as the grass is growing up betwixt the bricks in it; but they take great care to keep it down, by pouring boiling water on it. Here I saw the largest midden cock I think ever I saw, which I coveted, if I could have known what to do with him.

From this we took our seats in the post-waggon to Rotterdam, where we travelled on the top of a dyke, paved with brick, and planted on each side, which was very pretty; but the brick pavement made such a noise that it was very disagreeable. There was only one passenger besides us; a youngish sort of lad, with a wigg as big as Lord Milton's,[2] and a purple big coat down to his heels. Says Mr. Calderwood—

[1] By subscription.

[2] Andrew Fletcher (nephew of the politician), a Judge of the Court of Session, the 'mild and judicious' Lord Milton (see p. 78), succeeded Lord Fountainhall in 1724, and died in 1766.

'I suppose this man is a Jew.'

'Well I wat,' says John, 'he's that; if ever I saw a Jew, he's one.'

'You are both mistaken,' says I, 'for I see by that man's face he is a most pious Christian.'

We had, you may be sure, before this past, found out he did not speak English. Mr. Calderwood tryed him in French, but he could not; he then asked him if he could speak Latin, which he could, and upon examination, the poor man was so far from being a Jew, that he was a young divine.

We once intended to return by Utrecht, but by that time had become so impatient for letters, that we took the shortest way to Rotterdam. There we stayed eight days, still waiting for letters, but got none, so we set out on the 16th July for Spaw.

Every thing is dear in Holland but East India goods and charity; a beggar is well satisfied with a doit, which is the fourth part of a halfpenny, and I beleive our beggars judged ill in destroying the doits, for every body gives, and doits come to a great deall. There is two of the corners at Rotterdam that the ramparts are not joined by bridges, and there is a boat by which you are ferried over for a doit, and these two-doit boats

bring into the town's treasury near a hundred pound sterling per annum each.

There you may drink tea if you please, for I never passed it at any time that the boatman had not his tea-kettle boilling on a choffer, and his tea equipage set out. I often had a curiosity to taste the tea, but the water in the cannall, out of which it was filled, looked so naisty, that I durst not venture.

When we set out from Rotterdam, it was in a phaeton from the other side of the Maes, which carried us to Moordyke, which is a ferry as broad as the Queens-ferry, or more. It is that water which in the map is called Holland's Diepe. One man managed the scoot which sailled, and by a ring, which run from one side of the boat to the other on an iron rod, performed in a moment the operation of tacking, which makes such a disturbance in a Kinghorn boat. The man could speak a little English, and showed us where the Prince of Orange was drowned,[1] by crossing this ferry,

[1] Prince John William Friso of Nassau was named sole heir of the estates of King William III. He was a General of the States' infantry before he was twenty, and did good service at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709; and was drowned in the manner described, two years afterwards.—See DAVIES's *History of Holland*, vol. iii. pp. 256-319.

siting in his coach, with his horses yoked; and above, where the seventy-two towns and villages were overflowed[1] in one night, and never recovered, which is now called Druken-land.

When we came to the other side of this ferry, we took another phaeton, and there John discovered that he had lost a guide he every moment consulted, called 'A Tour through the Low Countries.'[2] This book had jolted out of his pocket in the last phaeton, and was not to be recovered, at which he was almost inconsolable.

We had at that time the warmest weather ever I felt, and all the road we had to travell was a dead sandy desart, covered with a poor strunty heather and a good deall of oak wood. We might either go by Bruxells, or by Bergen-op-Zoom; I was strongly for the last, as I was curious to see a place I had heard so much of. We dined at a small inn

[1] In 1421 the sea broke in at Dort and overwhelmed 72 villages with 100,000 inhabitants.

[2] This in all probability was the journal, so entitled, of Principal Carstares, one of the most distinguished of the Whig exiles in Holland. His mother, Jean Mure, of the family of Glanderstone, was a connection of the Steuarts of Coltness. The MS. of the 'Tour,' dated 1685, was given by Carstares to his cousin, Mure of Caldwell; and it is not unlikely that a copy may have been made and used by the party as a hand-book. —See *Caldwell Papers*, Part 1.

on the road, where our driver sat down at the same table with us, and his hat on, and eat his brown bread and cheese. The master of this house had in his garden three score of bees' scapes, all set on the ground, with the entry in the midst of the scape. They were made very high and narrow, and just sticked as we do; the hole in the middle is the best way to preserve them from the mice: the large ones had two entries, a first and second story.

All the afternoon we travelled through the same barren country, with neither house nor town: if that happens to any body in Scotland, it is sure to be recorded as an instance of the barrenness of the country, so I shall record it of a country famous for its fertility and populousness.

The first town of any note we came to was Wow, which, well do I remember in the newspapers, was Marshall Lowandall's[1] head-quarters at the seige

[1] The Danish Count Löwendahl was lieutenant to Marshal Saxe in the service of France. On the 28th July 1747, Horace Walpole writes: 'Bergen-op-Zoom is the first place that has not said *yes* the moment the French asked the question.' (*Letters*, ii. 92.) The progress of the siege was followed with intense interest in England, as shown by Walpole's correspondence. He mentions also the scurrilous prints and squibs, levelled at Count Löwendahl and Marshal Saxe, which appeared in Holland at this time.

of Bergen, and is within what we would call a mile, and the French lines were extended from the left of that, round the one-half of the town. It was so late when we arrived at Bergen, that we had not time to walk round the ramparts, and next morning it was so intolerably hot, that it was impossible. We had seen a good part of it in coming in, as we passed three guards and as many draw-bridges, which were all fortifications within others.

We went only to that side where the French came in, and I must own I think a fortified town is nonsense; for they take an army to defend them, which, if the enemy by stratagem or fraud disappoint the vigilance of, then that army is catched in a trap; and if the enemy get hold but of one small part of the fortification, it becomes as usefull to him for taking the rest, as it does to those who defended; and if you have an army sufficient to defend every inch, I should think that army as able to fight in a fair feild; and there is no courage nor conduct tried, but whoever has the best ingeneers and cannon gains the point.

Had I seen Bergen before I saw London, I might have gained what money I pleased, by lay-

ing against the beseiged in St. Philips,[1] for the English had not the least fear of its being taken. The case with Bergen was, the French got hold of one of the *lunets*, and that gained them all the rest.[2] There is no appearance of the French camp having been there, though the feilds about are all a plain muir; but, as the ground is sand, the trenches soon fill up. All that part of the town which was hurt by the seige is now rebuilt, and all the fortifications made up, but it is easy to see the old brick-work from the new by the cullour: I cannot say but it looked droll to me to see a town fortified with brick. There are now trees planted on the ramparts, and every thing in very good order.

We travelled all the next day through much the same country (very bad for subsisting an army,

[1] Intelligence of the surrender of the Forts of Mahon and St. Philip, in Minorca, by General Blakeney, did not reach London till the 15th or 17th July, and was not published in the *London Gazette* till the 24th, some time after the departure of the Calderwood party.

[2] 'For eight weeks the besieged withstood a perpetual bombardment, and assaults without number, . . . until by the negligence or insufficiency of the guard at one of the breaches the assailants were enabled to enter during the night and carry the town by surprise on the 16th Sept. 1747.'—DAVIES's *Hist. of Holland*, vol. iii. p. 370.

for it produces nothing), till in the evening we came in sight of Antwerp; then the country was very good, and pretty and populous. The only grain which grew on the barren ground was buck-wheat and rye, and some barly, which was ripe, and was cutting-down. The harvest was going on about Antwerp likeways, that is the barly, but every other grain was quite green; it is a sort of winter barly that is ripe so soon, for there was other barly green. They had a sort of hook for cutting, like a little sithe, but they used it above the hand, instead of below, and took the corn by the head with one hand, and came hash, hash down upon it with the other, and drew it together with the sithe, which was shaped like a hook, but not so much hooked. They likeways sow a great deall of rape, which they were cutting, and thrashed in the feild. The country was very pretty all upon the Scheld, but quite flat; it is now inclosed, and all the towns and villages are planted, which makes a pretty variety.

We got to Antwerp about seven at night, after a very hot day. Our driver did not know the road to the inn, so that he first drove us through most of the streets of the town, which are a great many and very good; but the want of sash windows

looked very odd, and then all the low stories are railled with iron, which looked very prison-like, and this is the case with all the finest towns in the Low Countries. Antwerp was once what Amsterdam is now, and the river was so crowded, that for three leagues down, a ship could hardly get up for others, but now there is almost none; but still it has the air of decayed nobility, and what they want in trade, they make up in religion, for they are the maddest ideots about papistry that ever was. The barrier of every country is the strongest to hold out the enemy; now Antwerp is the barrier of popery, for it is the first town of any note you come to of that religion.

Nobody could tell me how many convents were in it, but there are two or three in every street; and for Virgin Maries, I beleive there are as many as there are virgins of flesh and blood in the town, for, on the corner of every house, on the turn of every street, on every well, on every shop door, stood a Virgin under a canopy, some finely dressed, and some very dirty, with old callicoe gowns and cloaks about her. I was seized with that sort of impatience Soph takes when any thing is too often repeated, and I took such a desire to have Soph with me, that I laughed at what she would say. I

thought I heard her crying, 'Take her out of my sight, or I'll go mad; there she is again, O! Sirs, what will I do!' Well, I think I would have given all the clothes on my back to have had Soph[1] with me at Antwerp, that she might have gone clean daft; for there begane the bells to ring, and if they ceased one quarter of an hour day and night, may I be hanged! I'm in passion yet, when I think upon them, for it was a vastly hot

[1] This was the famed Soph. Johnstone of the now extinct family of Hilton, a queen among the old Scotch eccentrics. 'There was an original!' says Lord Cockburn, who when he was a boy saw her at Niddrie; she was then, he says, about 60, and adds, 'it was not till after she became a woman that she taught herself to read and write, and then she read incessantly.' Her father, 'an old dog,' writes Lady Anne Barnard, the special friend of Soph., had strong views regarding 'the folly of education,' and gave her none. 'Nature,' says Lady Anne, 'seemed to have in jest hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl.' She wrestled with the stable boys, worked well at carpentry and in iron, and could shoe a horse quicker than the smith. She played the fiddle well, and sang in the bass voice of a man—many thought she was one—

'Eh! quo' the tod, it 's a braw light night,
The wind's i' the wast and the moon shines bright.'

Soph. Johnstone came to Balcarres on a visit of a few months; and stayed thirteen years—*Lives of the Lindsays*, ii. 316. In her long great-coat and man's hat, as Lord Cockburn remembered her, she was a striking figure. 'Her talk,' he says, 'was intelligent and racy; all her opinions free, and freely expressed.' —*Memorials of his Time*, pp. 60-61.

night, and there came on thunder, and to the bells they went with a vengence. You may only judge what it was, when I tell you, in the principall steeple of the town, which is a very fine peice of workmanship, there are no less than two hundred bells, the largest seven foot diameter, and every church and convent numbers in proportion. To sleep was impossible: had they rung on, it would have been tolerable, but they would all stop for a little, and to it again, as if the devil had possessed them. We had been up very early; Mr. Calderwood was fatigued with the heat and the journey; the night was so hot that we were like to die; he could not sleep for the bells; so that I did pray heartily for the Papists.

I found in the inn a girl born in Edinburgh, called Peggie; her father had been a Picardy weaver, and her parents being dead, her uncle sent for her when she was twelve years old, and brought her to Antwerp. Peggie had almost lost her English, but her serving in the inn keept her a little in mind of it. She was transported when she found I had come from Edinburgh. She had changed her religion, but did not seem to know much about the matter; she said she thought she was as well with the religion of Edinburgh; but

her uncle was a catholick, and everybody was catholick, and she could not think of keeping the religion of Edinburgh, when nobody else had it.

'So,' says I, 'and you leave Edinburgh, and the first thing you do is to send all your old freinds to the devil.'

'O! Madam, Lord forbid! the folks in Edinburgh are very good.'

'But,' says I, 'the catholicks say they will go to hell.'

That she would not allow, and said they had severall fashions she did not like; she wished they would put confession out of fashion, but O! the procession and the mass was fine.

Next day being Sunday, I went to mass in the great church; and, when I went in, saw the folks all about the door, and in the body of the church, sitting on their knees here and there, laying up their lugs and mumbling, some, like Bessie's man, at their privat devotions, looking over their shoulders at me; others sitting putting their noses through the iron raills of a chapel in which nobody was, and very few folks near, the preist who was saying mass, looking very droll. I found there was nothing to be seen in the church but privat devotion, but heard fine musick going on

in the queir; so in I pushed to that, and there was a fine show, for it was a high mass. There was a fine concert of vocal and other musick, and a fine organ. Next to the door, with their back to it, were set two preists on the same stool, which put me in mind of the two kings of Brentfoord; they were dressed in robes of gold and silver brocade. On each side of the queir sat the monks to which the church belonged, who were white Carmelites, twelve on every side, and as many other black or brown friars, who had come to assist them, and twelve black on each side. At the altar stood three preists, dressed in robes of brocade, and behind them three in white musline shirts, down to their heels, with broad old points about the taill. The preist in the middle was performing the mass, with many bows and kneelings. There was a door on each side of the altar, at which the people that served went out and in with different things; one brought a brocaded mantel, and put it on the acting preist; then he performed some anticks, and then they took it off and folded it up; then they brought two candles, and put them in one of the musline preist's hands, and then the middle preist took a book, and laid [it] on the same preist's face, and made him a reading-dask,

with the two candles supporting the book, and he read. Then one went about to perfume us all with incence, came down the one side of the queir and up the other, and gave every one of the white and black friars so many puffs of the incence, out of a thing like a lamp, and they held out their noses to receive it. I keeped my eye on a gentleman next me, who I saw was not over fond of kneeling, for most of the audience were on their knees the whole time, and when this man kneeled, so did I, which was only in cases of necessity, that is, when a boy who served at the altar rung a bell at the elevation of the Hosty.

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After I came out of the church, we went to see what they call the Holy Grave. This is a place cut out of a rock, in imitation of the holy sepulcher. There our Saviour is cut in stone, lying; then there is the angel sitting where he lay, informing the two women, (who are painted on a board, peeping in at the door,) that he was risen from the dead. The man who showed it was at great pains to inform us that this was not the thing in reality, but the representation of it, which I was very willing to beleive. Near this place was purgatory, which was a large *cavy*. Now, I

will wager, you never knew before what like purgatory was; well, it is just like a cavy, full of men, instead of hens, and red painted sticks, by way of flames, standing up amongst them, and one of them has his hand through the spokes, begging money from the passengers, for to give the preist to say mass for his soul; for you must know that you may remain in purgatory to all eternity, unless you pay for a mass, for there is no such a thing as a mass gratis. For the first principle of the true catholick church is to take all and give nothing; and that these orders, who have devoted their lives to prayer, never through the whole year say one mass that is not payed for, either for the dead by the living, or mortified[1] by some body, so much money for so many masses. Indeed, they are not dear, for you will get as many said for you as you please for a skilling Flemish (which is like our half merk) each.

After I came from this place, I went to call at an English convent of nuns; I was resolved to see a convent, and choised this rather than another, because I could speak to them. It was about one o'clock, and [I] was told they were

[1] In Scotland a 'mortification' is a bequest for a charitable or similar purpose.

laid down to sleep after their dinner, but if I should return at night about eight I would see them; so I left the compliments of a country-woman to the Lady abbess, and that I would return in the evening, and pay my respects to her. Her name is Howard, and all the nuns are English, of the order of the Recolly, who are but a degree above the Capucines for strickness.

When I came in the evening, the nuns were in a place off the chapel at vespers; it was divided from the chapel by a grate and curtain: the chapel was open, and I went in; it was very neat, and I heard them singing, but had no reason to admire their musick. After this was over, I was bid come up stairs, and went into a small room [where] there was a grate, and on the other side of that was another room, into which two nuns came. I addressed myself to them, supposing one to be the abbess, but they told me she was sick, and that they were sent by her to receive me. I told them I was lately come from England, that I had never seen a convent, and choised to pay my respects to them, as, by the name of the Lady abbess, I fancied I was acquainted with some of their friends. One of the nuns told me she was neice to the

abbess, and sister to Mr. Howard of Corbie. I told her I knew Mrs. Warwick,[1] her sister, and Mr. Howard of Greystock,[2] and severall others of her freinds; but I found she did not seem to care much about them, said it was near a year since she heard from her sister, and we chated half an hour.

They were dressed in the coarsest brown cloath ever you saw, and had a great cloth vaill over their faces, through which they could not so much as see daylight. Of all the days ever I felt that was the hottest, and to see them stoving beneath that vaill, when I was gasping for breath in the open air, made my heart sore for them. I asked them if they did not find their dress very hot?

'O yes!' they said, 'it was very bad in summer, but very comfortable in winter.'

I asked them to take up their vaill, but they said it was not permitted them, unless the abbess was present to order them; and that, unless it was to their nearest relations, they never took it off. They said they never wore it but when they came to the speak-room.

[1] Jane, second daughter of Thomas Howard, Esq. of Corby Castle, co. Cumberland, married Francis Warwick, Esq. of Warwick Hall in the same county.

[2] Charles Howard, Esq. of Greystoke, father of Charles Howard who succeeded as 10th Duke of Norfolk.

By the time I took my leave, there was still a more curious show preparing; this was a procession to which the whole town was gathered. The cross in the market-place was dressed up, and an altar erected; orange trees in pots were brought, carried by two men, with musick playing before them. When all that was prepared, there came a set of musick, trumpets, hoiboys, and French horns. They were followed by a cavalcat of white monks, then black monks, and brown monks, and God knows what. Then came the shrine of the blessed Virgin, which is a peice of brocade fixed to the end of a pole, in the shape of a dragon[1] the boys let fly. Then came the Virgin herself, under a canopy carried by four preists; she is made of silver, and dressed in a *robe-de-chambre* of scarlet and gold; the babe in her arms has on a cloak of the same. She cogled terribly, and I thought every minute she would fall; and if she had, somebody would have got a broken crown, for she was very massy, and almost as tall as Bess.

After her came four men, supporting a canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, like the rooff of a bed, and under it was the preist, with the chaleice in his hand, in which was the Hosty.

[1] Kite.

You have seen a thing like a little clock-case for putting a watch in, and nailed to the wall of a room; well, the chaleice is just like that, only it stands on a stalk, and the wafer, about the largeness of a bisquit, with a crucifix stamped on it, looks out at the open, like the dial-plate of the watch; and whenever that is held up, a bell rings, which a little boy carries, and then everybody down on their knees.

On every altar there is one of those things in a fine little cabinet, which opens with two doors. Whenever the preist opens this thing, clap they come down, like 'pass, Jack, and begone;' and likeways when the preist takes this out of the cabinet and holds it up. This case the preist held in his hand, and marched up and set it on the altar; down we must all upon our knees. It was devilish hard to me to kneel on the street, but the papaist knees are certainly shod with iron; I put down first one knee, and then another, for, as ill luck would have it, it was so warm that I had thrown off all but one pittecoat; but the men, who had nothing but their stockings, will kneel as long as you please.

The first body I observed rise, I followed their example, but a very zelous talior (for you must

know I am turned a great phiseognemest, and knows every body's trade and character by their faces) took me by the gown-taill to make me get down again; but some others near him boasted[1] him for it, so I stood still. After they had performed certain ceremonies there, off they went in procession again to another part of the town. A great many substantiall burgars carried wax tapers in their hands; one side of the street prepares the candles one day, and the other next.

Least I forget to tell you how to secure your house against thunder, as there was a great deall that day, every one had a fine carved wax candle, which had been blessed in the church, lighted in their house, and to that, and to the bells, was owing that the thunder did no harm.

I could get nobody to tell me for what the procession was; some said one thing, some another, and Edinburgh Peggie said it was that silver Virgin's birth-day; but a driver, whom we got next day, said the Virgin had run in debt, and she was going about begging, but his religion had been a little shaken by his being a baggage driver to

[1] Boist, boast, to threaten or endeavour to frighten. Thus of an evil-doer it is recorded that he '*boisted* the said scherrif with ane kuyff.'

the English army, for I found since, it was the day of the patron of the town, and the first day of the *Kearmes*, which every town celebrates with a procession. However, I suppose the Virgin is guilty of borrowing money, and she is furthcomeing for a good deall, as her guardians will get severall tuns of good wine upon her credit.

Here we met again with our fellow traveller Mr. Cookson, who was staying with some freinds he had in the place; we desired him to dine with us, which he could not do, but fain would he, for the meagure days were very hard upon him. He told us the folks he lived with, he was bred up with when young, that he could use all freedome, and had begged them to give him a bit of flesh, but they said they could not be witness to his eating; he expostulated that it was no sin in him, but to no purpose.

CHAPTER VI.

Preliminary Note: Antwerp to Tirlemont: Jesuits' College at Louvaine: Roman Catholic Education: Difficulties for Protestant boys: MR. NEEDHAM *and Young Townley: Liege and Edinburgh compared: 'Trifoncias': Johnston a Scotch impostor: Gordon of Cowbairdy at Liege: The Jesuits' College: Father Blair: Father Daniel and his Opinions: Mrs. Calderwood's views of the Papacy: Field of Rocoux: Meeting with* SIR JAMES STEUART: *Coal Mines of Liege.*

[ONE of the most picturesque incidents of modern history is that of the Queen Maria Theresa, beset on all sides by enemies clamouring for a portion of the kingdom left to her by her father Charles VI., suddenly appearing in the midst of her faithful Hungarians, her infant son in her arms, to call upon them for help. Having brought together the Hungarian Diet she met them, dressed in black, the crown on her head and the sword by her side;

and addressed them in soul-stirring words of *Latin;* and was answered with the cry, 'Vitam et sanguinem consecravamus.'[1] The Esterhazys, Palfys (after mentioned), and others of the nobility, devoted themselves to her service. Charles VII., who had declared himself Emperor of Austria, died in 1745, when the husband of Queen Maria Theresa, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, was elected Emperor as Francis I. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 closed the war in which France had been opposed to Austria in the *Austrian Netherlands;* and for a time Maria Theresa ruled in quietness. Hitherto Great Britain had supported her cause, but in 1755 sided with Prussia on the Emperor declining to help the British in their struggle with France in America.[2] In the summer of 1756 the 'Seven Years' War' began, but it was waged chiefly in the centre of Europe.—ED.]

We left Antwerp upon Monday the 19th of July, and came that night to Tirlemont, breakfasted at Mechlin, and dined at St. Tron. All these towns are full of convents and monastries;

[1] *Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa* by the Duc de Broglie. Lond. 1883. Vol. ii. p. 42.

[2] See p. 202, *ante.*

the Mechlin lace is all made in them, and I saw a great deall very pretty and very cheap. They talk of giving up the trade, as the English, upon whom they depended, have all come into the wearing the French blonds. The lace merchants employ the workers, and all the town works lace, though they gain but about twopence halfpenny per day: it is a good worker will work a Flemish yard, which is twenty-eight inches, in a fortnight. The holydays play the sorrow with the poor people; there are now a great many cut off, but the present generation are like ours with the new stile, they cannot be brought to forbear observing their old customes: so, as long as the church keeps the particular service for these days, the people will never work upon them.

We hired a coach from Antwerp with a pair of horses, and had it for eightpence a mile; we travelled with that pair thirty-one miles a day. The road is very good; it is a causaway in the middle, and a soft road on every side, and planted with fine trees till you come near Tirlemont, where the French have not left a stick. After you come on the Prince of Liege's territories, the trees are standing, as they did him no harm, but all the Queen's territories bear the marks of them, where-

ever they came, by having the trees cut down. In this day's journey we past through Louvaine, which is likeways dismantled of the fine trees which covered the road to every hand.

At Louvaine, all the youth of these countries are educated, after they have passed the Latin schools. The Jesuits' colledge there is [for] philosophy; some are humanity colledges; some philosophy. But all the youth are educated by the Jesuits, who are the men of best sense and best scholars in the church, and teach for nothing; and in these humanity [1] colledges they begin them with the rudiments, and highest and lowest of them take their turn, and labour with the boys like any country schoolmaster: one class will have eighty or ninety in it. They make the boys in the low classes act plays in French, and the higher in Latin. All the classes enter from a square court, with benches round it, and in the corner of it is a place for the prefect of the studies to sit, and see them gather and dismiss, and to see that none goes out, and that good order is keeped.

Since I have mentioned this, I shall give you an account of the meathod of education in all Roman

[1] The study of Latin in a Scots University, under a Professor *humaniorum literarum*, is so styled.

catholick countries, which is on a much better footing than we at home imagine, both for boys and girls. For the girls, they are boarded in a convent, where they are taught every thing that can be thought of, and keeped there till sixteen or seventeen, or just as their parents please. There is no such thing as girls running about giddy at their own hand, as they are never allowed to go to the publick places, unless under their parents' eye, or somebody that has the charge of them, and commonly stay in the convent till they are married. That is, the people of fashion; and for the burghers, they take them home, and make them assist at their busness.

As for the boys of fashion, they are first sent to a private school to learn to read; if they are come from the country, they are boarded in what they call a *pension*, or have a private tutor to teach them. After that, and [when] they begin Latin, they are put in a *pension*, and either the master who keeps that pension teaches them the Latin, or they go to a humanity colledge of the Jesuits, and the master who keeps the pension assists them in their vacant hours, dines with them, walks with them, and never loses sight of them. If the colledge takes in

pensioners, which in some places they do, then every class is under a particular master, who has the constant charge of them. Every two have a room, and every one a bed, a chair and table, and a place for their clothes; and a lay brother to attend perhaps four, to comb their hair, wash them, and take care of their clothes. They rise at five o'clock in summer, and six in winter, have a morning school, then breakfast, dine at twelve, and go to school at one, and dismiss at four, betwixt ten and eleven go to mass, sup at six, and to bed at eight; [have] gardens to play in, and the masters always with them.

Then some will have another father, whom he pays as a tutor to assist him, or perhaps an elder scholar, to help him with his lesson against next day; some has a tutor of his own boarded in the colledge with him: at the same time, they have masters for writing, dancing, and arithmetick, come in to them, and there must be nothing but the best behaviour and decency to one another, as they are always before the masters. They dine at a publick table, where one of the fathers, besides the one who is the master, dines with them.

This colledge brings them through the Latin, and when they are ready for philosophy, they go

to another colledge, perhaps in a different place, where the same order is observed. They carry them from class to class, as high as learning of all kinds can go. The youth who are not for the church go only to certain classes, and then go to the academy. The students for the church must study for thirteen years; they may be admitted, and often are, into the society of Jesuits, long before their studies are finished, and take the habit, and are called fathers; but till that time they are only students, and are not permitted to teach. When that time is out, then they are professors in their turn of any science as it happens, and either remain in that colledge, or go to some other, as the superintendant of the province pleases to order. Every colledge has a father rector, to whom they pay intire obedience, and the superintendant is over every colledge of that province. In this country all the students, as I told you, go to Louvaine; at present there are above three thousand students.

The young gentlemen, again, after they have passed the common course at both colledges, go to an academy; there they are confined still to hours of dining, supping, and being at home.

They dine altogether, and pay like about £50 per annum for meat and lodging; the different masters are paid apart: for this they have only riding. There are masters for dancing, fencing, musick, drawing, mathematicks, geography, fortification, etc. By this time they are come to one or two and twenty, and are their own masters.

This is a much better method and footing than the education in Britain, where every one is left to learn or not, to behave well or ill, as he pleases. They are all the time of their studies under a sort of monastic life, and under no temptation to vice and idleness. But then one of our country must not be catched with this, and say, 'O! we will send our sons abroad, there is no education like the foreign.' They must consider that in very few circumstances protestants can reap the benefit of this; for, if a boy is sent either to a colledge where he can be pensioned, or a house where he is pensioned and goes to the colledge, he loses both his English and his religion.

In a pension house, which is commonly kept by a preist, (as no man of any other profession can dedicate his time entirely to the boys,) they are commonly so bigotted, or their servants are so, that they will not take the care of them, if they

are not catholicks. Then they must go to mass at the hours others go; or, if they were allowed to go out and play at the time others go, and have nobody to instruct them in their own religion, or keep them in mind of it, they would have none at all.

There are no protestant houses boys can pension in, for what they pay cannot make it worth anybody's while, who can get bread at home, to make that his busness. The only protection is a tutor, or their parents in the place; as for the first, there are very few deserve such a trust, and for the last that can very seldom happen. I know there are instances of English people pensioning their boys in a Jesuits' colledge when they are in the place. They tell the rector—

'Here is my son, I intend he shall be a protestant; give him his learning, and let him observe your rules: I will not let him go to play while others are at mass; carry him there, and whilst they read their prayers, let him read his: on Sundays and holydays, when there is no school, I take him home to my house:' by which means the boy keeps both his religion and language.

This the Jesuits never refuse, for they are not very strict, and are people of the best sense, and therefore less bigotted than the common clergy.

When I came here,[1] a gentleman I knew at Spaw, an Englishman, one Mr. Nidham,[2] who is governour to a young lad, one Townly, who has a good estate in England, and Roman catholick; his uncle it was who suffered in 1746.[3] This Mr. Nidham was not in town for some days after I came. When he came to town, I went with him to the Jesuits' colledge; they here take no pensioners. He told the prefect of the studies, who

[1] To Brussels.

[2] John Turberville Needham, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in 1713, educated at Douay, and became F.R.S. of London; in 1749 he published '*Observations on the Generation, Composition, and Decomposition, of Vegetable and Animal Substances.*' Prior to that he had produced a work on *Microscopical Discoveries*, etc. London, 1745. It appears that many of these early experiments in 'Development' of Needham's —his 'experiences' he terms them (see chap. viii. *post*)—with several of his plates, had been made use of in the second volume of M. de Buffon's *Nat. History*. With a view to recovering these and following them up, he issued his *Nouvelles Observations*. Paris, 1750. For the writer held the theory, hardly admissible in the present day—'Lorsque un Auteur s'ouvre une nouvelle route, et fait quelques découvertes, il a le droit incontestable des les poursuivre lui-même, et personne ne doit en tirer des conséquences qu'il n'ait déclaré qu'il les a poussées aussi loin qu'il lui étoit possible.' (Preface.)

Father Needham became Rector of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels, and died in 1781.

[3] Colonel Francis Townley, Governor of Carlisle, a gentle-

is the person who takes the scholars, that we had our two boys to put to their colledge, that they were protestants, and that when the school dismissed, and others went to mass, they were to come home and then return; to which he said—

'To be sure, very well; he never had anything to do with the boys' religion, his only busness was to see justice done them in their learning.'

Mr. Nidham advised that they should be pensioned, in order to their getting the language the sooner, and the prefect recommended one who lived hard by the colledge, and had but other three. The prefect told him he was to have nothing to do with their religion, that they were to go out at mass time, and that they were to eat meat on

man of an old Roman Catholic family in Lancashire, was brought to trial for having in Nov. 1745 with 3000 persons seized the city and castle of Carlisle in the cause of the Stewarts. He was executed on Kennington Common on 30th July 1746, along with several others; among these James Dawson, a youth of good family, who had run away from Cambridge to join the Chevalier's army. The circumstance of his betrothed witnessing the horrors of his execution forms the subject of the touching ballad of 'Jemmy Dawson' preserved in Percy's *Reliques*—

'She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw:'

but having seen all she sank back, and died.

meagure days. This the man scrupled at; at which the prefect said to Mr. Nidham—

'The man is a little scrupelous, but if the lady would take them home on meagure days, it would do as well;'

which I agreed to, and was very well pleased with the house, and every thing about it. But I found that the man drew back, for he had an old carefull body of a housekeeper, who could not think of taking care of hereticks. So, as I by that time had got a young lad to come in and teach them at these hours they were from the school, I was the more indifferent, at least till I see further.

This is a degression, and by the time I bring myself to this time, I will be able to give you a fuller account of things of that nature.

But to return: we came that night to Tirlemont, which is a dead sort of place; a good extent, but few and poor inhabitants. The only manufactories of the place are prayers and linen, for there are thirteen convents in it, and a great number of weavers. They have in it a sort of lay channons, who can marry; but the Roman church is such a hogepoge of half clergy and whole clergy, dignities that are temporary, and can be laid down and dis-

penced with, and others that cannot, that I cannot [be] mistress of the subject yet.

From Tirlemont we came to Liege, which, of all the towns ever I saw, I think the most abominable.[1] It lies in the bottom of a glen, on the meeting of severall small rivers which there run into the Maes. There is one little haugh[2] the low part of the town stands upon, and all the rest of it is scambling up on the sides of the hill, and the only plain ground about it is a strip by the water side up and down. It is just Edinburgh reversed in the situation, or the Cowgate made the principall street. I never saw so ugly a town, and anything so pretty as all about it; for four miles up and down the water, it is one continued orchard or vineyard, with pretty situated, ill-built country houses. All the haughs on the water side are hop-gardens, and the bare scary[3] braes where grass will not grow, and just like the parts of Largo Law where the rain has washed off the soil, are all vineyards.

The wine is but of a poor quality, but serves for common use to the country. I have always heard that hops must have a very sheltered situa-

[1] 'On dit que cette Ville est l'Enfer des femmes, le Purgatoire des hommes, et le Paradis des Prêtres.'—*Les Délices des Pays-Bas*, 1785.

[2] Low level ground by a river-side. [3] Rocky.

tion; this is so to be sure, but there must be some good swirls of wind come down that bottom. The method of planting hops is, you set your plants in rows about two feet distance, and to every plant they give a pole, which is a tree, like the smallest sort of what we call *cabers*[1] for country houses, from about fourteen to twenty feet high; upon this the plant creeps, and where it is planted there is a little loose earth like a mole-hill. I see sometimes they give every two a pole; the poles are the sole expence, but I suppose they last a good while, for I see them gathered together and set up on end in stacks, when the hops are taken down. They have in all this country prodigious tall kidney beans, which they support with poles like the hops, and which grow almost as high; they feed greatly upon them, and they salt them up for winter in barrells.

In Liege there are about seventy convents and monastries, and fifty thousand beggars. The Prince and Bishop is of the house of Bavaria; he is chosen by what they call the *trifoncias*.[2] There

[1] Wooden beams; an uncommon use of the Gaelic word.

[2] The Trefoncias, or Tréfonciers, seem to be a local peculiarity of Liége, and another name for the Canons. 'Cet illustre Chapitre qui fait toute la gloire de la ville de Liége, a pour dignités, (1.) l'Evêque et Prince; (2.) le Grand-Prévôt, et Archidiacre de la Cité; (3.) le Grand-Doyen et Chef du Chapitre,

are sixty channons, thirty of whom are trifoncias, and elect the bishop; all these must be of the best families, and who can prove their nobility by sixteen branches. These have great livings, and officiate in the church, or are present at high mass in common days, in robes of purple silks, with tufts and tassels which tuck them up in the taills and on the sleeves; above this, fine muslin surpluses with point, which makes a very genteel dress. On grand days they have robes vastly rich; I saw one of them at Spaw in a lay habit, but a coarse like carle; but I saw two of them in the church at Liege, one of them was a tall genteel man as ever I saw, and looked very elegant in his purple habit. The great church is a very fine one, and has silver candlesticks to the value of severall thousand pounds.

etc. . . . Les Chanoines doivent être nobles, ou Docteurs, ou Licenciés en Théologie ou en Droits. . . . On nomme les Chanoines communément Tréfonciers, et ils ont le droit d'élire l'Evêque.'—*Les Délices des Pays-Bas*, t. iv. p. 99. Paris, 1785.

There were at one period, it is recorded, in the Chapter, at the same time, seven sons of kings, thirteen sons of dukes, and twenty-two sons of counts; and, it is added,—'L'Empereur Henri IV. a été du nombre de ces Tréfonciers, et il y a résidé en 1107.'—*Ibid.* pp. 99-100.

It appears from Littré that *Tréfoncier* is a 'Propriétaire du fond et du tréfonds,' or owner of the soil and subsoil; *tréfonds* or *trèsfonds* being a technical law-term.

I forgot to tell you, that before we came into Liege, we stopped to dine at a single house upon the road; and, whilst we were at dinner, a French post-chaise arrived, and out came a fattish fair man of middle age.

'I am sure,' says I, 'that is a Briton, I know by his face.'

He only stopped to change horses, and did not come in, and, as I had never seen a French post-chaise, I went out to look at it, as the machinery is very curious. I looked at the chaise, and the man at me, and I at him, but as he did not speak, I began to think I was mistaken. After I was gone in again, he says to John—

'Is not that your lady, and come from England?'

'Yes,' says John, 'and I dare say she thinks you are not of her country, because you did not speak to her.'

Upon inquiring further, he found I was going to Spaw to see Sir James my brother; upon which he sent in his compliments, that he was a particular friend of Sir James's, and would come and pay me a visit: we said he would be very welcome, so in he came. He told us he had come from Liege, is posting to Paris; he had not been at Spaw, but

informed us all about Sir James, and that Jamie[1] was gone for two days to see them at Spaw; was intimate with them, and knew all about my Lady Weems,[2] etc.

I found he was not a Scotsman, but he talked of Scotland and England, of all the news, etc., and chatted very agreeably for half an hour. When he took his leave, I said I should be very glad to know to whom I was oblidged for this visit. He said it was no favour; he had done himself a pleasure.

'Ha,' thinks I, 'that won't do; I'll try you again.'

'I should be very glad to have it in my power,' says I, 'to inform Sir James to whom I have been oblidged by this visit.'

'Madam,' says he, 'I have done myself an honour and pleasure in seeing you, who, the first time I looked at you, I knew must be a near relation of one who I have the greatest friendship and value for.'

[1] Sir James's son, afterwards General Sir James Steuart-Denham of Coltness.

[2] Janet, daughter and heiress of Colonel Francis Charteris of Amisfield, East Lothian, was wife of James, 4th Earl of Wemyss. Her eldest son, David, Lord Elcho, a chief mover in the '45, was now in France, having fled thither after Culloden. Besides Lady Frances Steuart, her daughter Lady Helen Dalrymple is frequently named in these journals.

And he bowed and cringed out at the door, and pulled it to after him, to prevent Mr. Calderwood from seeing him to the door.

'You and I shall not part this way,' thinks I, 'one name or another I will have. Go,' says I to John, 'give my compliments to that man, and tell him I beg to know whose compliments I shall give to Sir James, and who I shall inform him inquired so kindly after him.' This message John delivered.

'Tell your lady,' says he, 'my name is Johnston, an old acquaintance, and a great freind of her brother's;' and off he drove.

When I told Sir James of this he was astonished; 'I do not know on earth,' says he, 'one man of that name;' I described his figure, told everything he said, but to no purpose; no part of it answered to any person ever he had seen or been acquainted with.

Liege is a place where foull and clean of all nations come. Officers of every country come there to recruit; a fellow deserts from the French, he runs to Liege, the officers of the Queen of Hungary or the King of Prussia pick him up; whenever a rogue dare not keep his own country, he comes there, and he is safe. A gentleman will come in family, and live for months; nobody knows his name, nor thinks of asking it, and

suppose they did, they would not be a bit the wiser: Monsieur this or that, but who knows who Mr. Such-a-thing is? Mr. Gordon[1] of Cowbairdy lived six months at Liege with his family, and his lady lay in; all this time he was taken for the Pretender. Some say the Pretender did live there some months; but he might live anywhere after living three weeks in London, about three years ago:[2] so much for government intelligence. This is certainly fact, and very well known in all this country, and nobody would beleive me when I said I never heard it. He came over in the

[1] There were three brothers of this family—1st, Sir William Gordon of Park, co. Banff, who was forfeited for his share in 'the '45'; he died at Douai in 1751. 2d, Captain John Gordon (half brother of Sir William), who took the Hanoverian side and succeeded—perhaps in consequence of that circumstance—in obtaining possession of the estate of Park while his elder brother was still alive. He had alleged that Sir William had never been properly infeft; that he himself had advanced money on the estate; and that Sir William's children were aliens by birth. 3d, James Gordon of Cowbairdy, Aberdeenshire, full brother to John, married Mary, daughter of the 15th Lord Forbes as mentioned at page 183. Cowbairdy was concerned in the Rebellion, but pardoned, and died in 1773. His son Ernest succeeded to Park on the death of his uncle John in 1781.

[2] It was generally believed that the Government were aware of the Prince's presence in London at the time referred to, but deemed it prudent to ignore the fact;—see Introduction to *Redgauntlet*.

pacquet; went about publickly; was at a card assembly where the first people in the government were; his bust in marble standing on the lady's table; went to a church; carried witnesses with him; solemnly renounced the Roman catholick religion, which was recorded. What name he took I know not, but he stayed three weeks, and returned the way he came.

Mr. Gordon still lives at Liege, but was at Spaw when I came there. Mrs. Gordon has an old norland gentlewoman, who was taking care of her bairns there. I was not long set till Margaret came to see me, for you cannot imagine so good a nose the Scots folk have to smell out each other, when they come to a place. Margaret has almost lost her own language, and has not found another in its place.[1] A little girl about three years old speaks French to her, and she speaks English to the bairn, and they both understand each other, but cannot speak in the same language.

Margaret did her best to entertain me; she carried us up to see the Jesuites' garden. Their

[1] It almost seems from this remark that Lord Braxfield's celebrated witticism regarding young Francis Jeffrey on his return from Oxford, that 'the puir laddie had tint his Scotch, but fand nae English,' may not have been altogether original.

colledge[1] is up a strait, steep, dirty close, but after you have got up, there is a very large building, and a good extent of garden still higher; for here is a flat, laid out like a parterre, walks, seats, and bowers, some water jets and statues, and a volary,[2] which is a little place with the face of it wire. I asked if the birds bred there? They said they *admitted no females.* Then you go up a stair to another flat, and that is kitchen ground; then another stair, and there is a bowling green; then another stair, and there are shaded walks for study and contemplation; then another, and this leads

[1] The Society of Jesuits had been expelled from Holland early in the 18th century. Even when they had been driven out of France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, they continued to be protected by Maria Theresa in the Austrian dominions. Her son, who became Joseph II., however, used all his influence against them. *Florus Anglo-Bavaricus* (Liège, 1685), the work of Father John Keynes, S.J., treats of the foundation and early history of the Jesuit College at Liége, the theologate of the English Province (CHALLONER'S *Mems. of Miss. Priests.* Edit. 1878. *Pref.* p. xxix.); it flourished until the suppression of the Society in 1773. Subsequently 'the Prince Bishop of Liége restored the College to Father Howard (see p. 172, *post*), and it was converted into an *Academy* for English Catholic youth.' (FOLEY'S *Records*, s. xii. pp. 185-9.) After an existence of 180 years this renowned College was abandoned, and the community—in consequence of the French Revolution—emigrated to Stonyhurst, leaving Liége 14th July 1794 (*ib.* vol. vii. p. xlix.).

[2] '*Volary* (Fr. *volière*), a great bird-cage.'—BAILEY'S *Dict.*

you to a very neat summer-house; and above that an observatory like a cupelo, out of which you have a very fine viue, and command all the town and the river.

The other side of Liege offers quite a new prospect; it stands on the entry to the Arrdens, or what we would call the mouth of the highlands, as all to that hand is covered with wood, (as you will see in the map,) called the forrest of the Arrdens.

But to return: we went up and pulled the bell at the outer door, and after some time there came an old father, and pulled bye a bit of timber, which covered a plate of iron in the midst of the door, and in this plate is cut out IH̊S, which being interpretate is, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. Margaret asked for Father Daniel, or Father Mackenzie, but none of them were at hand.

'This,' says she, 'is Father Blair, a very civill man, but I am not so well acquainted with him as with the others.'

She informed him that we were British, and he opened the door, and received us very civilly. He was an old little body, and lame of a leg, that is, a short leg and a long, for which reason he had had a dispensation to allow him to be admitted into the church. He carried us into a parlour, and in a

little time some other fathers came; two Scotsmen, one Maxwell, who goes at present by the name of Stewart, because he had wrote something concerning the disputes in France betwixt the clergy and parliament, and was obliged to leave the country. This man was from Nidsdale,[1] and had been out of the country since he was ten years old, but he spoke the language pretty well yet. He is a tall old man with a grey head, and one of the best faces, and most reverend figures I ever saw.

Mr. Calderwood, by discoursing Father Blair, found he was a Scotsman too, though born in England. His father was Sir Adam Blair of Carberry,[2] and left the country with King James VII. It was a brother of his that died lately, and left his money to Andrew Wallace; this brother he had not heard of for thirty years, and only knew he had been in the army; was of another marriage, and a protestant. I thought, when the father

[1] Nithsdale, the country of the Maxwells.

[2] Sir Adam Blair was in all probability one of the Ayrshire Blairs, as in 1669, being then a Knight and owner of Carberry, he had a charter of Over Lochridge in the parish of Stewarton. He was forfeited in 1695, and appears to have held Carberry, in Mid Lothian, in the interval between its sale by the Rigg family and its acquisition by the Dicksons of Sarabeg, referred to in the *History of Musselburgh*.

heard he had left money, he was not so dead to the world as not to wish he had got a part of it: and, indeed, the house has not their affairs in the best order at present, as they have suffered in the troubles of Europe; for their foundation is from the Elector of Bavaria.

After the Reformation in Britain, the popish princes having compassion on the clergy who were turned out, then gave foundations for English monastries, convents, and colledges, to which no other countries are admitted. There is a Scots colledge at Paris, an English one at St. Omers, and this at Liege, and severall others, besides severall nunneries all through this country. The fathers who first received this benefit at Liege from Bavaria refused to have the lands in property, to save them trouble, and accepted of such an income from the Elector: and in the last war, his country was so distressed, that he could not pay them their rents, and they were obliged to give up house, till a very few. Their number ought to be about ninety, but they are not yet able to maintain so many. Their revenue should be about eight hundred a-year; but they do not draw above four or five hundred. They have a father rector, a father prefect of the studies, and a father minister who

has the care of the housekeeping and providing everything; this is one Howard, a very well looked fellow, and by his face, I would not think he was one who had renounced the world and the flesh, whatever he might do the devil.

As for my friend Father Daniel, he is a good-natured, innocent, obliging soul, and very ugly and very merry. He is just a Scots pedantick scholar, and was always snuffling, out of curiosity, about every sort of religion, to see what it was, and what this set of folks' tenets were, and upon what they founded their differences from others upon. Had he been bred a divine, he would at this time [have] been a member of the presbitry of Dumfermline, or perhaps Mr. Jamieson's pastor at Kennoway; but, as he was bred a smuggling merchant, or perhaps a packman, he walked twenty miles to hear Mr. Whitfeild, Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, &c.; and, after satisfying his curiosity about them, he fell to trying what sort of cheese the papaists set their traps with, and, as he was snuffling about that, I suppose he found a life of study and idleness could be had without an estate, or so much as a farthing, none of which the others had offered him. His being a proselite gained him an easy admittance, and there he lives at his ease, and labours at logick

and what not, to his heart's content. I do beleive he, poor creature, has not a wish beyond finishing his studies and becoming a professor; he has three years of study yet to come.

The students are keept very strictly to hours and rules, and are keept at an awfull distance from the old fathers, and when they have a riged rector, they are keept very hard; but the rector of this colledge is a very good man, and they are all very fond of him. Daniel asked leave, the time we were there, to attend us, and obtained it, to his great joy; he looked always when he came, like a dog wagging his taill for gladness to get out.

I do not wonder in the least that the number of fathers are keept up, for they have a very good life; but how the convents get brothers is a little more surprising. Those folks are not bound, and may go or not as they please, and yet they come and serve the convents as cooks, shoemakers, and taliors, etc., and receive nothing but their meat. The fathers called for burgundy and bisquit, and there we must drink and eat,—and never was any thing so kind.

Whiles Mr. Calderwood went through the colledge (which was not permitted to me) with the old fathers, Daniel attended me. He told me he

was born at Inverness, and bred at the school of Biggar, was afterwards a smuggler both in Scotland and England; by which I concluded he had been a packman, but could not put that question to a reverend father. He told me all about his conversion, and the rules of their society. I said I had never heard of one taking such a stride at once, as from the top of the kirk of Scotland to the top of the church of Rome.

'Did you not,' says I, 'set your foot upon episcopy in the way?'

'Episcopy,' says he, 'is noncence; it is just a bastard popery, has all the faults your church can find to ours, and none of our advantages; and, look into their tenets as fixed by act of parliament, and they are ours in the full extent, only the moderate party of late years have explained them away without altering them, and so has made it noncence: There is no choice but popery or presbitry.'

'Won't you be glad,' says I, 'to see Scotland again? I suppose we will have you there some time on a mission, and you 'll have the folks coming to you *for light*, as you did.'

At this he laught till he was like to die.

'O,' says he, 'that does my heart good to hear

that phrase. I have not heard it since I left Scotland; I will not accept of a mission, if I can help it, for that of converting is quite needless: it is only for want of thinking that everybody is not of our religion.'

'What do you say to our divines,' says I, 'who imploy their whole lives in the study of religion, and yet you never saw one of them convert themselves?'

'O!' says he, 'the interest and passions of mankind govern them so insensibly, that that is at the bottom, though they are not sensible of it.'

'I beg pardon,' says I, 'many of them have a very poor living and hard duty, that would change it for the ease and affluence of the popish clergy; if they could convert themselves, their interest would go alongst with them.'

He was obliged then to have recourse to 'calling grace,' and severall other unintelligent things.

I was not surprised at him in this, as he is a meer scholar; but it is surprizing how weakly men of the best sense [and] the outmost freedom of thinking in everything, and even in many things regarding the church, talk upon certain points of their religion. I have often heard folks say it was dangerous for protestants to talk of religion with

the folks of sense amongst them, but I never found it, and realy beleived they had more to say for it than they have. Some things, indeed, the protestants beleive they carry to a greater length than they do, and all they will gain or lose by this is, that they are nearer us than we think, which does not bring us nearer them than we are already. But, in these points in which we totally differ, I find they cannot make the story hang so well together as that one part shall not contradick another. Their church-government and authority is so curiously interwoven with their faith in religious matters, that they cannot separate them, otherways it would be easy to determine in what matters they differ from us in faith, and what in church-government purely. I never dispute with them, for that looks as if you wanted to convert them, and besides, it is not the best way to get out the story; but I never stand to ask at a sensible man, who I know can give a true account of the thing, upon what foundation they build such a principle; it is cruell to ask a gentleman anything, for they can give no account but that the church obliges them to beleive so, and that is enough.

Since I am speaking of the papaists, I shall give them justice on one point. God knows what is in

their heart, but they have all the appearance of being religious, the highest of them, and are not ashamed of it as we are; I beleive it is more so here than in France, where there are a great many infidells. The churches are always open till after benediction, which is six o'clock at night; and at no time you can go in but you see a great many very well drest gentlemen and ladies at their privat devotions. Some are very serious, and others will look after you and mumell their prayers all the time; almost everybody goes to church to say their prayers, for there is no closet in any room in this country.

Father Daniel, as I told you, was allowed to attend us, so he went through the town, and into some shops, where I bought a handkercheif and ruffles, of which he has great skill. Mr. Calderwood and he went to the Carthusian monastry, which is a very pretty building, and stands very well on the other side of the town, where they have more plain ground; I sat in the coach till they came out, as I could not be admitted. One of the fathers came to the door, and told me I might call for any thing I wanted, or go into the place allotted for the brothers, which I did, and called for a glass of small beer, which was pretty good.

These monks are very rich, and live very well, but eat no flesh: they do not live in comunity like others, but every one has their own dining-room, kitchen, bed-chamber, and little garden, and it is only on certain days they can see one another. They amuse themselves with different things; and when a stranger comes to see any of them, or any of the other orders makes them a visit, they are transported and quite mad after news, or anything of that kind. This is not the strictest order, but the next to La-Trap, where they meet together at meals as others do, but never look upon or speak to each other.

A gentleman told me he knew an officer who had been very graceless, to atone for which he left the world, and went into the order of La-Trap, where he lived many years. When he came to die, he told the rector he had no concern for anything, but for a brother he had left in the world, following the wicked courses he had done, and wished he could see him before he died.

'Give yourself no trouble on that score,' says the rector, 'for your brother has been in this house these four years;' and, though they had eat at the same table, had never seen each other.

Father Daniel said these fathers had a good situation, by what they[1] had, for, before their door was the only bit of plain ground the people who quarelled had to fight upon; and they were so quarellsome a pack in Liege, that there were duells fought almost every day there. This I could easily beleive, for, when I was going up, I met two men coming down, both bleeding, who had been fighting.

'There now,' says Daniell, 'this is very hard upon us, for, if we see them, which we can hardly miss to do, it is excommunication if we do not go out to rede the quarel, and that we do not choice to do; for, when I came first here,' says he, 'I sat in my window one day when two were fighting, and, when I came down to dinner, told what I had seen, at which the fathers stared, and told me that what I had done was no less than excommunication, but my ignorance should excuse me. Now, my window is just over that place, and I dare hardly look out for fear I see them, and if I do suspect that they are going to fight, I run and hide myself.'

We went up to see the feild of battell where Rochow[2] was fought; there is still the mark where

[1] At the Jesuits' college.

[2] Rocoux, fought 11th Oct. 1746; when the allies had to

the battry was, which the Dutch abandoned, otherways it could never have been forced; it was a square like a diamond, and commanded the feild to every hand. It is the finest viue ever I saw; the ground lies about it, you would think, in a circle; the one half is a fine cultivated country, not inclosed, and full of towns and villages, all planted, and very pretty, [with] spires in great numbers; and to the other hand is the Arrdens, unequall ground rather than hills, all covered with wood. There is in the midst of the feild which the French occupied one single large tree, under which Marashall Sax stood on horseback during the battell; it commands all the feild. On the one hand of the road to Liege the country is very populous, and to the other not so, though the feilds are as well cultivated.

I did not think of counting the towns till I passed St. Tron, where we breakfasted the day we came to Liege, but betwixt that and Liege,

retreat before Marshal Saxe. The village is situated on a beautiful plain not far from Liége. The interest of the party in this engagement may partly have been connected with the fact that the Scots Greys—largely recruited from Mrs. Calderwood's native district of Clydesdale, as the old Troop rolls of the Regiment show,—figured in it, along with the Enniskillen Dragoons and Queen's Bays.

which is about five or six hours' journey, I counted above a hundred towns and villages, but there are very few single houses like farms, and nothing like a gentleman's seat; that country being so often the seat of war, I suppose makes the people flock together.

We passed likewayes the feild of the battell of Landon,[1] fought by King William; it is a great pity they leave no marks of these battells, for, had it not been that Mr. Calderwood remembered by the geography of the country, and by the name of a little river that he likeways remembered was near the place, we could not have known it. It is a track of plain ground of great extent, and an old soldier, who keeped a turnpike after we were passed it, told Mr. Calderwood he was right as to the place. They are at great pains to till down all the trenches, and throw down the batteries, and leave no vestige of the war; of that Dutch battery they

[1] Landen, a village 24 miles west of Liége, on the railway from Tirlemont to Waremme. Near it the French under Marshal Luxembourg defeated the Dutch and English allies chiefly through the misconduct of the Dutch troops. On the morning of the battle, 29th July 1693, King William III. of England had repulsed the French with great loss. (DAVIES's *Hist. of Holland*, iii. 233.) The Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II., fighting on the French side, was taken prisoner.

have only left one corner, because the King of France dined there, they say, the day after the battle.

There are great coal mines all about Liege, and what adds to the uglyness of the town is the dirty smoaky look it has, for the coals are so dirty there, that they cannot get the floors kept clean without a great deall of trouble; so they wash in the dirt, and make their floor a sort of black japan. The coal seams are of a vast thickness, and the coals very large; they drive twenty miles off and more, in great heavy waggons drawn by six or seven horses, and yet the roads are not one bit broke, as it is a strong causway.

We stayed three days at Liege, and Sir James and Mr. Gordon came from Spaw and met us. This Mr. Gordon is brother to Sir William Gordon of Park, a very well looked genteel man, married to a daughter of Lord Forbes's, a very good, sweet-tempered woman, but not very handsome: she was at Spaw for her health.

I need say nothing of my meeting with my brother, as those who have no brother whom they love, that they have been separate from for eleven years, will not understand it; and those who have will without my telling them.

CHAPTER VII.

SPA *and its Waters: Mr. Luck: Mr. Hay: Dutch Jews in the Ball-room: Mr. Hay's Farro Bank: The Spencers: Young Perry and his Governor: Mrs. Poyntz and the Duchess d'Aremberg: A Jesuit* ruse *at Liege: The Bishop and Prince of Osburgh: Lady Betty Worsley: Lord Dungarvan and the Hon. H. Boyle: Madame Beaton: Madame Patine: Baron de la Fael: M. de Marr: Madame Hussy: Madame Cresnar:* SIR JAMES STEUART *and Mons. D'Aubigny.*

WE got a coach and went all to Spaw, but such roads I never saw for a coach; by the time we arrived, my head was like to split with perfect fear. It is about seven hours' journey, through a moorish and woody country; there are iron mines in it, for which the wood serves, and all the country round is served with charcoal from it: in the vales, which are pretty narrow, there is pretty

good grass, and on the banks, where it is not too steep, some corn. Spaw lies in a very pretty bottom, the banks are steep to the one hand, but a graduall ascent to the other; the meadows have a very fine verdure, and there are walks cut upon the high banks, which make it easy to get up, and a very pretty prospect of a wild woody country from it, not very populous. There are two or three pretty good streets in it, and little burns running through, with bridges over them to join the streets, which keeps it clean.

The Powhon fountain is in the town, and a little bit from it is a short walk betwixt two hedges. This fountain and the Geronster is mostly used; I have made them be put upon my quadrill box, which is better than my description. The company goes to the other fountains in cariolls, which is just a geeg, or rather a bad cart, covered like a chaise, only there are two seats in it like a coach. The houses are very bad, and very few of the rooms have fire-places. Nobody stays there in winter but the inhabitants, and not so many of them as you would imagine, for all the shops are filled in summer with folks who come from Liege to serve the company.

There is one Irish gentleman who is described in

the gallantry of the Spaw by the name of Mr. Luck; his name is Archibold, he came there twenty-seven years ago in bad health, and has stayed ever since. He is a quiet, silent, recluse, good body, and thinks every year that he is going away, and takes leave of all the folks in the place, but if he goes the length of Liege or Aix-la-Chapell, for a month or two, he always returns; he has his room from day to day, and minds only his prayers, and is very much with some of his country folks when there: I have him on my box, a meagre man.

There is a Scotsman who keeps a publick room; he is one Mr. Hay, who was long about my Lady Erroll, and somehow or other settled here. He has built a very good house, and has the ball and card room in it, and some lodging rooms. Besides that, he has another which was let this year to Mr. Spencer's family at a guinea a day, for which he made twenty-one beds, and provided clean linen twice every day for the family at table. As for the ball, he provides the musick, the room and lights, and every gentleman pays what in their money is reckoned fourty pence, but in ours it is like two merks Scots; they call it four skilling, and each skilling is the nearest thing to our half

merk, and counts tenpence of theirs. The skilling was but sixpence in Holland, here it is tenpence, and at Bruxells it is sevenpence.

The houses are all built of timber and plaster, except Mr. Hay's, which is built of brick, and some few others, otherways it would not be very safe to dance in them. Mr. Hay's profit is from the cards and farro bank, which is held every night, and dancing but twice a week; indeed, there are no great incouragements to dance oftener, for they have but two scraping fiddles and a bass, who cannot play two parts of any tune, and then, except it be the Scots and the English, the women of that country cannot go through a country dance, but hobble, hobble, and never stir a foot but as they are pushed from one to another, till their heads are giddy, and then they stand still and stare. They are all madly keen to dance too, and plague the men who can dance to dance with them.

There was a family of Jews there, Minheir Pinto from Amsterdam, his lady, daughter and son-in-law, another daughter and two sons, the oddest like animals ever was seen, with high noses, and black round eyes set closs to them, like so many owls, they were the keenest dancers and the worst at it

ever was. After the company had looked with wonder at their dancing for severall nights, and the men had begun to shun dancing with them, (for they always asked them,) Lady Hellen[1] and Lord Garless[2] danced a strathspey minuet; whenever the Jews saw that they fell to it, they lap, they flaghtered so like hens with their feet tied together, that you might have bound the whole company with a straw, and they were delighted.

The farro bank pays Mr. Hay five ducats each night; it was held by a considerable number, but only two appeared concerned; the rest of the party passed themselves for gentlemen of fortune. They played very boldly, which drew in others, and every night there was a considerable deall of money lost, for nobody win. This, I think, with riding about in the forenoon, and sometimes going through the shops for japan and bead-work, which is the only manufactories of the place, were the only amusements of Spaw: sometimes a party at cards held in

[1] Lady Helen, youngest daughter of the 4th Earl of Wemyss, and sister of Lady Frances Steuart, married in 1754 Hew Dalrymple of Fordel, fifth son of Sir John Dalrymple of Cranston, Bart.

[2] John, Lord Garlies, succeeded his father as 7th Earl of Galloway in 1773. He was a Knight of the Thistle and a Lord of the Bed-chamber to King George III.

the forenoon in the ball-room; and the gentlemen walked and read the news.

As for the company, it is impossible to tell you what a gathering of all nations was continually coming and going, for the folks of this country go to Spaw for ten or twelve days, some for less. Their names are printed in a list, and sent about; the folks who are there before send the offer of a visit, and leave a card at their door, and they return the visit by another, and they do not speak when they meet.

As for the English, who are the most regarded there because they stay the longest, there was Mr. Spencer,[1] his wife, her sister, her mother, a cousine, her two brothers, a chaplain, and one Major Barton, who was Spencer's governour, and such a following of other attendants, that they had one pacquet boat for themselves, and another for their servants and

[1] John Spencer, Esq., who was born in 1734, married in 1755 the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz of Midgham, co. Berks, 'a once high gentleman now dim and obsolete.' (Carlyle, *Life of Fred. the Great.*) Horace Walpole records the gossip that it was expected he would marry one of the beautiful Miss Birds. He had inherited through his father much of the wealth of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. In 1761 he was created Viscount Althorp; and in 1765 Earl Spencer. He was grandfather of the distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer of his name.

baggage: I suppose they would have three going back, for they bought up every thing they could lay their hands on, as did their servants. Mrs. Points told me for one article, that she, for herself and her daughter, bought fourteen gowns at Antwerp. They came to Antwerp for a jaunt when I was there, and had three coaches and their own post chaise to carry the jaunting party. Mrs. Spencer is a very sweet-like girl, her sister is a great hoyden; Miss Collier the cousine is a well-looked little lassie, and severall little sparkies were in love with her. I shall mention one of them for the sake of his governour's history.

He is called Perry, and son to a rich man at London; by the boy's face he should be either a Jew or a French refugee, but he is the latter. He was sent to France when young, and has almost forgot his English. This, by the by, is easier done I find than folks can imagine; there are some memories so very slippery, that in three years' want of practice, after they were come a good length, they will forget their language intirly, and very soon come to be at a loss for words. Mr. Gordon had two sons whom he put in a *pension* in France, when the one was eight and the other ten; and, though they had each other to speak to, in

two years' time they could not speak one word of English, nor understand it.

This Mr. Perry had a governour, whom his father had so much confidence in, that he gave him unlimited credit at Paris, to call for what money he pleased: they were obliged to leave France with the other British, and came last winter to Bruxells. He had never shown any inclination to gaming, untill, this spring, he got into the farro bank society, and there was so lucky as to gain a hundred pounds. This turned his head at once; he followed them to Spaw, and there lost his hundred pounds, and all the money he had besides, which was the boy's. He drew for more, and off he went again to Bruxells; by this time the society were come there. He first played away the boy's little chaise and horses, called a cabrioll, and then no less than £4000; of this he gained back two, and gave bills on Paris for the remainder, and set out for Italy.

The boy took care to prevent this, by writing to Paris to stop the payment of them, and to London to his father; so that the gamesters, who have gone to Paris to receive the money, will get their labour for their pains.

But to return to the Spencers, they were very

ill-liked: the mother Points[1] commands the party, and she is a deaf, short-sighted, loud spoken, hackney-headed wife, and played at cards from morning till night. Because she had been about the court, she imagined she was the resident at Spaw, and keept very little company with her own country-folks, because some were jacobites, others in opposition; and for the French and Flemish, and the Queen of Hungary, she was at war with them, except the widow of the late Duke of Aremberg,[2] who got £40,000 from Britain last war, for putting the Austrian troops in motion; she and her daughter, a chanoness, and Madam Points, keept close together.

These chanonesses are in severall places in this country; they are not nuns, but rather preistesses; they live in a sort of convent manner, but may go about, and may marry. They wear a certain dress when on duty, which is to chant at high mass;

[1] 'Anne Maria Mordaunt, wife of Stephen Poyntz, governor of William Duke of Cumberland. She had been a great beauty: the poem of the "Fair Circassian" was written on her. She was maid of honour to Queen Caroline.' Walpole.—See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 110.

[2] Leopold, Duc d'Aremberg, born 14th Oct. 1690, married the daughter of the Duc de Bisaccia or Bisignano (born 4th June 1694) on the 26th March 1711. He died in 1754; his widow survived till 1766.

they wear a ribbon cross their shoulders, like our knights, and are chosen out of the best families. If they never marry, then they remain, and have a very good living. It is what one would call a genteel foundation for poor nobility, which no country wants more than this, for everybody loads themselves with pompous titles, either from birth or office, which puts me in mind of an adventure I should have related before I left Liege.

The fathers came to me, and begged another visit in a very formall manner: they told me there was a countess in that town who was very civill to them, and that she long had a desire to visit them, but they could admitt of no ladies but British; but if I would come, and let this countess come as it were with me, it would be a great favour both to them and her. She was a very great lady in that place, and her son was generallissimo of the Prince of Liege's troops. This would have sounded greatly in my ears, had I not unfortunately for his Excellence, been in the citydale the day before, and seen the army, consisting of seven hundred poor-like bodies, like the town-guard of Edinburgh, who receive four sous a day, ten of which I told you was one of our half merk.

I agreed to attend the countess; I took a coach,

and hers followed; as there was no passing in the entry, I went in first, and stood in the door to let her pass. First passed the countess with a low courtesy, and made me a very fine compliment for this favour; then the daughter passed, and said the same words; then the neice, and said the same. The mother was a young-like wife, the daughter was a very fair high-featured lass, and the generallissimo was just her picture: he was attended by the commandant of the citydale, who I think was the ugliest devill ever showed a face; I suppose he was chosen to fright the enemy from attacking so weak an army. The neice was a little, snod, fair lass.

The fathers had all their curiosities displayed, consisting of a show-box like Mr. Gray's and some microscopes, and things of that kind, by which it appeared that that science is but in its infancy in this country, and I have heard since, that even these things they had got but lately. However, the generallissimo and his ladies were highly pleased with them. After walking some time in the garden, I left the company with the fathers, and Daniel and I went to a shop to buy Dresden ruffles. I bought a pair of double ruffles, which are just a sheaff and a vast

large napkin, single, of very pretty work, but not so much open work as yours, for two guineas.

But to return to what introduced this digression; we had a Bishop and Prince of Osburgh, who keept a coach and twenty-five attendants and servants. He was of the family of Hess Darmstad, and a very civill body, just in his person like Mr. Cunninghame the packman. He had been lame from his infancy, and had always two gentlemen as finely dressed as anybody, and very genteell men, and he leaned on their arms. He allways sat with great pleasure and saw the dancing, and when he went out, he hirpled[1] round to all the company, and wished them good-night.

The only badge of a preist about him was a tonsall[2] on his wigg; some has this of a bit of black silk, some of a bit of horn or tortyshell, like the head of a snuff-box, but his was made of the hair of his wigg laid down smooth; it minds me so much of an issue, that I do not like to see it: those who wear their hair has it shaved. They are not all preists who have the tonsall, for that they wear so soon as they are admitted into any order of the church, sub-deacon, or deacon.

This Prince lived very retired, and phisically,

[1] Hobbled. [2] Tonsure.

and had therefore little company at mealls with him, which is indeed little the custom at Spaw for anybody.

The next family of distinction we had was Sir Thomas Worsly[1] and Lady Betty. He was new come to his fortune by the death of his old father, who, Lady Betty told me, was a great miser, but, when he died, left no ready money, and that he keept them in great straits for money. She was obliged to travell to save money, for they could not live at London, and when they lived in the country, they were like to be eaten up. By what I could understand, they were allowed a thousand pounds a-year, and she had ten thousand pounds: she told us the melancholly circumstances one night, with the tear in her eye. She seemed to be of a very frugall turn as to dress and living; but how the English folks' money goes is a mystery to me, for it is neither in them nor on them, that I could see.

Sir Thomas was a good-natured, little, black lad;

[1] Sir James Worsley of Pilewell, member in nine Parliaments for the borough of Newton, died in 1756, and was succeeded by his son Sir Thomas, of Appuldercombe, Isle of Wight. He married in 1749 Elizabeth, daughter of John, 5th Earl of Cork and Orrery, who attained to much distinction in the literary world, and is well remembered as the friend of Dean Swift.

she was not handsome, and had a sower look. She was Lord Orrery, now Lord Cork's, daughter, and cousine to Lady Cathcart;[1] her mother was daughter to Lord Orkney, so she is half Scots. Both Sir Thomas and her loves a little gaming, and lost about £150 at farro; she did not lose her money pleasantly, but Sir Thomas did with great patience. In the family with them were Lord Dungarven,[2] her eldest brother, and Mr. Hamilton Boyll, to whom the letters[3] are wrote.

Lord Dungarven is a very genteell little man, married to a lady of great fortune, of the name of Howard, a great bankeir's daughter; he is ill of convulsion fits, not very violent, but very frequent; they are sometimes so short that it will be off

[1] Jane, daughter of Lord Arch. Hamilton, and wife of the 9th Baron Cathcart.

[2] Charles, Lord Dungarvan, eldest son of the 5th Lord Orrery and his wife Lady Henrietta Hamilton, the Earl of Orkney's daughter, according to Burke, married a daughter of Henry Hoare, Esq. of Stourhead; the name 'Howard' is obviously a slip. He died in 1759, and was succeeded in the title of Dungarvan by his brother, the Hon. Hamilton Boyle, mentioned in the text, who became 6th Earl of Cork and Orrery, but lived to enjoy those honours only one year.

[3] *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift in a Series of Letters to his Son, the Hon. H. Boyle;* by John, Earl of Cork and Orrery. London, 1751.

before it be perceived; no part of his body is convulsed, but one hand. He took violent exercise, for he was seldom off horseback, but the Spaw brought them on more frequently than before, which they say is always the effect at first. When I left it, he was gone to Aix-la-Chapell, to take a cure from a phisician there, which was a secret, so I have never heard yet if it had any effect. It was a great pity, poor young man, it made them all very low spirited; his brother Hamilton was just breaking his heart about it: there seemed to be great love and concord in the family; they made no secret of it, and always, when they spoke of it, were like to cry.

Mr. Boill is a grave, composed, sweet-tempered like lad as ever I saw. Another member of this family was their cousine, Lord Boill,[1] the speaker of Ireland's son; he was a thin-featured, red-haired lad, not ill-looked. Folks who knew him said he had humour; he had a strong Irish brog. He did not join much with others, except at the farro table, where he had no better luck than his neighbours.

There was another family whose discord amused the company: this consisted of Madam Beaton,

[1] Henry Boyle, Esq., created Earl of Shannon, 17th April 1756.

the collonell's[1] dowager I wrote you of. As she was English, she could assume no title other than dowager [of an] officer of the first rank. With her lived Madamosell Patine, who, being daughter to Count Patine, president of the council of Flanders, called herself a viscountess; she was a little squinting beauty, very well painted. She had a lover, a Swiss officer, who was pinned to her sleeve, and scandalized Madam Beaton prodigiously, because he visited at all hours. Madam Beaton, I should have told you, lives at Bruxells, for what reason I know not; she says she cannot affoard to live at London, and that she lost an only son she was very fond of, and could not endure to see anything put her in mind of him.

In this menage was likeways Baron De la Faell, a gentleman from Ghent; he was almost blind with the cataracks on both his eyes, which gives him a stupid staring look, not at all disagreable to the nature of the man, who is an innocent good-natured body, and put me in mind of Charles Maitland. He learned English from the army when in Ghent, and Scots from the highland regiment, and is very fond of it, and speaks it very

[1] Colonel, or Major Duquerry of the Earl of Stair's Regiment of Dragoons. See *post*.

well; he sings well, and is vastly fond of the Scots songs.

'How's a' wi' ye,' 'Good e'en to ye,' 'De'il tak ye,' was always his salutation in Scots, when he wanted to show his knowledge in that language.

This family lived and eat together, and were equall shares. Madam Beaton had a man, Patine had a maid, and La Faell, to be equall, insisted that he should have a surgeon who was there into his share. He and his surgeon eat as much as all the rest, and drank twice as much. Madam Beaton told everybody how she was oppressed, and that she had paid for a hundred bottles of wine, and had drunk but seven of them for her share; however, she paid and grumbled. At last she set off her man, and the surgeon fell into a quarrell, and run away; and that revolution bred such a calculation of expence, which so far surpassed all their arithmetick, that she left the menage, and fed herself.

I am of oppinion, that when people of exactness go into a menage together, the parties should be weighted before and after dinner, and pay accordingly; for the odds of stomachs make great heart-burnings, though they do not produce open complaints.

La Faell told me his family was very noble: his father was married to a second wife, who had two daughters to him; he had two brothers, and was the eldest. His father loved the second son, (who, he owned, was a much better fellow than himself, and approved of his father's partiality,) for which reason the father was not fond of his getting a wife; and for the mother-in-law, whenever his marrying or any of his brothers' was spoken of, she made a noise in the house, as he expressed it. He was much in love with a fair widow, and asked his father's leave to court her, for she was very rich, but his father would not allow him, as she was not noble; but he allowed him to court another lady, but she would not have him, because he was blind.

'At this rate, baron,' says I, 'I fear they will nick you out of a wife altogether.'

'I am afraid of that myself,' said he, 'for I should like very much to be married.'

He used to follow Lady Fanny[1] and I to walk up the hill, and when it turned duskish, he saw not a stime;[2] so, when we came down again, and came to a steep—

[1] Lady Frances Steuart.

[2] Styme, a glimpse, a particle.—JAMIESON.

'Sit down now, baron, and hirsle on your hunkers,' which he did.

'Now, you may get up again;' and in this manner we brought him home. I says to him one day—

'You pretend a great deall of complesance for us, and yet I am informed you think we are to go to hell, and that you are not the least sorry.'

'To be sure,' says he, 'the church obliges us to beleive so.'

'And do you obey such an order?' says I.

He could not say he did not beleive the church, and would not say that we would go to hell, so was greatly puzzled; but next day he had taken advice about it, and, when I put the question to him again, he said there was but one God and one religion, and I was of a different religion.

'Wherein do you and I differ?' says I; 'what is your creed?' So he repeated it.

'Now,' says I, 'I will let you hear my creed;' and, to his great amazement, it was the same.

'Now,' says I, 'wherein do we differ?'

'You do not obey the pope,' says he.

'Why, the pope and I are perfectly agreed,' said I; '[I] beleive the same creed with him, and since we have the same faith, what should send

him to heaven and me to hell, providing we put our faith in practice equally ?'

But this he could not answer, as I suppose he had never thought on it before, but [said] that his church was the true church, and he would pray for my conversion.

There was a man making a tolerable figure when I came there, whose credit was all overturned by an unfortunate accident: his name was De Marr. He had a quarrell with a man some time ago, and this man came to Spaw to challenge him to fight: Madam De Marr keept her husband in the house, so that the man could not see him. At last she ventured out with him to the publick walk, and up came the man to speak to De Marr when madam flew to the man, took his cane out of his hand, and laid ten thousand on him before the whole company. Upon this the man left the place, and De Marr was so blown upon, that nobody spoke either to him or her, nor did they ever come to the publick room.

There was a most curious wife, Madam Hussy; her husband, the collonell, was in the Queen's service, and a most sensible well-bred man, minded me greatly of Sandy Mure.[1] They were both

[1] Captain Alexander Mure, one of the seventeen children

Irish; she was of the O'Neills, Kings of Ulster; she had been married to a very old rich man, but she said his freinds had cheated her out of the money she should have got at his death, and she hated the old man, and would not be at the pains to flatter him.

'I was a very good-natured woman,' said she to me, 'till after I married Collonell Hussy, and, ever since, I am given to violent passions and weaknesses in my head; sometimes it is as heavy as lead, and sometimes as light as a feather; and I have violent vapours.'

She was very like a cat in her appearance, and anybody who would joke or flatter her might say anything to her. She was very fond of all our party, but to others she fuffed and kindled, if they but opened their mouth. There was a violent enmity betwixt her and Madam Beaton, yet they could never be separate. The attachment was the cards, at which they never failed to squabble, and swear they would never play together again. Hussy could not subsist without cards, and yet she turned

of James Mure of Rhoddens, was wounded at Fontenoy. He was then Lieutenant; he retired from the service at an early stage of his career 'shattered with wounds,' and spent the last twenty years of his life at Caldwell, where he died in 1791, aged upwards of 90 years.—*Caldwell Collection*, vol. ii. p. 335.

so doited[1] after the second party, that she renounced, and did not know a card.

The collonell had the genteellest, softest way of laughing, and letting others laugh at her, you can imagine; she was vastly fond of him, and we liked her for his sake, but nobody else would be at the pains, which made her very fond of us.

She gave Mr. Nidham a ducat to play at farro for her. The collonell bid him never tell her that he win, till the bank was gone; he played with caution and judgment, and win her twenty-six, but gave her them before the bank gave up, and she lost the half of them in one night. She never failed to tell me of a law-sute she had, and wanted to let me understand how much money she had; but though it was what I wanted much to know, because they lived very well, yet I could never obtain the knowledge of it, and at last I found the reason was, she did not know herself.

She had a terrible enmity to Madam Cresnar, the British resident's wife at Liege. One night at a ball, Lady Betty Worsly rose to dance, and Madam Hussy sat down in her seat.

'That is Lady Betty's chair,' said Mrs. Cresnar.

'Lady Betty!' says Hussy, 'is there any seat

[1] Stupified, bamboozled.

in this room belongs to anybody? or is there any Lady Betty better than me? Impudent woman! but I beleive the woman's in liquor.'

The collonell has been in all the emperor's wars these thirty years, has had the plague in Hungary, has been over all Europe, and speaks all the languages, and never got an wound.

I assure you it made my heart sore to see so many brave men as I have seen since I came to this country, obliged to seek a living in forreign service on the accouut of their religion, when their service is so much wanted at home. There is just now Generall Brown,[1] an Irishman, and Generall Keith, a Scotsman, commanding the armies upon which the eyes of all Europe are turned at present, and fighting it out so fairly, that both sides claim the victory; and we must take up with

[1] While Mrs. Calderwood was writing, Field-Marshal James Keith, that splendid Scots soldier, in command of the Prussian army, was confronting in the field an Irish soldier not less distinguished, namely Ulysses Maximillian, Count Brown, who in the cause of the Empress was resisting the Prussian invasion of Bohemia. There never had been a time when the mother country was in greater need ot the services of such men. Within little more than eighteen months after the date of these journals, they had both fallen, fighting manfully for foreign sovereigns.

a Bing, a Blackny, or a Bland, three Bs[1] that, though one do not know them from a bull-foot,[2] there is no great wonder.

We had a Generall Brown at Spaw, collonell of the first regiment of horse in the service, some great man's bastard, a good body, but old and paralitick, and any old wife would cast him over her shoulder. Many a French and Austrian officer was there, that looked like men of busness, for the cure of old wounds, for many a hash and slash they had upon them, and withered like they were; and polite, well-behaved men.

There was a Prussian officer who spoke English pretty well; he had left the service, and did not like the King at all. He was very fond of conversing with the English, and of reading English

[1] Admiral the Hon. John Byng was at this time under the charges which resulted in his death in the spring of the following year.

Lieutenant General Sir William Blakeney, K.B., had distinguished himself by his defence of Stirling Castle in 1746; and the surrender of Fort St. Philip in 1756. He was raised to the Peerage of Ireland as Baron Blakeney the same year, and died in 1761, aged 91, when the title became extinct.

Lieutenant General Humphry Bland was Governor of Gibraltar in 1749; and succeeded General Lord Mark Kerr as Governor of Edinburgh Castle, 1752, holding that office till 1758.

[2] In Scotland it is proverbially the *acme* of stupidity 'not to know a B from a Bull's foot.'

books; he had read Clarissa, and thought it the finest performance ever was. All Richison's[1] books are translated, and much admired abroad; but for Feilding's, the forreigners have no notion of them, and do not understand them, as the manners are so intirely English.

It is very surprising to see how ignorant two neighbouring nations as France and England, who has so much correspondence with each other, are of each other's constitution and circumstances: we do not understand anything of the parliament of Paris, nor of their disputes regarding prerogative, nor the limits of the government on either side; nor do they know more about ours. I was present one day, when Sir James was discoursing with Monsieur Doubinie,[2] the French resident at Liege, about the odds betwixt the powers of the French and English parliaments. I did not understand much of their conversation, but I could observe that Doubinie was not much instructed, and said to Sir James, when he went away—

'I think your minister did [not] understand the matter you talked of.'

[1] Samuel Richardson, no doubt. *Sir Charles Grandison* had appeared in 1753, *Clarissa* five years before that; *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* before the Rebellion.

[2] In Scotland the illustrious name of D'Aubigny was often so spelt.

'That's no wonder,' said he, 'the devil one Frenchman ever I met with could comprehend our constitution, nor anything about us, but that England is a rich and a wise nation; and, though our folks at home think the French have conceived designs of invading or conquering them, they would just as soon have such upon the moon, and think it as possible as the other.' I wish this war do not open their eyes.

'But indeed,' said he, 'the English are even with them, for they are as totally ignorant of their affairs, and understand their constitution as little; only they differ in this respect, that England thinks France weaker than it is, and France thinks England stronger.'

I wish they do not both see the truth before this war is at an end.

This Monsieur Doubinie and his lady being at war with Mrs. Cressnar, the English resident's lady, it was impossible that they could have any correspondence, not so much as bowing in a publick place; and what augmented Madam Cressnar's spleen was, that a daughter she had *jumped the window*, and run away at Liege, and turned a capucine: so French and papaistry together were too much.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Capucines at Spa: Catholic Devotions: The 'Ten Commands': At the 'Benediction': A JACOBITE *Community: Their servants' French: Sir Richard Lyttelton: Mr. Ward: Mr. Burrage: A Hungarian Princess: Industries of Spa: Economies: The Ardennes: Father* NEEDHAM'S *experiments: Young Townley: Move towards Brussels: Chaude Fountaine: Gordons of Cowbairdy at Liege: Father Steuart: A young monk of St. Benedict: Tirlemont to Brussels.*

THE first visit we received at Spaw was from the capucines, to invite us to their garden, which is a very neat little thing; I have made it be put on my quadrill box. They have a jet of water, and about it four shades of ewe, which is very agreeable, as there 's always some of them shaded from the sun. There are ten in all in this convent, mantained upon that poor country, and what the

strangers leave them, which is very little, taking off the English, for the folks of that country are not very generous to them.

There was an English gentleman who was severall seasons at Spaw, and he used to give them a great feast every year, and fill them all drunk, and make them all dance like mad; one of them could play on the fiddle, and the Englishman and the father-guardian always opened the ball by a minuet: now they get only a feast from old Mr. Hay every new-year's day. The people in that country may affoard to mantain some of these begging orders, for they pay very few taxes to their governours, and indeed it would be too much, if they paid what other countries did.

The church livings are but very small, that is, the curates and others, only they have a good many of them to every church, for they have close duty, one mass after another, from five o'clock in the morning till twelve mid-day, and then *salve* and benediction at six, and all the rest of the afternoon is employed in confession, so that it would be too hard work for one or two in great churches. They have a great number of clergy to them, as there will be three or four masses going on at one time. I used to go in sometimes to the

benediction; they had very good musick, and a preist went round the church with a besome, like what we sweep below the beds with, a boy carried after him a bucket full of holy water, and the preist came whip, whip, to every hand with it; but he was very sparing. They only received it in imagination, for I was hard by him when he passed, and, though he intended me a double portion, as having most need, being a heretick, yet there was not one drop came upon me.

I cannot understand why people come to church for their private devotion; I thought it had only been the common folks; but one day coming through the church, which I often did for a near cut, I saw my friend Mr. Nidham in it, quite alone, most serious at his devotion; I declare I thought shame; . . . but his back was to me, and he had his head down.

It is only those who cannot read that use the beads, and I cannot see what great use there can be for such repetitions of the same thing, for there are five beads plain, and at every one of these they say, 'Haill, Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with you.' Then comes a carved bead, or one tipped with silver, and that is a *pater noster*, and there are about fifty of the first, and ten of the last; at the

same time, they do not understand a word of what they are saying.

When the boys were put to school at Spaw, they got a catechizem to learn upon; in it is the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commands; but when I read it, I was surprised. Their second command is our third, and yet there were ten, which I thought was laying nine men in eight beds; but, upon reading, I found they split the tenth into two, and make a difference between your coveting your neighbour's wife, and his ox or ass; and for our second, they turn it out altogether, and say it is comprehended in the first. Now, this I really commend them for, as I do not like to see folks take some things in a literall sense, and explain away others; whatever people find they cannot comply with, they should deny its ever being a precept.

How foolish must a man look, to be condemned out of his own Bible! for which reason I am surprised that it has never been thought of to print a Bible for the polite part of the world, and leave out everything that can in the least hamper a man in his pleasures, and this would put an end to infidelity at once, for people are obliged to deny all, because they cannot admit some parts.

Now, as the people of Scotland have not the

least tendency to worship anything, far less images, let them take in this long command, which the catholick church has cast out, and divide it into three to preserve the number, and cast out the third and fourth; or, if they chuse to cast out the seventh, which indeed I see no great use for, so long as there are so many single persons of both sexes, they may divide the fifth into two, which will be vastly easy obeyed by a great many, and by those especially who have most need of commands, viz. those who have neither father nor mother; and I never saw anybody refuse to honour their parents after they were dead.

I went into the benediction at the capucines one night: they have no musick but their own voices, which is horrid; some sat, some kneeled, and I did not know when to do either: Lady Nell and Mr. Andrew Hay[1] were with me. At last in came an old Jesuite, who was at Spaw for health, and he sat down by me, so [I] was resolved to do as he did; I found he used freedom with his friends, and only kneeled at the elevation. Mr. Hay, that he might

[1] Mr. Andrew Hay of Rannes is described as an intimate friend of Sir James Steuart's, whose society 'was considered among the most valuable consolations of his long exile.' *Memoir of Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart.* Greenock, 1818, p. 128.

be sure he was right, kneeled all the time; but as he is a prodigious size, he was as tall as anybody when on his knees, and the folks thought he was standing, and the common folks were in such a passion, and held such a tittle-tatling to each other, that I could not understand what they were about, as my back was to him. After it was over, they made a terrible complaint to this old Jesuite, who composed them, and said we were strangers, and did not know the custom: Mr. Hay was like to go mad that he had hurt all his knees to please them, to so little purpose.

This Mr. Hay is a very good lad, was concerned in the 1745, and stayed at home for some years after, but was so remarquable by his hight, that he was often pursued from place to place, and obliged to come abroad. He is the tallest man ever I saw that was not a show, and looks rather taller than he is, as he is not well made.

He, with Mr. Gordon and his wife, and Sir James's family, we found at our arrivall, dined together, and got their diner from a publick-house at so much a head, their three skillens being thirty pence, but our twenty-one pence. They complained they were not well served, and as the landlady in our house was a working body, and could

dress meat, we resolved to provide the meat, and let it be drest in our house, and dine all together. Lady Fanny, as she could speak to her, ordered and dispursed the money; we were hardly so cheap, but then we were better served, and had dishes of our own country, by John Rattray's assistance.

We often got good sport with John's French, and the mistakes that happened betwixt him and her. They wanted to have a *haggas*, but John said we must set our hearts bye that, for he had seen nothing like meall in that town. That day Mr. Calderwood had bid the landlady get him some hony, so, when she was counting with John at night, there was an article for *miel*.

'Meal!' says John, 'devil a grain have I seen in your country; no, no, Madam, no, no,' and shook his head.

Upon this she came to Mr. Calderwood, who put John right, and told the woman what he had mistaken it for; upon which she produced meal, to the great joy of the company, who, by this mistake, got a haggas.

I asked John one day how they called the maid of the house?

'I don't know,' says he, 'how they call the

wemen servants here, but they call us men *dumb-sticks.*'

'Troth,' says I, 'you're really well named *at present.*'

However, John was very happy, for there were many Scots and English dumbsticks there, with whom he made merry. . . . Then comes Peggie Rainy.

'O! sir,' says she, 'I was learning French with Mr. Hair and Mr. Line, and you laught me out of [it]; I would have been a fine speaker, if it had not been for you, that you said I was too old, and now I'm older, and will never learn.'

Indeed, she said true, for, if she was told how to ask for a thing, she forgot or she was at the foot of the stair. Then she thought she would do like daft Jock, and repeat it all the way: so, one day she was wanting to walk to a fountain called the *Tonelet*, and, after being directed the road, was desired to ask anybody she met, if that was the road to Tonelet, and thought she had got a fast grip of '*le chemein à la Tonelet.*'

'*Chambeing toutalon*,' says she to every one she met, and returned without finding the place.

'Aye,' says she, 'I that came from Edinburgh

to Liege as if I had been led by a string, not to find a place within a mile of Spaw!'

After the Spencers were gone, the English turned more sociable, and we were often together when we were few. Sir Richard Littleton,[1] brother to Sir George Littleton[2] one of our ministers, Mr. Ward, son to my Lord Ward and member for I forget the place, and Mr. Burrage,[3] resident to the different courts of Germany, and some others, were vastly fond of Sir James, and, after he was able to creep out, would never want[4] him; and, as he could not go much back and forward, the ladies came down, and drunk tea in Sir Richard's in the afternoon.

[1] Sir Richard Lyttelton, F.R.S., Knight of the Bath in 1753, was appointed Treasurer of His Majesty's Jewels in 1756. His wife was Rachel, eldest daughter of the Duke of Bedford and widow of Scroop, 1st Duke of Bridgewater: he died in 1770.

[2] Sir George Lyttelton, Bart., was Secretary to the Prince of Wales in 1737; and afterwards filled the offices of Treasurer of the Navy, Cofferer of the Household, and Privy Councillor; and in 1755 became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was created Lord Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, in 1757; and died in 1773.

[3] Mr. Burrage is described as 'British Envoy to some of the States on the Rhine,' and as having shown much kindness to Sir James Steuart at Frankfort in 1756-57. *Mem. of Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart*, p. 116.

[4] *Scot.*, be without him.

Sir Richard is vastly merry; he was aid-de-camp to Lord Stair, and knows all the Scots folks; a well-looked, honest-like man, hardly forty, but so miserably afflicted with the gout and rheumatizim, that he is quite lame.

Mr. Ward was a very good lad, and sung very well, and had a great many Scots songs he was very fond of.

Mr. Burrage was a glum-like carle, but they said had a great deall of humour after he got a glass; he perswaded Sir James to change the place he intended to go to, and, instead of Mayance, to go to Francfort, where he resides.

But I forgot to tell you of a princess we had, Princess Sinsokie. She is of the Palfies[1] of

[1] The family of which this Princess seems to have been a member was one of the most ardent in attachment to the Empress.

The aged and infirm Count Palfy, Captain General and Director of Hungary, in 1744 occupied the frontier of Silesia with 30,000 men in the cause of Maria Theresa. In token of her gratitude the Queen sent him several valuable gifts, including a gold hilted sword and a ring set with diamonds; and wrote:—

'Father Palfy,—Receive this horse worthy of being mounted by the most faithful of my *Hungarians*. Accept this sword to defend me against my enemies; and take this ring as a mark of my affection for you.—MARIA THERESA.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1744.

Hungary, a widow, and got leave from the empress (as she stays at Vienna) to go to Spaw for her health; but she, it seems, only wanted to go to Paris, where she had stayed out her time of leave, and came to Spaw that she might say she was there. She desired Lady Weems to write to Lady Fanny that she was coming to Spaw, and brought an abbé alongst with her; he called and informed [her] she was come, but when Lady Fanny called for her, she was *malade* with her journy.

She came to the first ball, and danced with great keenness, and very well. She had a very showy, princess-like figure; she was very tall, and very thin, and vastly straight and upright, which makes a better figure in this country, where everybody, from their want of stays, goes two-fold. She appeared at a distance, by her figure, to be very young, but when you saw her near, she was older. She was dressed very plain, in a stript lutstring *negligie*, without a hoop, but her head was curled and powdered, and she was strongly painted, and, being very fair, cast a great dash, and tript it so light, that she was like a fairy princess, but so conceated a creature, and so absolutly ingrossed with herself, that when folk spoke to her, she did not

hear what they said, and she made up to nobody, but danced, and then went to the glass to see that all was in its place.

She stayed eight days, but never came out again, nor saw nobody; returned Lady Fanny's visit by a card, as was the custom, and stayed close shut up with her abbé, who came not out neither. It was reported that she said people used too much freedom with her at the ball, but what sort nobody could find out, for she sat like a stick, except when she was dancing.

I think this, with my letters from Spaw, may be account enough of the place; as for the manner of living, it cannot be expensive, and things are as reasonable there as can be expected in such a place. The whole imployment of the inhabitants is making and japaning toillet boxes, and things of that kind, and working bead and bugell work, all which they affoard very cheap. The boxes, I wrote you what they cost, and for the beads, a necklace, point and ear-rings, cost seventeen pence half-penny of our money; but mum for that, as Peggy Rainy has a cargo coming home to sell, which I think may sell for a crown the set, and be cheap in Edinburgh.

These Spaw manufactories go everywhere, and yet I never saw them in Edinburgh. There is at least twenty, or I beleive thirty folks who work all the year round in that japan, and in every shop you see numbers of sets one day, and hardly any in a day or two. No town in that country rivalls another in its manufactors; they are made nowhere else but at Spaw.

There is a famous turner there, and he turns things in ivory that would exceed beleif, if one was not to see it; things like oblisks, with a spire no greater than a pin in thickness, and rings upon [it] like horse-hair; then the grosser part like basket-work, that, when you look through it, there are scrolls and squares within other, till the inmost is no bigger than a pea, and all turned out of one peice of ivory, which exceeds what I could imagine.

The people in the place live very poorly. Our landlord was Mr. Peter Hurlly, burgomaster, a fine, civil, intelligent, working body, a japaner. Their manner of living was [this; in] the morning, at six o'clock, they drank tea, without milk, or sugar, or bread, this they qualified with a dram of genevar; about ten they took breakfast, a sort of bread mixed with rye, which they eat with butter;

dined at twelve on cabbage, potatoes, or kidney beans, or whatever green trash was in season, or sallad; and, through the day, if they were hungry, eat some bread and butter. The landlady said she eat no flesh through the whole year; and it was [never] in the house but on great feast days. By their way of living, they should turn rich, but they are cast so often idle with holydays, that I wonder they do not starve; then they must wear their best clothes; and firing is very dear in winter. Their houses are very thin, and must be cold; the rooms are large, and badly furnished. The room-rents are cheaper than at Moffat, like about seven shillings a week for the bed-rooms, and less for the smaller rooms; every house has a good low room for dining in, which they call a *salle.*

As Lady Fanny was to stay after us, she wanted a house with two fire rooms with beds, for they have in every house one bed-chamber with a fire. In one house I was much diverted with the man's architecture; he told her—

'I can put a fire in this room if you please, for there is the chimney of the one below coming up the wall; it is only making a hole in it, and puting a hearth in.'

The climate of the Ardens is reckoned the worst

in all these countries, but it was tollerable weather most of the time we were there. The weather had been very hot before we came, and they said it was very disagreeable, but I found no heat after; sometimes it would rain and thunder a little for two or three days, but when that went over, the weather continued fair, and seldom showers, but when it did rain, it was very heavy.

There was no good fruit to be had; none grew there but apples. Some geans were brought from other places, very good; but neither peach, appricock, nor plumb, that were ripe. Plenty of fine nuts, and the fillberts ready before the common kind; but all the fruit in that country is very wormy, and some of the finest nuts had a great worm in the kirnall.

I have mentioned Mr. Nidham severall times, without any particular account of him or his pupile. Mr. Nidham is an Englishman, and a preist; he was governour to Mr. Howard of Corbie: he has travelled a good deall, and a very sensible conversable man, and very friendly. He is a member of the Royall Society, and is author of a book upon naturall philosiphy, which is much esteemed; it is overturning all the sistem of every thing being

produced by generation, and nothing by corruption; and [he] has made many curious experiments to prove his sistem.[1] For instance, he has extracted the juice of meat, corked it up in a bottle, set this bottle into such a heat as must destroy any sort of egg, or principle of life it could contain, and that juice, after this, by corruption has produced living creatures; and many other proofs of his doctrine. He is a scholar in many other sciences, but his travelling and taking care of his puple imploy most of his time at present.

Mr. Townly is a well-looking, sweet-like lad, about nineteen; he has been in France since he was six years old, but, till Mr. Nidham came to him four years ago, had never learned the French, as he was in an English colledge. What way they had taken to make him learn, Mr. Nidham says God knows, but he had such an aversion at all sort of learning or instruction of any kind, that it was very hard for him to get any good at all done to him; but from his care and contrivance, he has got him to know a good deall, but mostly by the ear, and this even yet must be conveyed to him by stealth.

'For instance,' says he, 'when we are alone, I

[1] *See Note*, p. 158.

dare not come upon any instructive subject, otherways he thinks it is a lesson, and he dislikes it; but the way I do [is,] if I can get a third hand, I converse with them upon any subject I would chuse to inculcate into Mr. Townly, and then,' says he, 'he listens to it, and takes it up, and makes it his own, and I have often the pleasure of hearing him bring it out in conversation, or sometimes he will inform me of things I have told him in this way.'

Mr. Townly is very bashful and grave, and has no liking to anything in particular, and I think seems to be one of little good or ill. His mother told Mr. Nidham that, when he was young, instead of play with his brothers, he used to sit by her and cut paper, or any such thing as that. I have often observed that the mind and body of folks are mismarrowed,[1] and some men should have been women, and he, I think, is one.

Mr. Nidham left Spaw before us, and advised Sir James to come to Bruxells, where he could get his son very good education; but he was so bent on learning him the German, that he would not do it. We thought ourselves too great a body to venture into the empire, when kings were coming

[1] Ill assorted.

into towns when the folks knew nothing of the matter; and being so long used to live in an island, [we liked no] such neighbours. It is ill enough in Scotland, where the fashion is not to send word you are coming to dine, but worse yet, not to send word that they are coming to turn you out of your house; so, as Mr. Nidham had commended Bruxells, we thought it best to come here, as France (who is the only person disturbs this place) was in league with it. But when folks are in health, and can speak to every one they meet, they may do many things we could not venture upon.

However, my heart was long upon following Sir James; but our Jamie happened to catch cold at Spaw, and took one of his short feverish fitts: the small-pox were in the town, and I sent for the doctor of the place, and there Sir James, Mr. Calderwood, and Lady Fanny, must all interpret the consultation.

'God help me,' thinks I, 'what a work is this! if we get a German doctor, not one of us will can speak to him, and the misinterpretation of a word may cost a body's life.'

Besides, they have little commerce with the English and their constitution, and this put such a

fear to my heart, I resolved on Bruxells, where there was two English doctors; and, as the small-pox was in Spaw, we made all haste to leave it.

We set out the 20th September on two cariolls, and came to a place called Chode-Fountain, within three miles of Liege: we intended to take the boat from thence, and go down the river to Liege, but as the night was cold we stayed still there. The place is named from the warm baths, which are much run upon; the water is pumped up in leaden pumps, so hot that it must be mixed with cold water before it can be used. There is a range of baths, all in little closets, very well contrived, with pipes of hot or cold water as you please, and you have the bath for a skillen, and a fire to dress at.

This place is the prettiest, most romantick thing I ever saw; all up and down the river, for a good way, the banks are so close, that there is but a road below them on the one side; but where this place stands, they cast out on every side like a cemi-circle, the bounds of a haugh of an aiker of ground, on each side the river. On the one side a large good house with the baths, and other houses, such as stables, etc.; on the other, which forms a court, a garden behind the house, and the little haugh on

the other side before the banks, rising very steep round it, covered with wood.

This place belongs to some man about Liege, who lets it, and it is used as a tavern, and the best I ever saw. The folks from Liege occupy it close by dining there, or stay some time for the baths. I took the benefit of a bath, and found it very pleasant. It is near here that all the guns are made, and there are severall iron milns for bating iron for them. There are some walks cut in the wood, and I thought one might pass two or three weeks there very agreeably. The woods are very pretty, nothing scraggy, and there was not a discolloured leaf at that time.

We had travelled through a cold moorish country, and very slow, where our driver walked a-foot, and we were very hungry. It was four o'clock, and we went straight to the kitchen, where every one was set at their tea, a number of odd-like bodies, like boatmen and carriers, for every mortall drinks tea. Meat of all kinds was ready to dress, and we had our dinner so soon, as it had been done by the virtue of hocus pocus. We had, next day, a coach from Liege, and the road, as I wrote you, was one continued orchard or hop-garden, and bleach-fields.

When we came to Liege, I went to see Mrs. Gordon, and she is lodged in a very bad house, which threw a damp on my spirits, as I was to pass the winter in this country; I was affraid we would get no better at Bruxells. She had a low parlour entered off a small open place, to that adjoined a kitchen; from that you must go out, and up a stair, part of which was open to the air, and then were two rooms, one within another; the inmost was her bed-chamber, with a brick floor. I told her we were going to Bruxells; she said they stayed at Liege for the benefit of coals, that wood was the fire at Bruxells, and that all the houses smoaked most terribly: I cannot say I was pleased with that. She paid for that house, and the smallest quantity of such furniture as you never saw, nothing but wooden chairs, £19 sterling a-year.

We sent to enquire after Father Daniel, but was informed that he and all the students were in their retreat: this retreat was shutting themselves up in their own rooms for a week, which they do once a-year, to examine their consciences, during which time their meat is brought them, and they see nobody, not one another. I went up to the colledge and called for the rector, to enquire at

him the footing of the colledge at Bruxells. He was very civill, and told me that Daniel could not appear. I suppose he would commit a new sin by grudging his retreat at that time. Father Steuart came down and saw us.

We intended to stay but one night, but Mr. and Mrs. Gordon pressed us so much to pass a day with them, that we staid two nights. Mrs. Gordon gave me that flower straw, which I hope is come to your hand; she got it from a lady, who took it from a nun. Just as I had got it, a gentleman alighted at the inn, who I had left at Spaw, intending to pass some time there. This was one Mr. Hatton, consul at Ostend, who had got a sudden call to England. I had only seen him once, and he asked me if I had any commands for England?

'Sir,' says I, 'there has nobody paid me that compliment, but whom I have taken at their word. I have just got a flower here I intend to send home; if you will carry it I will be very much obliged to you, and if it is any trouble to you, I hope you will as freely tell me.'

He said it would be no trouble, so I got a box in all haste, and gave it him; but I thought he looked as if he did not expect I would give him

any commands. He said he was sorry it was not prettier.

'It is going,' says I, 'where it will be accepted, and I shall send a prettier next time.'

We took the diligence, which held six: it is like a very clumsy, long-bodied coach, with a good seat behind, and four little seats like arm-chairs down on every side, and open to where the horses are yoked, which makes it pleasant, as you see before you, and everybody is drawn forward. We were five, and we got in a grave-looking man in a lay habit; Mr. Calderwood took his nap, and the man took out his book, and mumbled close at his prayers.

'What can this man be?' thinks I; 'it is so common for the clergy to travell in their dress, that it cannot be one of them, and yet he is so handless-like, that he cannot be a body of any sort of busness.'

But when Mr. Calderwood had taken his sleep, and fallen to the man, he soon found he was a channon of Tirlemont. These bodies look very foolish-like in common clothes.

We dined at St. Tron, and the bairns and I walked about a little, and went into a shop. Whiles the woman was showing me something,

she started, and clapped her hands with joy, and when I looked behind me, there stood a young-like lad, who did not appear to be above eighteen, in a monk's habit; this was her son, who that day had got on the habit of St. Benedict, for his clothes were quite new, and [he] had just come in to let his mother see him. The wife turned him round and round, and severall lasses run out of other rooms into the shop, and they all laughed and fidged for gladness. I asked the woman if she had any more children; she said she had one other son.

'God help you,' thinks I, 'what effect has custom!'

But the woman, I suppose, thought her son's bread was baked, for the Benedictines in that town are very rich.

We slept that night at Tirlemont, and next day dined at Louvaine. After we past Louvaine, we turned off the road we came from Antwerp, and left it upon the right, and came to a height, from whence we had a prospect of this country, which is vastly pretty, full of towns and villages, and finely cultivated. The French has not left a tree betwixt this and Louvaine, on the road. It was a fine day, and there you

would have thought that all the Capucines had broke loose, for they were marching in sixes and sevens with their gowns tucked up, great fat carles, with faces as red as scarlet. Peg Rainy, it seems, at first called these *vermine*, so the bairns cried out—

'O! see Mrs. Rainy, there is more vermine; I suppose Bruxells will be so troubled with vermine that you will not can live in it.' There was every little bit a chapell, set up like a sentry-box upon the road. . . . 'They 's chapells!' say they, 'and a fine dressed-up Virgin in every one of them, and a tirless[1] door to let her be seen!' But every one passed by, and we saw nobody praying at them. When we came near Bruxells, the trees were left standing, which made the road very pretty; the town had ransomed them and their park from the French, in which there is some very fine timber.

[1] Tirless, a lattice or grating.—JAMIESON.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at BRUSSELS: *House-hunting: A friendly Irishman: Mr. Davies: Educational: Veto of the Priest's housekeeper: Boys sent to School: Household matters: Prices of Labour: A Jewess married for love: Difficulties with a Flemish Contract: Currency: 'A Ready-reckoner.'*

WE arrived here[1] the 24th of September, and were recommended by Sir James to go to the *oberge*, called *Le Main D'or*; it is keept by two girls who speak a little English. We were very well lodged, but our dining room had no fire, and the house was distant one part from another, and would be very cold in winter. We had four rooms for three guineas a month, and we made an agreement, that whiles we staid, we were to pay twenty skillens a day for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, including lodging, and we were to provide fire and candle, wine, etc.

[1] At Brussels.

Mr. Calderwood declared himself for a private house, and everybody advised us to stay there, for there were no furnished houses to let, and the servants were so bad that we would have great trouble keeping house. My sentiments were, that if we were to put up in a publick house, we could not be better nor cheaper, and that, as we were well, it was best not to be in a hurry, for then folks took up with what they could get, and folks saw they were in necessity, but that we should settle as if we were to stay still, and look about us at leisure; so every time I went out to take a stroll through the town, I looked for lodgings, but found none tollerable.

I one day saw a ticket on a house, and went in; I was met at the door by a well-looked little woman. She showed me one of the worst houses ever I saw, and a dark, neck-break stair: at last she carried me into a room, where was a young man in his night-gown and cape; he looked as if he thought shame, and the lady always bid him *parlly*. At last he spoke English, and told me he was an Irishman, and that he would be glad to know in what he could serve me? I told him I was looking for a furnished house; he said that was what could not be got at Bruxells, he beleived,

but he would make it his busness to enquire. Accordingly, he came next day to wait on me, in very good dress. I told Mr. Calderwood my adventure.

'I'll lay my life,' says he, 'he is little worth, for I remember, when I was here long ago, I met with a man, who, I think, was [of] the same name, and who, I suppose, was his father, and was warned to have nothing to do with him.'

'Oh,' says I, 'you're ill-minded; this is a silly, flea-lugged-like[1] lad, and I'm easy whether he is good or ill, if he can find me what I want.'

When he came to see me, he told me he could show me some houses, but not furnished.

'Would you,' says he, 'take one a little bit from the town?' I told him I had boys to put to school.

'O! then,' says he, 'this will fit you exactly, for it is in a vastly pretty village, about an hour from the town, in which there is a gentleman keeps a school, and takes in pensioners, and there is a vastly pretty house just by it: it is on the side of a canall, and the boat goes twice every day to town.'

I had no mind for a house in the country, but

[1] Unsettled, hare-brained; Jamieson (see *Dictionary*) thinks the allusion is to the start or uneasiness caused when the ear is bitten by a flea.

had a curiosity to see it, as I had often heard Lady Fanny say she never found any place answer the description given of it; so I said I would take a coach next day, and take the air that length, and asked him to go with me and show it me: so, accordingly, we went, and the road was one of the prettiest ever I saw; we had, the whole way, the canall on the one hand, and trees on the other.

At last we came to two houses, prettily situated on the canall, with fine gardens and water-works, but these were taverns for the folks of the town to go out and dine in, and there was a road turned up, which led to the village. The coachman said he could not go up there for dirtying his coach, so we came out and walked. We first passed a very good-like house, which he said was possessed by an English family; after that we went through the church-yard, after that through severall little kaill-yards, and over stiles, till we came to the house, which was prettily situated on an eminence, from whence you saw about you, but hardly, it was so smothered with trees. It was a little thing like a summer-house, two rooms below and two above, but so thin and slight, that it could not be inhabited in winter. The village was a few scattered houses on the side of a height, and no street

but the road through it, some throwfare for carriages, very deep and dirty.

I went to see the school, and there were a parcell of boys that looked like the poorer sort; they had, up stairs, two unplaistered rooms for them to sleep in, with ten beds in a room; the boys' beds were, some of them, all blooded with their fighting. I told him that would not answer my purpose: however, I did not grudge my travell.

As we returned, the meadows all about were smoaking at a great rate, which showed me I must choise my habitation in the high part of the town, as the low part near the canall must be very damp. He then carried me to a house that was to let, in a pretty good part of the town, but it stood in great need of repair, and had a bad dark stair and bad windows; so I still delayed being in a hurry.

Next day, as I was going about, I asked for something in a shop, and they said there was in that house just by a woman who spoke English; I went into the house, and this was a tavern, keeped by another Irishman, called Davies. The woman asked me to come in, and we conversed a little; I told her I wanted a house furnished; she said such a thing was hard to be got, but that she

would enquire: I asked her if she knew my Irishman, his name was O'lelly?

'Yes,' she said, 'and his father before him, who was a very little worth spark.'

She feared the son was not much better: so I found Mr. Calderwood had been right as to the man. He had married one of the principall *burgois* of the town's daughter, and lived in good enough credit, but I suppose was idle and extravagant. This woman likeways offered me the assistance of herself and her husband; and, accordingly, the husband came next day, and told me of a fine house, etc., for an absolute trifle, as a man who had it was going to the country. I sent Peg Rainy next day alongst with him to see it. It was far down, in the low part of the town, near the canall, which is not reckoned healthy; and, as Peggie was going up the stair, Mr. Davies took her . . . on which she flew in such a passion, that she had almost thrown him over the stair, and home she came in as great a feugh.

'I saw,' says I, 'he was a ree-brained[1] divell, but thought nothing of it, as all the British are so when they come abroad.'

[1] Ree means exhilarated by drink; not, as Jamieson has it, 'half-drunk, or tipsy.'

This house was well enough furnished, and the meer trifle was £36 sterling a-year.

By this time Mr. Nidham, who was not in town when we came, arrived; so the first thing was to fix the boys. He went and asked the Jesuites if they would take them into their colledge, which they said they would do; which we looked upon as a favour, as they teach for nothing, and strangers have no title to their labours, as they pay no part of their establishment. By this time Mr. Calderwood had got the first of his cold, so could not go out, and I went with Mr. Nidham to the colledge, to see the prefect of the studies, who was extreamly civill, and said he would order that particular care should be taken of them, as they did not understand the language, till which time they could not make so great progress; and, in order to obtain that the sooner, advised me to board them out in a *pension* which was hard by, and keeped by a preist, who made it his whole busness to attend his boarders, and assist them in their lessons: but, as it was proper to have one who understood their own language, a lad I had got to come in to them was to go to them at that house.

He sent for the preist, who came and carried me to his house, and, indeed, a neater tickled up little

thing I never saw; I beleive it was all in the compass of a good room, in which he had kitchen, parlour, two bed-chambers, one above another, and two little ones for his boarders, which were other three. The one was to be for us, with two tent-beds, and all hung with pictures, as was all the house, and carved, painted and gilded at a good rate, and canary birds in fine cages hung all through it. I thought they would be very well with this orderly, nackety body; I saw nobody in the house, but a carefull-like body, like old Cristy, who minded them: the board was but £16 *per annum*. I told him they were not to go to mass when the school went at ten o'clock, but to go out to his house, and, as the eldest was of a delicate stomach, he was not to eat meagre; if he did not incline to give him meat, he should dine with us on meagre days: to all which the man consented.

Next day I went again to see what beding they were to have, and found the preist abroad, and another woman than the one I had seen the day before (who was the housekeeper) at home. I told her the same thing, and she asked if they were not catholick? I told her, no; at which she cast up her eyes and crossed herself.

'Ho, ho,' thinks I, 'this will not do.'

I bid my interpreter, who was the lad that was to come in to them, to tell her they were not catholicks yet, but they were young, and she would make [them] good catholicks; as, by the time that would be in her power, by their understanding her instructions, my intentions would be fulfilled in putting them there.

But, in short, as I guessed, the next day the preist came, and told me he could not take them.

I found we had lost no time, for the colledge was just to meet next day, so we made all haste to get them the badge of students, like Gil Blas, only, instead of a long black cloak, they got red ones down to their heels, with gold embroidered button-holes, which is the badge of gentlemen. So to school they went, and were put into the first class, as the want of the French keeped them from going higher. As the fathers had not examined them, but probably beleived they were to begin the Latin, I desired the prefect and the rudement father to come and see us, that they might know the exact length they were come in the Latin.

That day Jamie had thought fit to make a quarrell with Peggie Rainy, and in the scuffle had broke his forehead. Willie came in, and answered what questions were asked at him, but for James,

he was not quite composed; I told him, if he did not appear, as he was little, they would certainly begin him at the ABC. This had some weight, and after getting his face washed, and a bit of paper battered on his forehead, he appeared, and read and answered with as much assurance as if nothing had happened.

The fathers made great lament for his fall, which he let pass. I called for a glass of wine, but when it was brought in, the carles started as if they had seen the divell, and told they could not taste it, as it was against their rules to eat or drink in a publick house.

After this point was fixed, and the *pension* misgiven, we knew whereabouts we must have a house, viz., as near the colledge as possible. I had such a sufficient insight as to my country folks, that I intended to give them no more trouble; and, impossible as it seemed to take a house and furnish it, without the assistance of any one who knew the town, or understood me, yet I resolved to attempt it: for I found a furnished house in Bruxells was exactly like the commission old Lady Minto got from old Jerviswood,[1] viz., to get him

[1] Baillie of Jerviswood, the early patron of the poet Thomson. See *The Bee*, (1791,) vol. v. p. 201.

a fine house at the Cross of Edinburgh, with a large garden behind it, that he might both have the pleasure of seeing the street and walking in his own garden;—and a house we must have, as the coldness of the inn had given Mr. Calderwood a severe cold, and twenty coaches past under our bed every night, besides, as many more as were in the town past by our windows.

The lad who attends the bairns is called Stapleton; him I took with me, and first came to the colledge, and from that struck up to the airth[1] I would choise to live in, which was high, upon what is called a mountain here, and the mountain *de quater vents*, equall to what we call with us 'where wind and weather shears:' this great mountain is, I think, as high above the low part of the town as the Cross is above the Canongate; a good part of the town [is] still beyond it, and from the colledge it enters up a very good street, the steepest part of which is like the steep at the Nether-Bow.[2]

[1] Direction.

[2] At the head of the Canongate of Edinburgh stood the Nether-Bow Port, where St. Mary's Wynd (now St. Mary's Street) enters from the south. It was a handsome gateway, surmounted by a lofty tower terminating in a graceful spire. It was removed in 1764.

Up that street I went, (for the Scots folks as naturally climb up as the goats do,) and looked on every hand for a house to let. When I was just dispairing, near the head of the street I saw a billet, and rung the bell. Nobody answered; at last a well-dressed officer looked out of a window, and told us to call at the house over against, who had the key: which we got, and I found a house I had no notion was to be had in Bruxells. For the large houses are all inns with open courts and galleries, and every room a stair; and the small houses are like those in the Cowgate, where you see the hair-pickers sitting, with leaded windows; and neither great nor small will vent, which obliges them to use stoves: nay, these stoves will not vent at the chimney, but are often let out in a hole in the outer wall, at the cheek of the window. This is such a calamity in this town, that even the Prince in his house is smoaked to death, and he got a doctor over from London, who declared the disease incureable, from the situation of the town, which I think is as good an one as can possibly be.

To my great joy I found that every room in this house would vent, as they were concaved like ours, and would burn with coall grates. I have drawn

a plan of the house, which is much better than description, and you will see that, whereas we show our knowledge of mathematicks, by casting all our buildings into exact squares, they choise to show theirs by variety of angles; not one corner is of the same angle with another. Whenever a street makes a turn, sweep go about the houses built upon it, as if it had been turned after they were all set; but, however foolish-like it looks on paper, it does not appear so ill to the eye.

The rent of this house, I was informed, was one hundred and ninety-one gilders, which, in our money, is little more than £15 sterling, and that the house belonged to two girls, one of which was in a convent. What started me most was the bare plaister wall, which, by the bye, are not plenty here, neither are plaistered roofs, which it by good luck had.

Before I could determine about taking it, I must enquire the price of furniture, and, first, if I could get anything reasonable to cover the walls. All the folks here use either arras, gilt leather, or flowered waxcloth, all which are both dear, and not worth carrying to any other place. However, I soon found I could get English paper, though the lowest price was a crown the peice, but by great

mercy the rooms were neither large nor high in the roof, and I found I could get a rush matt, five English quarters broad, for about fourpence the yard, which would be chair-back hight, and would both save paper, and save it from being rubbed and dirtied. As for timber things and kitchen things in sort, smith and wright work were all to sell ready made, of the simplest nature, and cheap, and everything of furniture kind very reasonable, as these trades who make furniture are in their greatest infancy you can imagine; but, as nobody has better, it has no mean look, and is neat and simple.

There is a mystery to me yet in this: in no place labour (if you hire it by the day) is dearer than here; a gilder, which is their 20d. and about our 19d., is the least any tradesman takes to do anything by the day, and this is a stated rule here. And yet every peice of work that man makes is cheap; for instance, a chair, with one carved bar close to the bottom behind, eight other turned bars, the stoops and four cross bars in the back, a rush bottom, and stained red or yellow as you please; these you buy for nineteenpence [of] their money.

As I found things in generall cheap, especially

these I could not carry when I left the place, (I was indifferent what portable goods cost, as I could send them home by sea,) I resolved to take the house, so must find out where the landlady was; so got [to] the convent, and went to her. She was a girl about fifteen, a pensioner; however, she must come to the grate; she was a snack[1] little lassie, and told us her sister was come to town, and I must speak to her.

No sooner was it reported that we were to take a house, than I had offers of assistance from severall British, who told me I would be ruined to buy furniture; I must hire, and they knew honest people who would hire the furniture of a house by the day, week, month, or year. To them I went, and found what they had was old, and that they hired by the peice, that bed and that, such and such a thing, for so much the month.

'Will you sell me these things?' says I.

'O yes.' 'Well I will buy this and that; what is the price?'

'It is so much.' So after priging it down to the lowest—

'Now, what will you hire me this for?'

I found that these honest people demanded only

[1] Snack, quick of apprehension.—JAMIESON'S *Dictionary*.

eighty per cent.; so I thanked my advisers, and told them I would buy, and, if I gave it in a present at my departure, I would be a gainer.

The only thing I wanted was a woman interpreter, who had no interest in what I did; though the girls in the house where I lodged could speak a little English, yet they were interested in my staying with them, so I would not trust them.

As I was going alongst the great market-place, where there are severall shops, out comes a little odd-like woman, and runs to me.

'God bless your soul,' says she, 'my dear lady, I see you are English, and so am I; for as poor-like as I look, my father is very rich, but he has turned me out of doors for marrying a second husband; indeed, *I have pleased my eye and vexed my heart!* I was a Jew, and (I beg pardon, my dear lady) I am turned Christian, and for that my dady will not see me.'

'Madam,' says I, 'as you took me for English, you might beg my pardon for being Christian; but, as I am a Scotswoman, and a Christian too, there is no occasion.'

'I see,' says she, 'you are a stranger, and are looking for something; I have been but six weeks

in this place, and know but few: but whatever you want, I am ready to serve you.'

'Madam,' says I, 'can you speak French or Flemish?'

'God bless me,' says she, 'was not I bred in Holland, and have resided long in these countries, and can speak it as well as English, as does my husband there. Poor little fellow! I wish to God anybody would take him for a vallet; nobody need be ashamed to work, but he looks so simple and foolish, that, when I reprove him for anything, he looks like a fooll. He overturned, the other day, a panfull of grease in the fire, and had almost brunt the house. "You brute," says I, "get you out of my sight, or I will throw you in the midst of it!" But I vow to God, madam, I was never so much ashamed in my life, for the landlady where I stay was sick, and her doctor was by, who I did not think understood English. "Fye," says he, "madam! is that a stile to talk to your husband?" "Come here, my honey!"' says she.

I looked about to see this man that had pleased the eye so much, and, behold! a little, silly, dadling, naisty body, with a coat which had belonged to a man of six foot high upon him, by all the world in person and dress just Loan Stain, that drove an ass

with heather brushes. All this passed in a breath in the market-place. I told my Christian what I wanted, and that I would be glad of her assistance; she showed me a shop who sold beds, matresses, and blankets, and told me, on the road to it, that her father was *banquier* to the King of Prussia, and worth a mint of money.

'He says I robbed him, but I took nothing but my own; what! was he to keep my money? I broke up his closet, and took out the rights of lands in this country, to the value of twenty thousand gilders, and now he is at law with me for my own. I made my complaints to the Elector of Cologne, and now I have made it to Prince Charles, who has promised me justice, and gave me six ducats. I cannot work, and my affair will be long in dependance, and my husband can do nothing to assist me: I wish to God anybody would take him for a vallet.'

I went to the shop she showed me, where I made agreement for beds, or rather matresses, blankets, etc., and, finding I could furnish at a reasonable rate, I resolved to take the house, and to buy everything new, with no other assistance than my Christian interpreter, who, though she was not legally sworn, took care to confirm everything with

'as I hope to be saved.' She espoused my interest with so much violence, that, if I had any dispute, she was ready to pluck out the eyes of my antagonist.

We must now seek out the sister who let the house, and ordered, according to custom, a contract to be drawn, which both parties was to sign, and next day was appointed for its being finished. We went back and there was a lawyer with a contract in Flemish; the lawyer said the lady must hear the contract read, and make any objections to it she had. He was told the lady did not understand one word of it. He was a scatter-brained-like fellow, and when he heard I did not understand it, he gaped and stared like a mad body, and said he could not let the house to one who did not understand the bargain they were making; he was acting for the orphans, and we were strangers whom he did not know.

The Jew understood him that my want of Flemish was his objection, and that he doubted his payment, at which she flew into such a passion, cursed and railled at the lawyer, and there insued such a dispute, that I hoped it would come to blows. I beleive the lawyer and she both thought I was mad, for, instead of being concerned for my

honour, I laught till I thought I should have died. After she had abused the lawyer, she turned to me:

'He is a damned impertinat rascall,' says she; 'I am ashamed to repeat what he says; he says you are a stranger, madam, and severall people in this place are not what they appear to be; and, if there be a house to be had, madam, I would not have you to take it.'

'Madam,' says I, 'tell the gentleman he says nothing but [what] is just and reasonable, and that I have a good opinion of his honesty from his not trusting me; I desire no security but my money, and I will pay him just now the whole or any part of the rent he pleases; but, as there are some things to be performed on his side, I desire, for both our security, that the upholstrer sign the contract in my stead, and I [will] take the house from him.'

For you must know at this time Mr. Calderwood was laid up with his swelled face and blister, but it would have been the same, for I found that neither my upholstrer nor lawyer understood French. This overture composed all differences, and we paid a half-year's rent in to the upholstrer.

This was the 4th of October, and I went about, or Peggie, and attended Mr. Calderwood by turns, and, against the 14th, we were settled in it, and

everything ready for us. The folks I found were honest in some things, and not in others, but that this was not cheatry, but allowed advantages, such as taking as much as they could in bargain, and where a conditionall bargain was made, to take any advantage they could get; for instance, whatever I saw and bargained for I had at a just price, and whatever was bespoke I was imposed on, but this was only in the bedsteads and chimney-grates. The first were ordered otherways than the fashion here, and the grates were a thing they had never made before; but I found where they could best impose on me, they were very honest.

Till then I had never dispursed any money, but left it all to John; here the money altered, and such a power of variety of coins, that nothing but custom can make one know it. They count all by gilders or florins, yet have no such peice of money; it must be made out of farthings, called *liares*, or *orchies;* peices of twopence-halfpenny; of threepence-halfpenny; of fivepence; of sevenpence (called a skillen); of tenpence-halfpenny; of fourteenpence (called two skillens); of two and a half; of five and a half; of ten skillen and one penny, three of which, when put together, makes thirty skillens, which is a pistoll; and a placket,

which is threepence-halfpenny. Then for gold they have ducats, which are five florins, eighteenpence; soverings of eight florins, sixteenpence-halfpenny; and double soverings of seventeen florins and seventeenpence.

In all this variety of money I found I could trust them intirely, and severall times I paid more than I should, and they came back and told me they had got too much; this I thought was honest, from folks who had me to hunt out to pay me back. The people here cannot count by pen and ink, it is all in their head, or by a book which is very usefull; it tells you how much one peice of anything is from one yard to a thousand, at any price from the lowest, which you know by turning up the price it is. I shall send you the inventory of the furniture, I cannot specify now the price of everything, but such things as I remember.

CHAPTER X.

BRUSSELS' *Streets and Fair: The Manneken Fountain: Water Supply: Church of St. Gudule: The Béguinage: Flemish Charity: Work of the Sisters: Festival of St. Michael: Processions: Taxes and Provisions: Fuel and Stoves: Beauties of Charcoal:* MRS. CALDERWOOD'S *Secret of the Pen: Fruits of Travel: Continental breadth of vision and politeness.*

Now, as for this town, it is not what you would call pretty when compared to the Dutch towns, but, compared with some others in this country, it is. The streets are all good, well paved and open, and severall very airy squares in it. The great market is like four times the bigness of the Parliament close, including the ground which the new kirk[1] takes up; the one side of it is almost taken

[1] In Edgar's map of Edinburgh, 1765, St. Giles', or the High Church, is shown divided into three sections; the Choir being called the 'New Church Isle.' To the east a narrow passage connected the High Street with the Parliament Close, or Square.

up by the town-house, which is a large square building, and an open court within it. This is a very fine ornamented building, and either has been, or has been intended to be more so, as there are places for statues which are not occupied. St. Michael, the patron of the town, is above the door, gilded, overcoming the great dragon; the roof is very steep, and three rows of garet windows within the roof.

The great fair, which was since I came here, holds in it, and in the market-place; there was a terrible crowd, and all this building was employed by the shops, but I saw nothing very curious, nor very cheap, except carved work, looking-glass frames, and small picture frames, crucifixes, etc.: but what I would fain have bought (could I have got them easily sent you) were breckets for candles or flower-pots, very well carved, unpainted, for tenpence-halfpenny the pair. From this great square a street goes off at every corner, and all round it are shops; and, indeed, for shops, this town surpasses any one I have seen: it is a mart for Dutch and English goods, for Germany and the country round about, as it is impossible that the town can find them busness.

All the streets everywhere are lined with shops, except the doors which enter to private houses;

smiths, wrights, shoemakers, and every trade have their shops and work-houses to the street, and there are very few little lanes which lead from one street to another. It covers a great deall of ground for its inhabitants; there are not above 57,000 people in it; but it is uncompactly built, and the houses have a good deall of waste ground within their entries, like courts, and passages besides: the churches and convents take up a great deall of ground for few inhabitants.

It is vastly well supplied with water, and the fountains are, some of them, very pretty: the oldest, and what is greatly valued by the town, is one called *Manicky*. This is a little gilded statue, about the size of your Jamie; round this is a rail of iron, and a place for one to put in a thing to take the water. When the French took the town, they imagined that *Manicky* was certainly made of gold, and they stoll him; upon which the town was in an uproar, and complained to Marishall Saxe, who ordered him to be replaced; and, to make up for this outrage, gave him a compleat suit of clothes, with a hat and feather, in which he is drest on St. Michael's day, and the day of the Holy Trinity.[1]

[1] 'The oldest inhabitant of Brussels' has still a wardrobe of his own, and a valet to dress him of special occasions.—BAEDEKER.

In a square called the *Sablong*, where the soldiers are reveiwed, and where a guard is kept, there is a very fine fountain, built by the town very lately, from a thousand pounds the old Earl of Elsburgy (who resided many years, and died here) left for that purpose.

It is still a sort of mistry to me from whence the water in the high part of the town comes, as it seems to be much higher than any ground about it; and besides, the outsides of the rampards, and the fortifications and fossies are cut so deep, that I should think they would cut off any springs. I do not see any reservoirs of water, which a town that is fortified should not be without, if their fountain heads be not guarded from the enemy; but this, and many things else, I may come to the knowledge of, if my own countryfolks, of whom there are a good number here, employ their time in making any observations.

The grand church is a very large building, dedicated to Saint Gudel; I cannot say I ever heard of him before, unless it is an old beddel at Liberton kirk, who has been canonized.[1] I do not

[1] The house of Goodtrees, or Moredun, then the property of Sir James Steuart, Mrs. Calderwood's brother, is close to Liberton. We may perhaps infer that the name of the Beadle of Liberton Church in the year 1756 was *Goodall*.

know exactly how many convents are in the town, but I imagine not so many in proportion as in some other towns of less note.

I went one Sunday evening to the Begines[1] church, and through the Beginage; this foundation, if it be right imployed, is the only one I would adopt of all the church catholick. In this a woman may go and live, if she can mantain herself either from her funds or work; every one of them has a house and a small garden, and it is a little town within itself, narrow little streets, and cross lanes, and vastly clean. They have liberty to go about, are under no vows, and they may marry; only are to keep regular hours, as a gate shuts at a certain hour, which keeps them all in. I went to see them in church, where every one had a white vaill, which is just a peice of holland, about the size of a small table-cloth. I beleive there might be about three hundred of them; a

[1] Béguines, an ancient foundation in Flanders dating from 1184, named after the founder, Lambert le Béghe, a priest of the diocese of Liége; for widows and single women who desired to consecrate their lives to God's service. The name Béguinage was given to the abode, or group of houses, in which the community lived. They do not take perpetual vows nor renounce private property. At the present day the institution is still in a flourishing state in Belgium.

preist was giving the benediction, and there was no other man in the whole church. There was one came about gathering charity in the midst of the service, but she came very ill speed, for severalls gave her a nod to go on.

I have observed before the cheapness of charity in all these countries, but I did not reflect upon it. I thought an English shilling would be the least I would have given in a stranger church at home, and regrated I had not a two skillen peice to give, so gave one skillen: after I had given it, she came to the girl in the house I then lodged in, and whispered something.

'What does she want?' says I; 'would she have more?'

'No,' says she; 'she wants to know if you will have your change.'

'No,' says I, 'she may keep it all.'

But she could not beleive but it was a mistake in language, and came back again: in short, she, I suppose, had never seen silver in her ladle before. I walked through the Bigenage after the musick was over, and waited till they came out, that I might see their faces; and such a parcell of old, ugly, squinting, crooked, limping creatures I think I never saw.

'God be thanked,' thinks I, 'that here is a

cavy[1] for you, for I'm sure no other country could affoard such a collection. Marry! indeed you may marry, if anybody has a mind for you! there is no need of locking you up.'

And they make good use of their liberty, for, wherever you go, they are there. . . . I went into one of their houses, where two sisters and a neice lived together. Their house was just like a ship-cabbin; three little rooms below, one of which served for a kitchin, and they had rooms to sleep [in] above; it was very neat, and they showed me severall sorts of works they imployed themselves in, such as gum-flowers, purses, and such things, but none very elegant. I asked them if they made the religious orders:[2] they showed me only a Capucine, which was very well execute as to the figure, but I did not think the dress exact, (for you must know that severall orders differ widely from others by perhaps the cut of the cowll, whether it has a narrow point or a round;) besides his clothes were made of silk, which would never do. She said she could make them all for me, but I had found I must not bespeak anything in this place, for, had they been never so ill, she would have made a sad complaint, if I had not taken them.

[1] A hen-house.

[2] Models of costume.

A great part of their work is grounding lace. The manufactory of the lace is very curious; one person works the flowers, and they are all sold separate, and you will see a very pretty sprig, which the worker gets but twelvepence for working. The merchants have all these people imployed, gives them the thread to make them, then they lay them according to a pattern, and give them out to be grounded; after this they give them to a third hand, who hearts all the flowers with the open work: this is what makes that lace so much dearer than the Mechline, which is wrought all at once.

On Michaelmass day there was a grand procession through every street of this town, and all the windows were covered with green boughs. The town obliges all the begging orders to march at the procession. First came the officers of the town, drest in old crimson velvet robes, trimmed with silver, down to their heels, and at the bottom a girth, which held them out like a hoop. They carried St. Michael their patron, and the arms and ensigns of the town. Then came the trades, and each trade had its ensign carried before it. Then came the friers; and first the Capucines; secondly, the Minums, who are in black like Capucines, but

a different cut of clothes; thirdly the Dominicans; then the Carmelites, who have Besse's white capucine over their black gowns, and amongst them there was the fattest swelled carles ever I saw; fifthly, the Franciscans, who are drest like the Capucines, but have no bairds, and they were a set of poor whinsing-like[1] bodies; they were not so numerous as I imagined, for, in every order, one with another, there are forty a-peice, lay brothers included, which made two hundred: next came the clergy, that is, the seculars, who were not so numerous neither, if they were all there; they had on their robes in which they officiate, excepting a particular robe which is put on when they are to touch the host; these robes were surpluses of stripped musline: then came the magistrates of the town; and, last of all, came the high preist, carrying the host under a canopy; every now and then once in every street, he came from under the canopy, and held up the host, at which everybody kneeled.

This procession, on every side of the street, was lined with the principal burghers of the town, who carried wax candles: but I was told that this show was not so fine as St. Christopher, who is the

[1] Whinge, to complain.—JAMIESON.

tallest man they can get, and he walks upon stilts, such as the country folks wade the water with, and carries a boy on his back; and the prince makes St. Christopher a present of about £10 for his trouble.

Mr. Nidham carried me with the boys up to a window to see the procession. He laughed at it very easily:

'Well,' says he to the boys, 'what do you think of this?'

They thought shame to answer, as they durst not laugh at it.

'You won't see the like of that in Edinburgh.'

'No, truely,' says I, 'they would expect the devil was to drive up the rear there.'

We pay a great many taxes to the church in this house, but they are all very small, and they tell what they must have. They will come, 'One *liard* for a man who is to be hanged to-morrow;' this is to pay for his getting out of purgatory. Every Sunday, '*Deux liards* for the passion of the *Bon Dieu*,' '*Un sous* for the Capucines,' etc. All the tax common inhabitants pay to the government or town is one pistole from the landlord, and another from the tennant in the year to the queen.

As for living here, it is very reasonable: all

sorts of meat is very good, and is threepence-halfpenny the pound; the fowls sixpence and eightpence, according to the goodness; partridges are fivepence or sixpence the peice; the pidgeons fourpence, sometimes less, but they are the largest I ever saw, and as much meat upon them as on an ordinary chicken; the fish just as they are plenty or scarce; oysters twentypence the hundred, and mussles very cheap; and the red herrings are very good and fat, not so dry as with us, nor so salt; all sorts of garden things very good and cheap; butter the finest can be eat. There is a kind called prince's butter, which sells at fivepence the pound; this butter was famous when King Charles was in exile, and, as he was fond of it, it got the priviledge of a particular stamp, with an imperiall crown upon it, which it still keeps. The other butter, some of which is as good, sells for fourpence and fourpence-halfpenny the pound.

The candle is but our four shilling the stone; great and small have cotton wicks, they are all dipped, none moulded; but, as people are always so contentious, that they cannot enjoy anything that is cheap, to prevent themselves from the benefit of it, nobody burns anything but wax when

they have company. The wax-candles, the best is twenty-eight pence the pound, others twenty-five, but not good.

Fireing of all kinds is the dearest thing here; coals are six florins the thousand, they come from Namur: there are two kinds, called fat and lean coalls; they burn best together, for the fat burns so slow, that, if you do not take care, it will die out, and the lean burns like a tar barrell. The wood is likeways dearer, at least it would be to us, who must have at least four constant fires, but we burn wood in the kitchin: the use of it, and [what] makes the folks here use it is, that when they want a fire, they have it imediatly, and it goes out when they are done with it; whereas when you once lay on a coal fire, you must burn it out. Everybody comes in to us is like to be brunt to death, but I find they like it very well. In all the shops and in most of the houses, they use stoves, which, as we are coal-masters,[1] I will say nothing of; and, least anybody grudge not being let into this secret for their comfort, they do best with wood, but our

[1] The allusion is no doubt to the fact of the chief wealth of Coltness lying in its coal mines. Indeed the name of the place is said to be derived from the circumstance of the coal in that locality 'jutting out in *points*.'—*Coltness Collections*, p. 57.

stoves in Edinburgh, last winter, were all out in their contrivance, which may be set down to the account of want of observation; so, since they have not profited by their own travells, they shall no profit by mine.

I have often heard it said, that, when one saw an usefull contrivance, they are apt to think, 'I wonder how I have done all this time without that;' but the only thing has struck me in that way has been the charcoall, and I do wonder it has never made its way to Scotland, where we have so much wood that no use can be made of. I sent John and the bairns to see a charcoall kiln when at Spaw; it is a very simple operation; it was such a road I could not go in a machine, which I regrated. I do think it is the most usefull thing I have met with, and it is certainly with great labour that our cooks can dress so many dishes without it, as you know we cannot have in any kitchin above two stoves, because they must vent up the chimney; but with it you may have twenty in the midst of the floor, and unless it is to boill a large pot or roast meat, there is no use for a fire in the kitchin grate. They have not the least smoak, and in your new house, any place you would have keept warm in winter, and wanted to

dry, without bestowing a great deall of fire upon, only set a choffer with it into the room, and it will keep it in a constant gentle heat. I do not know how far the Newcastle cinders may answer in place of it, but it is worth the while to try. All the women here use stoves for their feet, and it is only for want of charcoall that the kaill wives in Edinburgh have suffered so much cold.

All my volumes end abruptly, and so must this, as Lady Nelly goes to-morrow, and is to carry it, so [I] must haste to my inventor[1] and plan I promised you. I have not time to look over nor correct the last pages, which you will do before anybody else see [them]. I have only one thing in my works which any great author has had before me, that, like Shakspear, I write without a blot, that is, without correction or second thought; for, as an author I have heard quoted by Mrs. Murray says,

> First in my head, then to my hand,
> Then to my pen, when I
> Am upon paper dribled out
> Most dentely.

Now, my dear, I must finish my journall for this period, as Lady Nelly goes to-morrow morn-

[1] Inventory of furniture.

ing, and this with her. All I shall say by way of conclusion is, that travelling may be an advantage to wise men, and a loss to fools, and the weight of anybody's brain is well known, when they are seen out of their own country. The proper use of it is to learn to set a just value upon every country, or the things they possess; and I beleive, when accompts are ballanced, the favours of Providence are more equally distributed than we rashly imagine what one country wants another can supply, which links men into one common society; and it is curious to observe the contrivances they fall on to supply those wants either cannot be purchased, or are too expensive for the generality.

The people on the continent have their minds more at large with regard to the rest of the world than those in an island; they have opportunity of converse with all nations, which takes off prejudice, except when it is politicall, and even then it does not extend to individuals. Their behaviour is politer, because they are often amongst strangers, and it makes just the same difference betwixt them and us, as it does on the same man when he is in company and at home; he is the same man in head and heart, when he is intertaining a great visitor, as he is when lolling at his own fireside.

After setting a just value upon others, I must next set it on myself. I think I have done wonders, that, in the midst of all my hurry, I have found time to write so many pages, as all this is wrote since I came to Bruxells; and I have gone so much through this town that I know it as well as Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XI.

Preface to the 'FOURTH VOLUME': *Brussels, its inhabitants' characteristics: Spanish pride of the Nobility: An Irish Lady and her daughter: Madame Beaton: Major Ducary of Lord Stair's Regiment: Wanderings of Madame Beaton: Her French: Her card-playing: Madame Jolly: Her provisional Baptism: Controversial talk:* GOSSIP: *An unfortunate Prince: Dutch Rapacity: Frost and the 'English Key.'*

FINDING in myself neither genius, nor capacity, nor application to acquire the French by book, and, like other authors, having got the scribling itch, I suppose; or perhaps seldom geting out my breath in good Scots; or from what other reason I know not, but I find an impulse to return to my journall. Had I acquired the French, I might likeways have acquired the art of making compliments, and, instead of saying I wrote for my own pleasure, I would have said I wrote for yours;

so I would, if a compliment of that kind could be genteely turned in so barbarous a language as the English. This I think preface enough to my fourth volume.

This city of Bruxells, then, makes a great figure upon ground, but, by the number of the inhabitants, it is not much more populous than Edinburgh, 53,000 being the common computation. It has a great many streets, but, betwixt them, there must be waste ground of some kind, for you see no small lanes which carry you from one to another, and everybody lives to the street, so that it is like Glasgow in this respect: the churches, monastries, and such places, take up a great deall of room for few inhabitants. The people are in generall but poor, though they cannot be said to be oppressed with poverty, but, compared with other places, (at least in Britain,) they are, so far as they live very poorly, and do not, by so doing, acquire much money. They are a mixture of the Spanish and Dutch, but the worst of both characters, for they have the Spanish pride and the Dutch phlem, and have neither the honesty of the first nor the industry of the last.

The people of fashion are the most remarkable

in this respect, for the burghers are a grave dull set, and some of them rich, and the commons much like as in other countries; but the nobility are all broken, their estates drowned in debt: the younger branches are as noble as the head to all generations, so that, as they have no money, and will not follow any sort of busness, they either take to the more noble occupation of begging, or fill the monastries both with men and women.

An English woman who lives in this town, and keeps a coffee-house, told me the other day, that a lady of high quality came to her, asking releif, for she had two daughters, grown women, who were sitting at home without a shift. The English woman, though she has been in this country since ten years of age, had so much of the vulgarity of her country in her, that she said she was surprised she had let her distress come to such a hight, and had not taught her daughters to do something, or go to service; upon which the noblewoman said, she was the first ever had the impudence to even her daughters to serve anybody.

'Since it is below your daughters to serve,' says she, 'madam, it is much more below you to beg from me, who have eight children, and nothing to mantain them but my industry!'

But this, I suppose, you will think a rare instance, but it is not, for even those of our own country who have been long in this imbibes the same prejudices, in particular the Irish. I am acquainted with a very sensible woman, whose husband was a collonell in the Queen's service; they have little or nothing (she and one daughter) of their own. The Queen[1] gives the mother about £16 per annum, and the daughter about £4, by way of pension. The daughter is a fine mettal-like lassie, and might have made a shift both for her mother and herself, had she been bred not to think it dishonourable. They live in a poor room, and when I go to see them, I find them within the very chimney, cowring over a poor wood fire, their heads drest and powdered, a dish of tea perhaps on one end of the table, and a pack of cards on the other, that they had been playing at, and I dare say they had old clothes enough to mend.

I talked to Madam Beaton of them, and said it was a pity they were so poor, and so many of the British here, who, if they were spoke to, would contribute something for them; she said, if such a thing was offered, they would go mad. She had once mentioned at a distance, that it was not dis-

[1] The Empress Maria Theresa.

honourable for a young lady, such as Miss, to do any little thing, such as washing lace, or plating caps, etc.; but it was all that she escaped without a quarrell.

The lady said she was much afraid, when she applied to the Queen for a pension, that her majesty would have offered Miss the post of one of the chambermaids of her private apartment; some daughters of inferior rank had accepted, but, as Miss was a collonell's daughter, she could not do it without disgracing herself; and, after much argument on this, and other heads of the same nature, Miss declared she would rather starve in a garret.

This lady has been over all the world, France, Italy, all Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia, and a good deall of England, and speaks all languages, and so does the girl. The woman herself is indolent, peevish, low-spirited, and discontented, and plagues the poor girl to be a nun, which she has no taste for. She was bred in a convent in Hungary, where she would have her to go again, but she will not hear of it.

The day I was there last was on the 30th November, St. Andrew's day, which was observed by the British and Irish here by wearing a cross,

and our lads were not a bit more interested in having their crosses made, than was the oldest in the town about the same affair. I had severall messages the night before, that the crosses had come home without the thistle, as the person employed could not make it; but it was too late for me to give the pattern, so they must go without it, which was sad.

The Lady and Miss said they were very melancholly that day, as it remembered them how often they had been merry upon it. Her husband had been governour of Ostend, and that being near the Dutch garrisons, the Scots officers had them always at that day's entertainment, which was very splendid. These officers' wives lead an idle, gamesome sort of life abroad; all the British, when abroad, are very fond of their countryfolks, and are always together; so, when they come to be left in a way that cannot support that, it makes them very miserable.

Madam Beaton I have often mentioned, but never had time to give her a chapter. Madam Beaton is by birth Irish, and was a squire's daughter near Cork; that being a plentifull country, and cheap, she learned good living early, and speaks yet with a relish of Irish turkies, capons, and fish.

She came to England when about seventeen, has been well-lookt, and was married to one Major Ducary,[1] in Lord Stair's regiment. He brought her to Scotland, where she stayed some years, I beleive, and where she was acquented with every mortall, and remembers them all most exactly. Whilst she was at Glasgow, her husband died, and she says the civility and kindness shown her from

[1] There is a passage in Wodrow's *Analecta*, dated 1725, which has sometimes been cited as showing that Colonel Gardiner, the Christian hero of Prestonpans, had served at one time in the 'Scots Greys' (or 2d North British Dragoons), and that he joined that very distinguished regiment in succession to the officer named by Mrs. Calderwood; the sentence is:—'I have a very pleasant account of Major Gardiner, formerly Master of Horses to the Earl of Stair, and now lately, on the death of Major du Curry, made Major of Stair's Gray Horse.' (Vol. iii. p. 198.) From information furnished to me, with the utmost courtesy, from the War Office, it is now possible to set this question at rest. The records show that Major James Gardiner received his commission in that rank 'in Earl of Stair's Dragoons (now 6th Dragoons) *vice* Major Duquerry deceased, 20th July 1724.'

The mistake in supposing him to have served in 'Stair's Gray Horse' probably arose from the fact that Lord Stair was Colonel of the 2d N. B. Dragoons from 24th April 1706 to 20th April 1714, and *again* from 28th May 1745 to 27th May 1747. In Dr. Doddridge's *Remarkable passages in the Life of Colonel Gardiner*, written two years after his death, there is a curious passage which, by inference, seems to show that the reverend biographer had fallen into the same error.

all ranks on that occasion was what no country is capable of but Scotland. She was left with one son.

She married again one Collonell Beaton, who was an Englishman; he was an old batchelor. I don't think she speaks with so much *gout* of him as she does of Major Ducary. She had no children to him, and, whether he left her with mony or not, I know not, but she has, with her pension, about £200 *per annum*. She had lived likeways a merry sort of life, was much at London, and in a sort of circle of her own, and in use, as the phraze is, to keep good company. This was a little too expensive for her, as supper-giving was in fashion amongst them, and *whist* was beginning to rise considerably in its price: she could not think of a smaller town in England, where there was no court, and only those whom she had considered as the second rank of people to converse with: my lord and lady had been so long used to shine out and furnish conversation, that she could not be interested in the affairs of meaner people.

About this time, when she was just ready for a disgust, her only son, who had gone abroad with Lord Cathcart,[1] died in the expedition; this afflicted

[1] Charles, 8th Lord Cathcart, a distinguished military officer, was appointed in 1740 Commander-in-Chief of all the British

her so that she could neither keep company nor be alone. An English lady who had been a freind of hers, was in Holland since the Princess[1] went over, and she thought she would go to the Hague. There was a court and company whose names sounded great, and she could go to court at little expence. She lived there for some years; her freind died, and this was a new affliction; then war came on, and severall of her old crony officers killed, and this was a new heart-break.

She then set out, and tried different places, first at Ghent, and then here, where there were some folks she knew; and here was a court, and she got herself introduced, upon the footing of going there on what they call common days; but for what is called galla days, there are none admitted but the nobility of the country, who wear a court habit, and are called *appartment ladies*. This dress is like what you have seen in old pictures, or on the stage, in tragedy; it is a black silk gown, made like a girl's robe, coat laced behind, and puffed in the sleeves, and to it is wore a very rich pittecoat. A countess

Forces in America, with a view to operations against the Spanish possessions in that country: he embarked at Spithead, but died at sea in December of that year.

[1] The marriage of Anne, Princess Royal of England (see p. 62) took place in 1734.

I am acquented with is one of those ladies, and goes to court on great days in her dress, though she lives in a *pension* for £16 *per annum*.

This *pension*, I beleive, I mentioned before, but you must exques repetitions, as I observe no order of time exactly, though I give my *works* the name of a *journall*. But, least it has been in some letter to another, I shall tell you, (as I will have occasion to speak of it by the name of the *pension*,) that it is originally a foundation for a charity school for girls. The woman who undertakes this gets a large old mansion, which she lets out to folks who take a room, furnish it, and board with her, and provide everything but dinner and supper. There is eighteen of them, only one of which I can speak to, but I am acquented with severalls. This is called a retreat; and these retreats and monastries are reckoned genteel here, and they often make a good figure in romance, but in reality and practice, they are very poor dirty holes: but hunger and cold are in no disgrace in these countries.

But to return to Madam Beaton: she has lived severall years here. She speaks the French most fluently, but they tell me it is the sadest language she makes it ever was, regarding neither noun nor verb, mood nor tence, masculine nor feminine;

these she says she can never remember, and without that the French is no language. She said, at Spaw, there was no matter for the rain, she would cover herself with her *navell*, meaning her umbrella. She has a little neat house, has a maid of this town, and a boy who sowes point in the forenoon, and waits on her in the afternoon.

There are two houses where assemblies are keept for cards, viz., Coubensall's,[1] the minister from Vienna, and a Count Colenberg's;[2] but there they play high, and Madam by that is excluded, as *the devil has hanged a dog before her door*, for she never holds a card, which is a very considerable affliction, as it in a manner prevents her from enjoying her favourite amusement, as she cannot affoard to lose every night.

[1] Count Cobenzl, minister at Brussels of the government of the Austrian Netherlands, had it in his power to be of considerable service to Sir James Steuart and Lady Frances, some time after the date of these letters (see *post*). Count Cobenzl is repeatedly mentioned in the documents quoted by Carlyle in his *Life of Friedrich II. of Prussia* as minister at Berlin between the years 1777 and 1779.

[2] Count Callenberg, 'the Bishop, General, and Count,' as Mrs. Calderwood describes him further on, belonged to an Austrian family originally from Westphalia, advanced to the dignity of Counts in 1654.—See Rietstap's *Armorial Général*. Gouda, 1861.

But what I think is most surprising in her chusing to stay here is, that she is the bitterest and most inveterate Irish protestant and whigg ever was, and her religion and politicks, especially at present, are so opposite to the folks she lives amongst, that she dare not open her mouth upon that head; everything which is joy to them is sorrow to her, so that a woman who loves cards and politicks, to be debarred both, is certainly a hevy dispensation: if it was not the want of a court, no place would make her so happy as Edinburgh. I have often said to her, I wondered when she was in search of a residence, it never came in her head to go there, where she knew so many folks; she says she wondered often at it herself, but busness first carried her to Holland, and she came by degrees to be used to these countries.

Another acquentance of mine is a Madam Jolly, English by birth; her father, an officer in the Dutch [service], married a woman of this country. He dying, the mother bred the children popish, and lived here; she married an officer of this service, who was very extravagant, and left her very little. A brother she had in this service and she lived together after her husband's death, till the brother died; and now she lives in the *pensions*.

She is a very fine, sensible, merry body, and loves the cards dearly, and has great luck. She is a very moderate papaist. She had forgot her English, but has got it so well again as to speak it pretty well. She told me, when she came over here she was nine years old, and her mother's friends would have her baptised again; that the preist was against it, and said she was well enough baptised, but they insisted, and he baptised provisionally, that, 'if she was not baptised before,' etc.

'I remember,' says she, 'he put salt[1] in my mouth, and I spit it out; so, to make me keep it, he gave me sugar.'

Though baptism is as much a sacrement with them as with us, yet the church allows it to be administrated by anybody, the father, mother, or midwife, in a case of necessity, otherways, it being administrated by a preist who had no ordination,

[1] The writer seems to be exact as regards Catholic doctrine and practice in such a case:—'. . . The minister puttis salt in y^e^ barins mouth quhilk betakins y^at^ his wordis suld evir be seasonit with spiritual salt of wisdome and discretioun and that he suld keip him fra the corruptioun and stink of dedlie syn. . . . And quhensaever the tyme of neid chancis that the barne can nocht be brocht conveniently to a preist, and the barne be ferit to be in peril of dede, than all men and wemen may be ministers of Baptyme.'—See Archbishop Hamilton's *Catechisme*, (St. Andrews 1552,) folio cxxxi.-ii.

such as they call [that of] the church of England, would be no baptism at all. The church of England, with their ordination, which they think so much of, and will not allow to us,[1] is all pulled down by the papaists; which always puts me in mind of Mr. Logan, and somebody else, who advertised against each other about the true Anderson's pills.

I found that Madam Jolly was very ill versed in controversy, for she said that we and they differed in very few things; the most materiall was, that we beleived Jesus Christ to be the son of Joseph and Mary. I told her she was mistaken there, for our faith in that particular was the very same; and when I told her the beleif and discipline of the protestant churches, she said she thought our way was a very good way. She did not much admire, she said, the way of praying to saints, and that she often said to a young lady in her *pension*, who, says she, has a great deall of piety and very little sense.

'Why do you go to St. Peter and St. Paul? is not there the *Bon Dieu* in the sacrement shown you every day, and many times carried past your windows in the street? why don't you pray to him?'

[1] That is, to the Church of Scotland.

'Can you not,' says I, 'pray to the *Bon Dieu*, though you do not see him in the sacrement? you are very sure he hears you, but are not sure the others do; and I am sure,' says I, 'if there were no more petitions offered to St. Peter and St. Paul than what comes from Bruxells, (which is every hour of the day and night almost,) these poor saints would have little enjoyment of heaven, if they were obliged to hear them all.'

She said that was very true, and therefore she gave them very little trouble.

I asked her if she had any curiosity to read the Scriptures? She said, no; for there might be things in them she did not understand, and that it would trouble her if it was so. She told me the confessors never visit here, except when folks are sick, and cannot go abroad to them; that hers was an old Jesuite whom she had confessed to many years, but she was not acquented with him; that when her brother was dying, his confessor came to him, and she said—

'Oh! Father, take care of my brother, for he has lived much in the world, though he has never been a bad man.'

'No fear of your brother,' says he, 'these are the people I like best to confess; it's your nuns

and your *filles devots*,' says he, 'that we are plagued with, [and] all their triffeling nonsense.'

'Dear,' says I, 'what can the poor nuns have to confess?'

'Oh!' says she, 'a great deall; if an evil or an idle thought come in their head, they have nothing to divert it, and there is nobody so ambitious of finery and dress, and, after they see one drest body that comes to visit them, they think upon it, and upon the fashion, and then they will confess that such a gown, and such a cap, and such a ribbon imployed their thoughts.'

All the British in this town (that is, the women) are mostly what I call adventuresses. There is a Mrs. Child, a divorced wife, married to one Child a man of fortune in England. The Duke of St. Albans lives here. . . . There is a Mrs. Pope whose husband is an officer at Gibraltar, and she in the mean time travelled for her amusement, and has found a gallant here, one Sir Lambert Blackwell,[1] a man of fortune, who, as his family is increased, is furnishing a large house; then Miss Townsend, who run away with an officer who has

[1] This was the 3d Baronet of that name: he died unmarried in 1801. The Baronetcy is now extinct.

a wife, was here for some time, but is now, I beleive, living at Antwerp.

I have no great ambition to be acquainted with Madam Beaton's princes, nor with my own countryfolks; the first I cannot speak to; the last I will not speak to. There are three girles in this town, I regreate, from their charracter, that I cannot speak to, as they are Scots; these are daughters of one Generall Gibson, near relations of Dury's,[1] being neices to Clerk Gibson, whose father was governour of Courtray the last war; and when the town was taken he was blamed, they say unjustly, and lost his command. He had, it seems, married a woman of no rank; her father was steward to the Duke d'Aremberg, and had a very good income, but by this marriage the girls lost their rank of gentlewomen, and cannot be admitted in fashionable company. They stay with their uncle, who has the same office, and has each of them a pension of £25 *per annum* from the Queen. They can speak no English: every-

[1] Gibson of Durie, a very respectable family in Fife, where they possessed lands from the time of James IV. till the estate of Durie was sold in 1785. Several members of this family have held the office of Principal Clerk of the Court of Session—see *East Neuk of Fife*, by the Rev. W. Wood, p. 290.

body commends them for very fine girls. They wrote home to their uncle upon their father's misfortune, but he, it seems, would do nothing for them, till they should change their religion.

The folks here are quite mad upon gentry: if an English peer comes here, who has married a low woman, which is often the case, he is received at court, but she cannot; and there is a poor unfortunate prince in this town, whom I pity from my heart. This youth was unhappily led in to marry a servant girl; he had an office about the court here, which he immediatly lost; he was degraded from his rank and put in prison, in order to make him disown the marriage, but he would not. He was at last set at liberty, and allowed to live with her, but banished this town. He has since got leave to reside here, but is no more a prince, and no more a gentleman; and she is only called Madamoiselle Caterine, and his children have no rank. All the coaches pass his door every day to the court, where he dare not go, and though this, to be sure, gives him often a sore heart, yet he lives very well with his wife. He has never condescended to keep low company, and therefore keeps but few; but Madamoiselle Caterine cronys with the burghers. Perhaps it may be the best thing ever

could happen to his children, for they are now in a capacity to make a fortune by honest industry.

It is very odd that the nobility has never found out and defeated this politick of their princes, to keep them poor and dependent, and, if they had anything to depend upon, I would think the less of it, but here they have nothing to look for, as all the revenue the Queen gets from this country is no more than mantains the troops she keeps in it, (which is about 18,000 or 20,000 men, at ten farthings a-day the common men, and, I suppose, the officers in proportion,) and the officers and expenses of the court here, which cannot be very great. The Prince loves company, and is very agreeable, but it is pretty much in the stile of a private man.

Of this ten farthings a-day, the soldier pays four to those who bake and bring them their bread, and to a barber to dress their hair, and order their mustachos, so that but six remains to live upon. Very few of them marry, and, considering by this and the church, how few people propagate, it is surprising how populous this country is. I do not see how it can bear more taxes than it has, for they have no trade by sea, and severall hardships put upon everything goes either out or comes in.

There is a fine cannall, which carries goods down to Antwerp, but then they are to take out of one boat into another severall times from Antwerp; they will sometimes be ten days of going down to Holland, where they must be shipped. They must be taken to a fort at Antwerp, called St. Phillip's, and there they must be examined, unless they have first been shown, and inventured and valued at the custom-house here. When anything is to come up from Holland, the person it is coming to here must send a note of the goods to St. Phillip's, and, if there is anything but made clothes or things used, they must there pay a duty. All these hardships are imposed by the Dutch, who sit like a salmond-cruve at the bottom of the Scheld, and let nothing pass.

To encourage this country to trade, there was a tariff of fixed duties to have been settled at the treaty of Utrecht, but, as they could not agree, it was referred to commissaries; of this number was Blair's uncle, John Drummond, who tarriffed all his days. Then the war came on, and, at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was again referred to new commissaries, of whom Andrew Mitchell[1] was

[1] Margaret Cunningham, widow of James Steuart, second son of 'Gospel Coltness,' married after 1704 Mr. W. Mitchell, a

one, who tarriffed at Bruxells for some years to as little purpose; the Dutch[1] triffeled, and so, I suppose, did the commissioners, so that the thing stands as it did forty years ago.

All that this country sends out is corn, linnen, some tapistry and lace. There are some silks manufactored at Antwerp, but for everything else, they bring here all the manufactors of other countries, which are alone for home consumption. All sorts of silver and gold dress, and silks, and women's dresses, are all from Paris, all West India goods either from France or Holland, all East India from Holland, and all but a few woollen goods from England.

The ground about this town is very dear, like fifty shillings the aiker, but it is very rich, and all sorts of vegetables are cheap, and the poor live

minister of the Canongate Church of Edinburgh. Their son, Andrew Mitchell, was a Scotch advocate, a Councillor at Law in England, M.P., and Under Secretary of State. Afterwards Sir Andrew Mitchell was named a Commissioner for adjusting our commerce with the Austrian Netherlands; and for some years was Envoy at the Court of Frederick the Great. 'James's money he left his widow was the foundation of all this.'—See Sir Arch. Steuart's *Memorials: Coltness Collections.*

[1] 'In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.'
(*George Canning's cipher despatch to Sir Ch. Bagot.*)

much upon them, and their fast days use them to it. They make no use of oat-meall, but a brown sort of wheat bread; the oat-meall is only sold for water-gruell, and is keept by the apothecaries, or some shops who sell things not a-kin to it. I pay fourpence for every pound of it for the boys' pottage; the folks with you would think we were all starving if they heard [of] thirty-two pence the peck of meall.

I began to think vegetables a more holesome diet than I did, and the folks in this place would make one beleive that eating was but a custom; for they are very fat and honest-like, and twice a day is the most any of them eats, and on meagre days even that is very slim. They take nothing but some tea, without milk or sugar, to their breakfast, dine at twelve upon some boiled turnips and sallad or potatoes, and take a bit of cheese and bread, with a drink of beer at supper, but eat none with their tea in the afternoon. This is those who cannot affoard fish on fast days; the poor are allowed to eat the inwards of the cattle on fast days. When we came first to this house, we got an old woman, till we were provided in a servant, and Peg Rannie thought she would be very kind to her, and gave her plenty of milk and sugar to her

tea, but she complained to Mr. Calderwood that they spoilt her tea by the milk and sugar.

The monastries give away all the fragments of their tables to the poor, which makes many of them depend upon it, and not work. Severall of the orders, who are very fat, never taste flesh. The begging of the monks makes begging here not dishonourable, for you would be surprised to see such well-drest beggars; besides that, I beleive the commons send out all their children a-begging. There are many very able to work, has no other imployment; you will see them standing at a door and touting a *Pater noster* through the key-hole.

I was coming up a little street one day, when a very decent, well-drest man took off his hat, and made me a bow, and said something softly; I imagined he had some prohibit goods to sell, and made him a curtisy, and asked him what he said, and he asked charity for two children he had: I thought as much shame as if it had been me that was begging, but, having learned the way of the place, I gave him a farthing, for which he was very thankfull. I very often surprise a poor old body, whom I see working a stocking, or doing anything of work kind, by giving them a placket, which is threepence-halfpenny, at which they clap down on

their knees, and pray in Latin till you are out of hearing.

The Latin prayers have cost me severall pence, for the bairns were so fond of making them pray, that all the copper money was lawfull prise whenever they got their hands over it, so that they never set out without half a dozen at their taill. I asked somebody who knew, why there were folks in such good dress begging? They said it was the fashion over all this country for people to travell for nothing, and anybody who could not affoard to go in a carriage, if they had busness from one country to another, never thought of money to bear their charges, but begged everything they got; and the folks on the road had learned to think themselves obliged to feed and lodge them for nothing, just as the lasses at Moffat think themselves obliged to carry the men over the waters.[1]

The value of money is not diminished here by paper credit, nothing but specie goes for anything; the silver is of a very bad quality, and the old

[1] Captain Burt, an Engineer officer, whose *Letters from the Highlands*, written about 1726, were edited by Sir Walter Scott, mentions this custom, and gives a quaint engraving illustrative of it.

gold is better than the new. Money going out of the country for so many things, and coming in for so few, makes money of more value here, in some respects, than it appears to be by the prices of most things; but these things are brought from countries where it is more plenty than here, so cannot be sold so cheap as the produce of the country, so that the value of money can hardly be perceived in anything, so much as in what you give for nothing, which is certainly as little here as anywhere.

Labour is not cheap, because those who labour most have wherewithall to purchase foreign commodities, but to give away a skilling here for nothing is as much as giving half a crown with us, which is the only way I can judge of the value of money here, when it has no connection with other places.

Our house stands upon a street which has a considerable slope; the first snow that fell, the boys made a slide upon it, and hurled one another down on boards and little stools, as it is almost the only place of the town they could have that diversion. There gathered a good number of genteel-like lads with muffs and ruffles, like about fifteen or sixteen years of age; they made a

prodigious noise, and I sent out the maid, who could speak to them, and begged the favour they would go away; they cursed and bullied, and still held on. All means being tried, I was quite in despair, as the snow seemed to lie with a strong frost, and this would be a sad life; at last I thought I would try, be their rank what it pleased, my *English key*, as I call it, which had opened everything for me yet, and sent out the maid again to tell them, if they would leave their slide, I would give a skilling: at which they fled as the devil had been at their taill, and returned, some with hammers, some with shufles and padles, and to the slide they fell, and picked every bit of it off the street, the skilling being first depositate in a neutrall person's hand.

CHAPTER XII.

An unsuccessful Candidate: His ménage: *A simple Ice-house: The Sun and Smoke: Mr. Whitnor and the Nuns: Visit to a Convent: English desire of Ease: Unknown to the Scotch: Ceremony of a* NUN'S PROFESSION: *The Sermon and Farewell.*

THERE lives in this town one Mr. Hope, an Englishman, and near relation to Mr. Fox,[1] our late prime minister. This man, at the age of twenty-one, came to be master of his fortune, which was £1500 *per annum.* He set out in the common course of young men of fortune, and, in a short time, impaired it greatly by keeping the best company, and, to repair it again, he set up

[1] In the Newcastle Administration, formed in April 1754, Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) succeeded Sir Thomas Robinson, who became Earl of Grantham—'Thomas, King of England,' Walpole calls him,—as Secretary of State.

The occasion of this change of Ministers was the general upturn which ensued on the refusal of Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to acquiesce in the proposed 'German Subsidies,'

for member of parliament, which finished him very soon.[1] You will think it little wonder if upon this he took low spirits, and, after his freinds had settled all his affairs, and got him, out of the wrecks of his estate, betwixt £30 or £40 *per annum*. He came abroad, travelled about from place to place till he had forgot his misfortunes, and, some years ago, he settled here. He has a room which he furnished for himself, and this room is his whole house; he mantains himself in everything without boarding, dresses his own meat, buys everything for himself, and requires no assistance from anybody. In the forenoon he puts on his frock, and goes to market, and is Mr. Hope's man; in the afternoon he is very genteely drest, with a sword, (which nobody can stir over the door without here,) and is Mr. Hope himself.

when places went a begging. Walpole writes, 30th Sept. 1755:—'At last we are forced to strike sail to Mr. Fox: he is named for Secretary of State with not only the lead, but the power of the House of Commons.'—(*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 471.) It may be in this sense that Mrs. Calderwood speaks of him as the 'late prime Minister.' The Administration resigned in Nov. 1756.

[1] This was a common incident in those days:—

'Parliamenteering is a sort of itch
That will too oft unwary Knights bewitch,
Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent,
Stood thrice, but spoke not once in Parliament.'—*Art of Politics*.

His acquaintances say, that sometimes they see him pretty often, and other times not in six months; that I suppose is just as he is in the humour, for he lives intirely to his own taste, and subjects himself to nothing that is not agreeable to him. It seems he was in a visiting humour when Sir James was here last winter, for he came to him often, and I got a letter to him from Sir James, but it was severall weeks before I could find him. At last I got the letter conveyed to his hand, and have had two very short visits of him; he is one you must not press or invite, because he says he has a great deall to do, and cannot give up his time to others. His house is at the one end of the town, and he has a garden at the other, to which he goes severall times a-day, and works it himself, and is, they say, very curious in this particular.

He keeps the hours of this country, and dines at twelve o'clock: however, as I suppose he took a fondness for Sir James, he dined with him often; but then he must show he was so much on a footing, that he must dine again with him, so invited him, and severall others, to a very genteel dinner, which he had drest himself; notwithstanding of which, there was he, drest out, and the dinner

upon the table, ready to receive them at the time appointed. He keeps a close correspondence with England, and is still much interested in the politicks, and gets over severall of the new books, and all the magazines.

The thing which will look most wonderfull to you is Mr. Hope's cookery, as it conveys the idea of a well-drest gentleman broilling over a fire, but you must know that the dearness of fireing here has made the folks very ingenious to save that article, and by a stove either for wood or coall, they can dress, in the best room in the house, upon this stove, a roast, a boill, a fry, a stew and a bake. But I told you before, that I would not publish that secret;[1] neither am I affraid that any of our travelling gentlemen will bring it home, except your brothers, who, by their youth and insignificance, have an opportunity of making minute observations, which are overlooked by those who are only received in every house in a drawing-room, and there imployed at cards; whereas the others get leave to stroll about, and look into every corner.

Since I have mentioned them, you must allow me to notice to you an observation of Willie's,

[1] See *ante*, page 268.

which I did not think unjust, though it was a reflection on ourselves at home. I had often observed in the park here, a kind of hut, round, and thatched down to the ground, just like a great bees' scape. As it was always shut, I could never see what was in it, till this day, that he and I went to take a walk in the park, and it was open, and a man working in it; I asked what it was, and was told it was the Prince's icehouse. I said to Willie that I wanted to see it, as I had heard of a gentleman in Scotland, who had laid out a great deall of money in building one; so we examined it, and found it was a pit, dug ten foot deep in the earth, upon a situation which sloped behind, I suppose to carry off any water that might gather from the ice melting; and that, in this pit, the thickest ice they could get was put in great lumps, a row of it and a row of wheat-straw, till it was full, and then covered over with the straw, and this hut was built above to cover it; and, instead of being cold, it was hot when you put your head into it.

'That is a very simple contrivance,' says Willie; 'but I suppose the man who built one in Scotland would be a curious man, and these very curious people with us are like the man in Guliver, who built a miln at the foot of a hill, and brought the

water from the hill top in leaden pipes to make it go, for, if you were to ask Mr. Grey how to make an icehouse, he would say, it must be first hewen stone, then covered with lead, and for the roof a marble arch, all for coolness, and would never think of a common hole houked[1] in the ground, and a straw cap on the head of it.'

I could not but laugh at this, as it was really true, in our imitations of things in other countries, rendered useless by being made so much better than they ought to be. If a man has a mind to make a thing he has no exact pattern of, but that he hears is practised abroad, the true way to hit the thing is to make it at the very least expence possible.

I have seen none of their hot-houses here, but, if they are as simple (as I suppose they are) as their cold-houses, they may be made and mantained at very little expence, and pine apples may become as plenty as onions, by the use of a coall stove or a peat one.

I am now a good deall reconciled to that sort of heat a stove gives; it makes a large room much warmer than the greatest fire can do; but [they] are not in the shape of urns, as if they contained

[1] Dug out.

the ashes of their dead friends; neither are they put in the place for the chimney, but in another part of the room, and have a communication with the vent; and there they stand, either like a sort of obelisk, or like a pedestall with a statue upon them.

I have before mentioned the bad contrived vents in this town, but there is one thing I think very odd, and that is, that there are many rooms which never smoak but at twelve o'clock, when the sun is at the highest, and shines down upon the chimney: there is one room in this house which does so; the way I found it out, I asked the Flemish maid we have, why she had not lighted the fire? She said she had not done it before twelve, so that it might be well kindled when the sun came about, and she let it stand till it was past the chimney head. I thought that had been a fancy of her own, but, going that day to pay a visit to Madam Jolly, she told me she was glad I did not come sooner, as she had been obliged to let her stove go out till the sun was past, and that it was a common observation here.

There was a gentleman paid us a visit on our first coming here, one Mr. Whitnor, an English Roman catholick, who has an estate of about

£700 *per annum*. This man was married and had a daughter, and his wife being dead, in order to educate his daughter, as all these people are, he brought her over here, and put her into the English nunry, where his sister was, and severall others of his friends. He has a brother, confessor at the English nunry at Ghent, within a day's journey. To be as near his daughter as possible, he boarded himself with the convent; that is to say, the confessor has a table, and some of the secular officers dine with him, and it is common for people to pension and eat with them, and lodge in detached places about the convent.

Here Mr. Whitnor lived some years, and only saw his daughter at the grate, which was oftener than he saw his sister, who is a nun; as the pensioners have more liberty, but not to come out, but to come when they are called for to the grate. His daughter, it seems, died, and then all his connection and attachment to the world was at an end, and he resolved to settle there for life, and, as he was but ill lodged before, he pulled down his apartment and built it anew.

He invited me to come and see the nuns, which I never did till lately. A day and hour was appointed, and Madam Beaton, Madam Jolly and

I, went there. Mr. Whitnor received us in a very good warm parlour, with a good coall fire. The grate into the speak-room is part of that parlour wall; a curtain was pulled aside, and Miss Whitnor, with two other nuns, came to the grate. Mrs. Whitnor is a very decent, sensible woman, about fifty, and is the prioress, the next office to the lady abbess, and it is supposed will succeed her, who is now eighty-seven years old, and confined in winter to her appartment.

The other two nuns were young, the one a grave-looking, modest-like lass, the other a very canty, merry quean[1] as ever I saw, but none of them handsome; they had no vaills on their faces, like the Antwerp ones. They are Benedictines, and I think their dress very becoming; they had upon their heads a thing first like a night-mutch, without a border, which covered their hair, and seemed to pin close below their chin; above that was a thing like a hood, a little looser, but still very strait to their cheeks; above that they had a brow-band, which came piquing down before, betwixt their eye-brows, and up on every side, so that it stood hollow above, like a large French plaite; above that was a vaill, like a cambrick

[1] Young woman.

napkin, of black thick crape; and within that, a white peice of cambrick, and this was pined on their heads. They had a collar which came round, like what you have seen coming down from their shoulder to their breast, but, instead of being plaited like the ruffs of old pictures, up and down, it was plaited across or round, according to its shape, as nicely plaited as ever you saw the sleeve of a man's shirt. Their gowns were black and long, and wide in the sleeves, and they had a thing called a *scapulair*, which most of the religious orders, both men and women, have, which is a thing of the same cloth with their clothes, like a slavering bibb, which comes down to their feet, is girt in with their belt, and into which they put their hands, and serves for a muff, as the muff is so necessary a peice of furniture in this country, that there is not a beggar but what has a muff.

And, by the bye, it is very droll to see the gentlemen walking with a great muff in hard frost, and at the same time not a hat upon their heads, and a lady walking with a furr capucine, her hair curled and powdered, with a little cap, or perhaps but a point, and nothing more on their heads.

But to return to the nuns: they opened the grate, and conversed very cheerfully with us.

The heartsome lass (I have forgot her name, but she is a gentleman of London's daughter, who is rich) has two sisters in the same convent, and had once two aunts; I should have said three aunts, for she has two there yet. She seemed to be very well pleased with her manner of life, though she thought it was strict.

They told us they rise at three o'clock in the morning, and have first an hour of private meditation; then are called to prayers till six; then another hour of meditation and private devotion; then breakfast; then to the work-room for two hours, where they must not speak but on recreation days, which are according to the time of the year, seldomer or oftener as it is a feast or fasting season. Then they dine about eleven, and go to the work-room again. The time of dinner they dare not speak, but have some one of them reading the lives of the saints to them, which is done likeways whilst they work. On certain days, they may come from four till six to the grate, if any freind want to see them, and go to bed at seven o'clock at night. As for their diet, they have four meagre days a-week, besides three weeks of Advent, which is just now before Christmas, and nine weeks instead of six in Lent.

In summer they are allowed to walk in the garden on recreation days, and to speak at their work, which this young one spoke of with great relish; then they have some jublee days, when they are allowed to be merry, and to play themselves, and dance, I suppose to any musick they can make amongst themselves. They are never allowed to see one another in private, and can have no discourse but in the work-room; they have a porteress who sees every one to her own cell at night; and when they are sick, they are brought to an infirmary room, where they are attended by physicians. None of the pensioners are allowed to go into the nuns' wards, nor anybody whatever. They wear no linnen, nor sleep in it, but in sheets of sarge, and have no fire but in the work-room.

The lady abbess orders all in common matters, but the Bishop of Mechlen is over her in extraordinaries. He is very strict, and they told us that an English lady, who came over here and turned catholick, and pensioned in their house, begged of the abbess that she would allow her to see the cells of the nuns. The lady abbess wrote to the bishop for his leave to grant that, but he said he would willingly give her two pounds of his blood, but could not grant that.

'Poor old creature,' says the nun, 'if he had had two pound of blood to give, he would not have denied that.'

They told us of another English catholick lady, who came over to try how she would like to be a nun; she was about forty, and a widow, but she could comply with everything but the silence, and speak she often would, and was reproved. The lady abbess, in a grave lecture upon that subject, told her—

'Our founder St. Benedict says, that women should be silent.'

'Your founder St. Benedict,' says she, 'was an old fool for saying so; what did he think a woman's tongue was made for?'

So she tired of them, and they of her; so they parted.

We drank tea, and they chatted very merrily, and all the time Mr. Whitnor was just delighted. He looks upon them all as his children, and jokes, and is very merry with them, and always, when he speaks of the nuns, he says, 'we,' and the lady abbess, 'our reverend mother.' He is a well-bred, precise sort of man, and an intelligent, bookish man, but he has that sort of want of apprehension, that I told you I found in many of the English, I

should rather say *comprehension.* For he was telling me the state of the convent, as to offices in it, and how they were filled up when vacant; that the lady abbess was chosen by the nuns by ballot; that every one put in any name she pleased, and the two who had the most votes were put in again, and she who had the most was chosen; and, if they could not agree, the bishop named one for them.

I asked him if the office of lady abbess was of that nature, that a nun might say she was ambitious of it, or was it supposed that, out of modesty, she was to decline it, like the bishops of England, or the Speaker of the House of Commons? But let me put that question in what light I could, the devil a bit he could understand what I meant; and all that I learned was, that if she was chosen, she could neither decline the office, nor demit it, nor could be turned out for any naturall inability; but, whether it was an honour to be aspired to, or too great an one for a modest person to think themselves worthy of, it is not my fault if I cannot tell you.

There is, below the abbess, many offices, which are all filled up the same way. The prioress has the affairs in all seculars, to order the money and outgivings of all kinds; then under her are pro-

visors of meat and drink, pantry and cellar-keepers, etc., and under them lay sisters, to go to market and cook: over the kitchen is a nun officer, and they have five or six tables to dress for, every day. There is the reverend mother's, the nuns' profest, the novices', the pensioners', the confessor's, and the lay sisters'. They have about twenty-nine nuns, fourteen pensioners, and twelve lay sisters. Their revenue is about £500 *per annum*, whither it is in lands or money, I know not; but I suppose it is in money, as every nun gives in a portion of about £400 or £500. Madam Beaton told me she saw a girl professed there who had £1500, which they got, and she died in about a month after, and was laid in her coffin in the chapel, with her vows in her hand, the same day month she was professed.

Mr. Whitnor carried us to his apartment, which he has built adjoining to the convent, and there he has a very pretty room, most finely ornamented with pictures and mirrour, and a great deall of curious fine china. Off that room, on the one hand, is a small bedchamber, very neat, and off the other is a closet or dressing [room], all round with books, fidles, and flutes, as he is a great musician. He has a pretty garden at a little distance from his house, which he has full of fruit and

flowers. I saw an everlasting flower in his house, which is very pretty; it is the female piony, with a scarlet flower and a black berry, which keeps the coulour all the year after it is pulled. His servant has a room near him, and his companion, the confessor, has his house adjoining. He keeps the convent hours, has severall cronies with whom he meets at a millener's shop near, which he calls his coffee-house. The woman gives him coffee every day at three o'clock; from that he walks or pays a visit; and in this way has Mr. Whitnor lived now these one and twenty years. He seems to be very happy, and if the want of care can make him so, he may.

That giving up of the world so much amongst the Roman catholicks, makes them divest themselves of care much easier than we can do; and there is a certain desire of ease, and what I may call *a selfishness*, that the English has, which is unknown to us, that makes so many of them give up their country and freinds with greater ease than we can do, either to wander about amongst strangers, quite alone, or to sit down amongst them, and care for nobody. Whereas the Scots folks are continually labouring and fighting for somebody whose interest they espouse, so as to make it trouble them as much as it was their own. When our

children are off our hand, we take up our grand-children; when we have none of these, then there is brothers, nephews, and cousines, whom we love and they care not for us, with whom we vex ourselves. However, if our intentions are good, I must give this humour the preferance, as I think there can no life be agreeable to God which is not usefull to man.

And if I was Mr. Whitnor, I would rather bring up some young family for the world, than clok[1] over a parcell of barren nuns, and take sometimes pleasure and sometimes trouble.

Since this is the chapter of the nuns, I must tell you that I saw one professed soon after I came here. It was in the convent I wrote you I had gone to speak to the girl about this house; it was not her, but another, who was daughter to some of the principle people in this town that is not the nobility, but in the town's people are included the law, and all other professions which bring in money. What made a great crowd run to this profession was, that Madam Coubinsall, the minister's lady, was to attend her, and *give her away*, as they call it.

The parrade came: and first, she was preceeded

[1] A 'clocking hen' is one sitting on eggs.

by severall little girls, one of whom carried a basket with something in it, I suppose a crown of gum-flowers, which was afterwards put on her; then came Madam Coubinsall, finely dressed, leading her in. The bride was dressed in a white silver tiusia,[1] a suit of blonds, and a large bouchee.[2] The altar is railed in, and a space about it for the company who attend; it was guarded by two hussars, to keep out the crowd. The high preist, who was to profess her, was an old reverend-like man, and, when dressed in all his robes of gold and silver, was as like old Aaron as ever I saw anything in my life. At the end of the arrea about the altar was the grate of the convent, within which were all the nuns and pensioners.

I never heard of a nun to be professed, but what was a vastly pretty girl, about seventeen, who was going in against all her friends' will: this one did not answer this character, for she was about thirty, not handsome, being black, with a very low forehead, and, in short, one who might

[1] Tysche, or Tusché? a girdle or belt—

'Richt costlie grein
Her tusché was with silver well besene.'
—*Maitland's Poems*; quoted by JAMIESON.

[2] Bochee, Buckasie? (Fr. *boccasin*) a kind of fine buckram.—JAMIESON.

be spared. Her parents, they said, was against it, but I imagine they always say so to make the nun's merit the greater. Her nun's clothes were laid upon the table behind which she sat; it was the white vaill she was to take, that is, she was to enter her noviscet, for there is here no public ceremony in takeing the black vaill, and last vows, for that is done within the convent, after a year's wearing the white, in which time they can repent.

First, we had musick and anthems, then we had prayers and mass: Aaron was supported by two preists, as they appeared by their robes, but the one was only a deacon, and the other a sub-deacon. The sub-deacon was a young fellow, who had a merry side of a face and a sad; that which was next the preist was very grave, but I thought he smiled with the other: I suppose these youths soon learn to look more ways than one at a time. After the mass, a Capucine, with a red beard, went up to the pulpit and preached. The Capucines are commonly imployed to preach, but the method here is not to stress themselves by saying too much at once; and this, I think, your minister may addope, though it is done by the papaists.

He first made an introduction to his discourse, then sat down and took a snuff; in the meantime,

we got a tune on the organ, but, since you have no organ but Miss Thomas's, you must use what you have. Then he got up, and made a discourse, upon the subject, I suppose, of the vanity of this world, then sat down; and, after another tune and another snuff, he got up again, with an address to the bride, on the wisdom of her choice, and incouraging her to keep to her threap.[1] He had a good deall of action, but stiff; he clinched his fist all but his little finger, and what with his demonstration with that, and the gaging of his beard, I would certainly have inclined to laugh, had I not been like to be pressed to death by the crowd. After the sermon, the bride received the sacrament, kneeling at the altar.

I must not here omit to remarque the sincerity of the catholic ladies' devotions; they had books in their hands, and their mouths were going very fast, at the same time they were smilling and curtesying to one another. The poor bride was very serious, and never looked up.

After all the service was over, Madam Coubinsall took her by the hand, and led her out at a little door by the side of the altar, into the convent,

[1] A pertinacious affirmation.—JAMIESON. The expression 'to threap' is more common.

where she was undressed, and she returned in a black plaid, which they call here a *voill*, and is what everybody who is not drest, or the common people, walks the streets in. When she returned, it was not into the chapell, but to the room the nuns were in, within the grate; she came forward to the grate, in which a small door opened, and she put out her head, and the preist put on her cap and her brow-band, and then on her gown, and then pined on her white vaill upon her head, and the crown with the gum-flowers on the one side of her head, as neatly as if he had been bred a milliner.

After she was dressed, I thought she looked better than before, as the brow-band hid the lowness of her forehead. She kneeled down at a table, and prayed; then they put a lighted wax-candle in her hand, and with this she walked round and kissed all the nuns, who welcomed her to the society; and, after this, she kissed all her freinds, and bid them farewell; then she came to the grate, and kissed all those who had not gone in with her, and shaked others by the hand through the grate, and curtsied to all the company: and this she did with the greatest face of joy, laughing and smilling to every one. After this, the curtain within the grate was drawn, which closed the ceremony.

CHAPTER XIII.

Concerts and Masked Balls: Theatrical: Passage of Arms with Captain Hew: Eccentricities of Captain Hew and Lady Nell: Lord Bellew: Mr. Butler and Mr. O'Farle: At COUNT CALLENBERG'S: *Economy in High places: The Jesuits outwitted: A Scotch Tailor and a Franciscan Friar from the Wars: German and French Politics: Despatch of the* MS.

WHEN Lady Helen Dalrymple was here we went to the comedy, of which the people here are very fond, for what reason I know not, for they say they are very bad actors; but there is no other diversion, except sometimes a concert, upon the footing of ours in Edinburgh.[1] All their dancing

[1] At this period the St. Cecilia Musical Society of Edinburgh, of which Handel entertained a high opinion, was in the full vigour of its existence. The concerts were held in St. Cecilia Hall, a little off the Cowgate, the performers being for the most part gentlemen.

meetings are in masque; there are some given gratis on court days. The method is, they go, after paying their court, home to undress, and put on their masque habits, at eleven o'clock at night; at twelve they meet at the house where the plays are held, but it is floored over the pitt. There the whole riff-raff of the town comes, and dances away, and makes a prodigious crowd. They take off their masques when it turns hot, and what diversion that must be, to be mobbed by taliors and mantua-makers, I cannot understand. My mantua-maker, who is far from being in such a genteel stile as many of her trade in Edinburgh, asked me if I was at the ball at court last? I said no.

'But I was there,' says she, 'and my two daughters, and danced till five in the morning.'

'And with whom did you dance?' says I.

'With all the great counts,' says she, 'and the Prince, and all the great ladies.'

The plays here are seldom one play to an end, but bits of medley acts of different kinds. The play I saw was of that nature: first, we had a thing of one act called The Mistakes, which consisted in nothing (by what I could understand and was explained) but what happens very often, the

mistakes of messages, and wrong delivery of letters.

Next came such another in the Chinese taste, in the fancy of our oracle; and at the last was performed what they call a Chinese masque, which was a very pretty show. At the far end of the stage were so many benches, raised one above another, and people dressed in Chinese habits set on them, which looked so like the great china shop I saw at Amsterdam, that I daresay it has been coppied from it, or some such; at the sound of the musick they began to move, first their hands, then their heads, and then got up, and jumped down from bench to bench, till they came to the stage, and then they danced in all the various shapes you can imagine. They had amongst them a set of tumblers, and danced on their hands, and their feet up, then they all danced what the bairns call *co-cuddy*,[1] and then on their hands and feet, like so many frogs.

Then came a procession of the emperor and empress, carried in chairs on men's shoulders, and so many candles carried before them; and this was

[1] 'Cur-cuddy,' a game in which children dance in a circle 'on their hunkers;' the same as that called 'Harry Hurcheon' in the north of Scotland.

so like St. Michaell, that I declare I thought shame to look about to Mr. Nidham, who was sitting next me, till he said—

'Here now is a Chinese procession.'

Then came the emperor's children, in a car drawn by a little horse, and in short, the oddest sort of variety one can imagine. I admired the ingenuity of the contrivance, and laughed at the oddness of the thing, till I was like to die: we had carried the boys there, who were highly diverted.

The Prince was there, and his sister Madam Roiall, as they call her; she is the head of the channonesses at Mons, and comes here upon any great court days. She is a good, grave-looking woman, and sat and knoted all the time, like my Lady Ross. The Prince's box is, as it were, where Lady Bredalban's is, but goes back behind like a closet, and has a table with candles upon it. All the other boxes are fitted up like the Dutchess of Hamilton's, with red English paper, and the pillars betwixt them painted. There are three stories of boxes, which makes it high in the roof, and looks neat, but it makes it look larger than it is.

I said, when I went in, that it was a very

neat house, but small, at which Captain Hew [Dalrymple] took me up with a very great sneer.

'Small,' says he, 'madam, do you know it is as big as the playhouse at Drury Lane?'

'For that I shall not say,' answered I; 'but it is very little bigger than the one at Edinburgh;' at which he gave a prodigious laugh.

'The Scots folk,' says he, 'are so nationall, that they expose themselves by it when they come abroad.'

'I have seen nothing, since you will have it, to make me otherways yet,' says I; 'I think it shall not be to the city of Bruxells that our country need to yeild in building; and in stone and lime, and good will to use it, it need to yeild to none; and I will lay you any wadger that it is not six foot every way larger than what I say; but, if anybody here is to be imposed upon by ornament and novelty, it should be these children,' says I, 'and not the like of you, and I referr to them, who has seen the other.'

They both declared, that when they looked up, it appeared larger, but when they looked down to the arrea of the pit, it was no larger.

'Does not that show you,' says I, 'that the eye is deceived by the hight of the roof, for, when that

is not seen, the true dimensions appear: but how much do you think then it is larger?'

'Oh!' says he, 'forty foot.'

'Forty foot!' says I, 'you are well qualified to build a house indeed! Neither of the two is anything like forty foot.'

I was so inraged to hear an old idiot speak such nonsense, that I was resolved to have the dimensions of both taken to confute him; for which reason you will get me that of Edinburgh,[1] from my Lady Bredalban's box to the Dutchess of Hamilton's, and from the front of the stage to the front box, that I may compare them; and likeways the distance from one door of the stage to another, as I have made a guess of this by the curtain; it is made of a red stamped English stuff, which is

[1] The Edinburgh theatre of those days was situated in a space a little off the Canongate, on the south side, called the Playhouse Close. Here figured Mrs. Ward, the beautiful Mrs. Bellamy, and the elegant Mr. Digges. At the moment of Mrs. Calderwood's writing, that is, on the 14th Dec. 1756, was taking place the most momentous incident in the annals of the Scottish stage, namely, the production in this theatre of *Douglas*, a tragedy from the pen of a Scots minister, the Rev. John Home.

It is noticeable that the writer's sister, Lady Buchan, seems also to have taken an interest in things theatrical. A few years later she was in the habit of entertaining Mr. Garrick at her house at Walcot, near Bath.

scrimp three quarters wide, and there are ten breadths in it, which makes about nineteen foot.

If the folks in Edinburgh ever build a play-house, I think the dimensions of this, and the fitting up, will answer them as well as they could wish; it is warm and compact, and good for hearing, and cheap; for if they take their own ideas of such a thing, they will spoill it by making it too good.

The Prince is very fond of the comedy, and stood on his feet the whole night, and laughed most heartily. I did not think any of the ladies here very handsome; they are all big-faced and flaby, nor much of any of the gentlemen I saw.

Captain Hew and Lady Nell made a good figure here; she told everybody she was to winter at London or Bath, he said he would go to Scotland before the end of winter, and Anne [the chamber-maid] told everybody that they were going straight to Edinburgh. Mr. Ferguson called there one day, and they were denied, for sometimes they were visible, sometimes not, and Anne came to the door to him. Says he—

'Well, you 'll be a travelled lady when you have wintered at Bath and London.'

'Dinna beleive that,' says she; 'deil a bit we'll halt or we be in Auld Reeky.'

Lady Nell bought a gown, and quarled with the talior that made it; the captain bought some cravates, and quarled with the woman that made them, and she scolded him like a tinkler; he bespoke a sute of blonds in a shop, and went off without taking them. In short, he went upon the supposition that, as he was an Englishman, he was supposed to have so much money, that he was to be imposed upon in everything; whereas, the people of this country have as much deallings with the English as with anybody whatever, and deall very much in the English way, at a word, that is, the folks of any busness. But there are some folks who gather so much wisdom and experience more than they have use for, by being abroad, that they cannot carry it all, and therefore part often with the usefull to keep the superflous, or else the superflous renders the rest useless, which I am afraid was the case with the captain.

They lodged in the house we had when we came first, but all the complaints of hunger, cold, and ill service, and imposition, were made to me upon that house. I told them just what I paid, and they thought it very [un]reasonable; that I

had never travelled before, and therefore just trusted to providence, and gave folks what they asked; and I had been very lucky, it seemed. And when they cast up to the girls, that they had served us better than them, they denied the fact, but said they would rather keep us for nothing, than them for never so much.

'Ay,' says Lady Nelly, 'Mrs. Calderwood is a good-natured woman, and does not give herself much trouble upon those heads.'

'Well,' says they, 'madam, and she was well served, you own; and where is the occasion to give yourself trouble to be ill served?'

There was a poor lame officer who lodged above them, and he limped on the floor, and they got no sleep with this. The captain told me he had sent up a most bullying mesage to him, telling him that he did not understand the noise he made, and that, if he continued, he would be under a necessity of making him explane the meaning of it: I suppose this, if it was delivered, was in English, as I never heard the answer.

When they left this, they took commissions to England, as they were to be there soon, but at the same time left word with the banker to send all letters to Ostend which should come before

the 16th of December, when they left this, the 10th of November. But Anne, who was the secretary, told (as I afterwards heard) that they were to wait for my Lady Weems from France, who was to go to Scotland with them, as she had a great deall of money; but it seems her ladyship has disappointed them, for I do not hear she is at London with them.

One of my acquaintances in this town is my Lord Bellue,[1] an Irish peer: he was first married to my Lord Nithsdale's sister, by whom he has a daughter; he has since that been twice married, and has one daughter by one of these wives, and is now a widower. He was bred a papaist, but his mother, it seems, set on the protestant heir to pursue for his estate,[2] and he was obliged to change his religion. This, to be sure, was a great shock upon him, and gave him low spirits, but it

[1] John, 4th Lord Bellew in the Irish peerage, married at Rome in 1731 the Lady Anne Maxwell, daughter of William, the 15th (and attainted) Earl of Nithsdale and of his wife Lady Winifred Herbert, the story of whose devotion in effecting the escape of her husband from imprisonment is well known. Her narrative forms the most interesting portion of Mr. W. Fraser's *Book of Caerlaverock*. The Barony of Bellew is now extinct.

[2] Amongst the penalties imposed on Roman Catholics in 1700 was that of the forfeiture of estates by heirs belonging to that Church who had been educated abroad, in favour of the

is lucky that he is very easy as to the point of religion, otherways it might have had a very bad effect. He has been travelling these three years for his health; he does not like to live in England or Ireland, and it is such an oppression upon his spirits, that there is so much ill management in the publick affairs, that he cannot bear to see it.

He is a great jacobite, and he dares not speak out, and the Pretender is in such distress, that in short he is miserable. I tell him I wish I may never have the toothack till I be troubled about the publick. At the same time, I can speak as much *jacobitism* as he pleases, and he is very fond of me, because I tell him fine stories about the Highlanders and the Pretender in the time of the rebellion, and all the ill prats[1] of the Duke of Cumberland. I tell him to come to Scotland, and he will get as many jacobites as he can set his face to; and he laughs and is so merry, and then comes a deep sigh.

nearest Protestant heir. It was in consequence of an attempt to remedy this and similar injustices as regarded Scotland that the 'Gordon Riots' occurred in 1780. It was not till 1792 and 1793 that these disabilities were removed in Ireland and England respectively.—See Sir Erskine May's *Constit. Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 96 *et seq.*

[1] Gossip.

'Oh! this is a foolish world, a mighty foolish world!'

There is a young Irish gentleman, and his governour, who has been with him all this last summer; his name is Butler,[1] and he has a very good estate in Ireland, and they say is to be married to my Lord [Bellew's] second daughter. He is a very good French sort of lad, and very well cut out for diverting himself, which I always thought a much more usefull talent than many others which are more esteemed. The young ladies, by their mothers' contracts, my lord is obliged to educate Roman catholicks, which is no hardship on him; for which purpose he has them both in a convent at Louvain, within a few leagues of this, and he comes and goes as he likes to see them.

Mr. Butler's governour is one Mr. O'Farle, a very canty, merry body; I knew he was a preist, and asked a lady lately in this town, what sort of preist he was? She told me he was a *Recollet*.[2]

[1] Mr. Butler married Anne, second daughter of Lord Bellew by his second wife, Mary, a daughter of Justin, 5th Earl of Fingall.

[2] *Recollects:* a branch of the Franciscan order bears this name, derived from the detachment from creatures, and recollection of God, which the founders aimed at. At present [1884],

'A Recolly,' says I, 'what the mischeif put that in the body's head?'

You must know this is a sort of Capucine, a reform, as they call it, upon that order, by some she-saint who shaved their beards [and] paired their coull round in the point, which is all the difference. Ever since, I have been always like to laugh every time I looked at him, and always when he comes to see me, I think I see him sitting with his bare shaven head, and his capucine; but I suppose he is now spoilt for that purpose, by living well, and travelling about these twenty years: but the papaists are such odd bodies, that ten to one he will creep into that shell at the end.

At first I thought it impossible that the men of sense could really be papaists in the full extent, but I find that those I could have wagered upon are as bigotted in every point as any old wife of what religion soever: and it is very just what Mr. Dempster[1] said, that they were just Don Quixots; whenever you touch that, their brain, you would think, gives way.

it seems, there are three Recollect houses in Great Britain—at Stratford-le-Bow, West Gorton, and Glasgow.—Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dict.*

[1] George Dempster of Dunnichen, a Fife laird.

The carnvell is now approaching, and I suppose we will have a strange mixture of religion and madness; but I hear it is not to be held by the court in the common form, as there are so few men here.

It seems almost every man of fashion is a soldier, for, since the army marched out, there is not a man, they tell me, to be seen, but the British, at any of the card assemblies. I have been twice at Count Calimberg's, where indeed there were very few folks, either men or women. This man is an old bishop, and an old generall, so that you may say, as the bairns' guess says, 'the bishop, the generall, and the count, each pulled a pear.' I do not know which of these characters he possessed first, but he was a Lutheran bishop in Saxony, where his estate lies (now at the mercy of the King of Prussia), and he lives here, and has the rank of a generall in the imperiall service, for Madam Beaton calls him 'your excellence.'

He has a very fine large old-world house here, very indifferently furnished in everything but mirrors, and some pictures; there are some of the first that exceed any I have seen, and to which Generall Anstruther's,[1] which he cannot get fitted

[1] General Philip Anstruther of Airdrie, in Fife, M.P., son

for largeness, is but a *keeking-glass*.[1] And, to give you a notion of the taste in furniture here, in the room the assembly holds in, there are window-curtains of English stuff, originally a sort of gray, about the substance of a timen[2] or crape, both dirty and moth-eaten, cain chairs, and no cover at all upon the floor.

I heard this family often spoken of, and the ladies called the old countess and the young; the count has a son in the army, and, when I went to see them, I supposed the eldest was the old man's wife, and the youngest his daughter-in-law. All the time I sat and played at cards, I thought it must be so, for the old countess was too young-like for the other to be her daughter, and what could tempt the lass to marry such an old man, and watched to hear if I could learn anything about the husband of the other, and wondered if

of Sir James Anstruther. General Anstruther, it is said, laid out large sums in adorning the house of Airdrie, to little purpose, for he died without an heir. A fine chimney-piece of white marble, executed by workmen brought from Italy, was removed to Cambo House when Airdrie was sold to Erskine, the Laird of Cambo.—See *East Neuk of Fife*, p. 209.

[1] A looking-glass; it is so called in the old ballad, 'My joe Janet.'

[2] Timen, or Tamin (Fr. *étamine*), a sort of camlet for women's gowns.—JAMIESON.

they had any children amongst them; but behold, it turned out that both the countesses were the old man's daughters, and he had no wife,[1] nor they any husbands.

'What a foolish fashion is this,' says I, 'to call a poor lass hardly thirty, an old countess; if I were her, I would make you all startle!'

'Oh!' say they, 'if they were twenty daughters, they are all countesses, and the sons are all counts.'

'But can't you say Countess Mary and Countess Anne, etc.?'

'Yes,' say they, 'if there were a great many, but as they are but two, we say the old and the young.'

The ladies in this place are the greatest workers

[1] Readers of the *Life of Friedrich* may remember the sensational story told by Carlyle, in his quaintest manner, of the burnt Schloss at Steinau and the Gräfin von Callenberg, its owner; 'a dreadful old Dowager of the Medea-Messalina type, who always wore pistols about her; pistols, and latterly, with more and more constancy, a brandy bottle.' Under date, April 1741, it is recorded how the Gräfin 'was by the Austrian Commandant at Neisse summoned out of the Schloss as in correspondence with Prussian officers. Peasants breaking in tied her with ropes to the bed where she was, put bed and her into a farm cart; by which adventure, and its rages, and unspeakabilities, the poor old Callenberg died.' (Vol. iii. p. 295.) It seems probable that the old Gräfin, if not the mother of the ladies mentioned in the text, was a near relative of theirs.

ever was; the Countess Coubensall works at her tent, after her assembly is gathered, till they sit down to cards, and the daughters at a stocking, or embroidering ruffles. But what is a great work, and what the Countess Calimbergs were doing, is pulling the gold and silver threads out of old silks, lace, or ribbons, and striping out the silk thread out of the gold or silver; and when they have none of this to do, they take their old silk gowns, and cut them down, and pick them asunder, thread by thread; and silk, this way done, is sent to Paris, and sells for so much the pound, and is wrought up again in a sort of wadd, for lining clothes with.

There is a lesson of thrift to you!

Madam Beaton, who is very carefull of the honour of the nobility here, informed me that these countesses were not doing it for themselves, but for their women. Madam is doubly carefull of this, ever since I told her I had met in a shop with a prince buying callico.

'O!' says she, 'he has been wanting some fine chinzes, for they all use that for their camp furniture.'

'No, truly,' says I, 'I saw him price none above sixteen pence the yard.'

This was very true; two very well-looked officers came into a shop where I was, and looked at callicoes about that price: they bought none, and, after they were gone, the people told me they were the Prince De something, and the Count De another thing, but I never remember the folks' names here, let me hear them never so often.

The old Dutchess of Aremberg is a-dying, which I am very sorry for, because on such occasions the bells ring so that you cannot hear what you are saying. The day of the year the Archdutchess[1] died, the bells began at twelve at night, and rung twenty-four hours compleatly; the Prince went out of the town that day, but I alledged it was to be free of the bells. There is a baron died the other day, and has left an heiress of £3000 a-year; she says she will never marry, because she is not pretty. The old man died as it were to-night, and he was buried next morning, which is the custom here.

There has been a great stir at Ghent lately: a young man from England, who, they say, had run

[1] The Archduchess Marie Amalie, widow of Charles, Elector of Bavaria, and Emperor as Charles VII., died 11th December 1756. She was the daughter of the Emperor Joseph I. by Wilhelmina of Brunswick, first cousin of King George I.

away with money from a merchant at London, whose clerk he was, came over to Ghent, and gave it out that his freinds had cast him out, because he had turned a catholick. This, you may be sure, gained him great favour at Ghent, and the Jesuites of the English colledge there admitted him into their number, where he behaved very well. It is a rule in all religious houses, that there must be no reparation made upon them when they threaten to fall, but the part deficient is deserted till it tumble down, and, so long as it is building up again, the house is open to all comers. This happened to be the case with the English nunnery there. Part of it fell down, and at that time many folks took the opportunity of coming farther ben[1] than they could ever do before. Whilst the masons were imployed in building, they were under the direction of a nun, who was the prioress, and this Jesuite pretended that he had great skill in archetecture, so offered his advice, and came often to see how the building went on. During this time the prioress and he draws up, and how he brought it about is not known, but he gets a lay habit for her, and another for himself, and one morning they both walk off. They were very

[1] Further into the interior.

soon in the Dutch territory, so out of danger, and there they were married, which made both nuns and Jesuites look very foolish.

We had here lately two deserters from the King of Prussia; the one was a Scots tallior, the other a London tradesman. The Scots folks have an excellent nose to smell out their countryfolks, and they came to this house. The tallior was a tall, clever-like fellow, and stood so upright, and held out his toes and up his head so well, that I asked him if he had been at the dancing school?

'Truly, madam,' said he, 'I was never at the dancing school, but a good rung laid alongst my shoulders when I held down my head, made me soon learn to hold it up.'

The English lad looked very humble, and regarded the other as much his superior in wisdom and good behaviour, so the tallior was spokesman. He told us he had gone to London, to work at his trade, and a gentleman offered him £10 if he would go over a trip to Holland as his servant; to which he consented, and, instead of Holland, he carried him to Hamburgh, and gave him over to the Prussian officers recruiting there. He had served these two years, and was so lucky as to

come off safe from the battle; eight days after which, he, with a party of fifty men, and a serjeant, were sent out a foraging, and all but the serjeant deserted. They were of all different nations, and had been trepanned in that way. These two had come together, without a farthing in their pockets; but they did not go pennyless from this, for the Scots gave for their countryman, the English for theirs, the folks here because they had deserted from the King of Prussia; and they were introduced to the Prince, who gave them each a ducat, which is the premium given by the Empress to every Prussian deserter.

There came lately to Vienna another deserter, who demanded an audience of the Queen. He told her he was a Franciscan friar, and, as he was travelling, he met two gentlemen, who were very civill to him on the road for a day, but the next day they told him he must unrobe, and take a musket. The poor friar offered every argument he could use, and told he could be of no use, but they told him they would soon make him learn the trade: so he was obliged to comply. For four years he had not an opportunity to desert, till after the battle; they did not beleive him, and made him do his exercises, which he performed so well, that

then they thought he was a soldier, and no friar, and, to prove him one, they made him say mass, which he performed with equal dexterity: and many such, they say, the King of Prussia has in his service, and, if he would kidnap only them, he is to be exqused.

The politicks here is, that the King of Prussia has accused the Empress of designs to destroy him and the protestant religion, that she had made an alliance for that purpose with France, and that he, upon that handel, which he himself contrived, had done what he has done, as he accused the King of Poland of being in the plot; all which they say is false, and that he behaved very cruelly to the Saxons. And many a story of that kind is firmly beleived, one of which I shall mention, to give you a swatch[1] of the rest: viz. that he killed the whole cats in Saxony, and made the Saxons buy mouse-traps of him at an extravagant price. If they were good mouse-traps I should not grudge him double the common price for them, for we are like to be devoured with mice, and can neither get a cat nor a trap worth a farthing. They tell me that it is not a common complaint here, for there are but very few mice in the town: I tell them that the mice

[1] A small cutting of cloth, as a sample.

must be protestant, by their being so plenty in Saxony and in this house, where they know there are no fast days.

Pardon this degression, and my speaking of cats and kings in the same page; but when kings turn mice-catchers, it must diminish their dignity.

The King of Prussia says, on the other hand, that the Queen made a defensive alliance with France, and that she was getting herself ready for next year, and, in the meantime, was sowing suspicions privately from court to court, so that they might come to his ears, and give him the alarm, that he might be the first aggressor, and then France was obliged to join her: and that the Queen of Poland and the Empress, being both great bigots, had contrived to fall upon him and destroy him; that then the Saxons being under a popish king, and no protestant power able to defend them, the protestant religion would be suppressed, not only there, but in the whole empire.[1]

My oppinion of this story is, that the Queen, though a great bigot, had other motives than

[1] In consequence of these intrigues the Seven Years' War began in July 1756. At the outbreak of hostilities the Austrian army was under the command of Prince Charles of Lorraine, mentioned frequently in these pages.

religion to attack the King of Prussia; that she certainly intended to fall upon him as soon as she was ready, and that the King of Poland was to assist her; and that Prussia, by being first ready, has prevented her; and that he has cried out *religion,* as folks do fire when they want assistance; and that this has not been a sudden impulse of his, but that he has laid his scheme some time before, to make religion a handle to exequte what he intends.

Some say, it is that a protestant emperor should be chosen time about with a popish; but I think this is too distant a prospect for him, who is no younger than the present Emperor,[1] and it must be [necessary], in the first place, to make himself able to effect such a law being made. Whatever he intends to effect by it, it appears to me to be no new scheme, for, when did we see kings make such a work about their faith, when nobody was asking them any questions about it? It is severall years since our newspapers were full of the King of Prussia's confession of faith; in this point he was Calvinist, in that he was Lutheran, in another he agreed with neither. He tolerated all religions, and built a fine chapell for the papaists,

[1] Francis, Duke of Lorraine, who had married Queen Maria Theresa in 1736, was elected Emperor in 1745.

ordered all his soldiers to go to their respective churches, when, at the same time, I suspect he was much of Coully Kan's mind, who made first the Alcoran, and then the New Testament be read to him, and, after hearing both, declared he would make a religion better than any of them.

I hear he is adored in Scotland for being the head of the protestant religion, but I wish he may not be like many an honest man's head which has led his body a gray gate;[1] not but his intentions are good, but who can depend upon executing their projects?

The world is not as it was long ago, when one man could raise his fortune, and pursue and execute his schemes in a few years. The states of Europe are now so fixed, that it takes more than the life that any single person can promise, to plan and execute anything out of the common road; and, if he should arm the protestants, and bring them over to his party, his death, or the failling of any scheme, will leave them in a very bad state. We will not find it in Britain, but it will be found most surely elsewhere.

[1] A bad way; used metaphorically as—'It 's a sair pity to behold youthfu' blood gaun a *gate* sae *gray*.'—*Blackwood's Mag.*, June 1820, p. 281.

Many towns in Germany are half and half, who live very peaceably together at present, but if set by the ears, must fall heavy on the protestants, who are the weakest party. I wish the protestants very well, and therefore beg the King of Prussia (unless he can promise upon at least thirty years' life, success to all his undertakings, and that his heir shall follow his plans exactly) not to meddle with them, at least those who are subjects of another prince, and whom he has no hopes of becoming master of.

Now, I will tell you what I think he might exequte: the Saxons are protestants, and have a popish king who is otherways provided for; he has shown he is not able to protect them, so that, if the King of Prussia could make them beleive he has abdicated the crown, they may call a convention of the states, and call a king of their own religion, and let him be head of his own protestant subjects, but not of any body else's.

So much for the German politicks; as for the English, we have that only on hearsay. But there is a gentleman come here from Hanover, and says that the people there are inraged to the outmost degree at the English for treat-

ing their troops so ill, and think it very odd the King did not pay for quarters to them out of his own pocket.[1]

'The devil or the French take them all by the back,' say they, 'since that is the way they treat their freinds!'

The King of France and his parliament have fallen out most terribly; he finds now that he must exert his authority, as he finds, since they are not satisfied with the Pope's decision: it is not religion that is the motive with them, but that they intend to extend their civill powers a little farther, and only made use of religion at first to increase their party. I never understood this French dispute till I came from home, so I suppose you may stand in need of the same information; it is extremely simple, and what may have happened, and I beleive has happened, in our own Generall Assembly.

The Jansenists, some years ago, wrote some books, in which they drove some points of divinity farther than the church approved; for instance, the point of predestination, so far as to take away

[1] The reference here is probably to the question of the 'German Subsidies' which had unsettled the Duke of Newcastle's Administration in the preceding year (see note, p. 299).

all human liberty, just like my Lord Kaims.[1] The Pope and Councill took this into consideration, and they condemned these points as hereticall, and the act that was passed against them was called the bull *unigenitus*.

The Jansenists stood to those points in spite of that bull, the crime of which was, not in the points in dispute, but in not submitting to the church; upon which the other party denied them the sacrament, and, of consequence, absolution, whilst they were refractory to this bull, and, of consequence, rebels to the church. This refusall of the sacrament, you know, made a great disturbance, and, at last, it was referred to the Pope, whose decision, I suppose, you saw lately in the newspapers; that, if any man, after admonition and being told his danger, would take his hazzard to himself, be it said, 'let him receive his own damnation, and his blood be on his own head.' This everybody thought would end the dispute, but it has not; and now the King is resolved to

[1] Lord Kames, described by Voltaire as 'Lord Makames, a justice of peace in Scotland,' produced in 1751 *Essays on Morality and Natural Religion*, in which he dealt with 'moral freedom of action,' and 'liberty and necessity,' maintaining that 'necessity and liberty meet in the same agent, yet interfere not.'

exert his authority, and it is thought he will have the best of it.

The people here expect they are to have a French and an English army in Cleves, this spring or summer; it will be a great pity if I should be in the Low Countries in time of war, and not see an army, and, if they be within a hundred miles, I shall see them. The troops who marched out here have suffered greatly from the cold; severall poor boys, about fourteen and fifteen, were sent off with them, and they write that the frost made their eyes water, and that it froze upon their cheeks: I suppose the poor soldiers were greeting for cold.

The folks here are very easy about their children; so soon as they are able to learn anything, the boys are put out to *pension*, and the girls to a convent, and they never ask after them more. When the boys are able to carry a musket, away they go to the army, or are put into a colledge for the church, and the girls wait on in the convent till some men marry them, and if not, they remain and take the veill. If married, they turn out (if at the court) whatever anybody is at the pains to make them. If they die before they come to any of these periods, the parents bury

them the next day, and, to divert their greif, their freinds carry them to the plays and all other diversions; at no time a parent puts on mourning for a child, because they gain nothing by their death.

It is a brave school a forreign service for datted [petted] youths! When I came here, there was a prince lying in irons, which I beleive I wrote you; not a callico prince, but really a great German one.

I have got an opportunity of sending this by Billy Gordon [see p. 167] who goes over; it comes alongst with your robes, which are very genteely made.

I wish you all a happy new-year.

Your Humble Servant
Mary Lidderdale

BRUXELLS, 28*th December* 1756.

L'ENVOI

'—— Here 's to your good health; and may you never put your neck in such a venture again.'

'Humph!—I do not know—I am not like to be tempted with another opportunity. . . . I have little to lose—they that took my land the last time may take my life this; that is all I care about it.'

Redgauntlet.

L'ENVOI

Mrs. Calderwood's writings and style: Her essay in novel-writing: 'Adventures of Fanny Roberts:' Novel-writing, ancient and modern: MRS. CALDERWOOD TO MRS. DURHAM *of Largo: 'The Secret Expedition:' Further wanderings of Sir James Steuart:* LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *Arrest and imprisonment of Sir James: 'Aunt Betty:' Pardon and Return: 'Journal of Factorship:' Mrs. Calderwood's sons: Subsequent Family History.*

'OPPORTUNITY creates a sinner,' it has been alleged—it also creates a writer. Though Mrs. Calderwood had the 'quick eye for the world's outward manifestations' which makes the realist in literature, she had not found fitting scope for her pen till she undertook this personally conducted tour. It may readily be imagined that such letters as these would be read with avidity by relatives at home, and handed about to friends interested in the wanderers. In country houses from which

came constantly the cry for 'news' and 'pamphlets,' which formed such a source of entertainment in those days—a pitiful appeal of this kind from Balgownie in Aberdeenshire is now before me—these MS. volumes, of which unhappily no more have been found, would be nothing short of a blessing.

With regard to certain passages of Mrs. Calderwood's letters, as in the case of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a charge of want of delicacy has been brought. It should be remembered that they were written without any idea of their being printed, and in the first instance with the intention of conveying to her daughter clearly what was the daily life of the party. This was in an age, when (as has been said elsewhere) Fielding's novels were the reading of the young, and the stories of Mrs. Aphra Behn — that 'arch hussy'—the amusement of the old. In reference to that time, Miss Mure of Caldwell remarks, 'The women were undelicate in their conversation, and vulgar in their manners; even after '45 these did not change much, and were undelicate in the married ones.' With the one exception already mentioned, when any excisions have been made, they have been, for the most part, no more than a word or two of homely Scotch, which, while

they conveyed the writer's meaning distinctly to her daughter, could do harm to no mortal; would that so much could be said of all the ladies who handle the pen in the present day!

'My dear,' said Miss Jewsbury, 'how is it that women who don't write books, write always so much nicer letters than those who do?'[1] The answer is, that good letter-writing is a gift apart from the knack of skilfully contriving a novel. The reputation these letters had gained for Mrs. Calderwood was perhaps, in some measure, a cause of her allowing herself to be persuaded to attempt a flight in another region of literature. After her return, Mrs. Calderwood essayed to produce a story whose leading idea seems to be an endeavour to connect many of the most striking incidents that she had met with in her travels, or picked up in the course of her experimental dealings with many conditions of men and women. The MS. remains of this essay in fiction; it is entitled, 'The Adventures of Fanny Roberts; wrot to a friend, by herself;' in the recital of which she, in the orthodox and somewhat self-conscious style, hopes that her example while in her greatest distresses, now happily overcome, may prevent others from

[1] MRS. CARLYLE'S *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 307.

repining under afflictions. Judged by present standards, it can hardly be pronounced a success.

If it be true that a novel should be 'a criticism of life,' it is possible that Mrs. Calderwood's practical mind, endowed though it was with the power of 'observation' and 'reception,' was not of the description the best fitted for a task where much of sympathy, minute analysis of character, and a measure of introspection are required. Be this as it may, 'Fanny Roberts' scarcely fulfilled expectations. In effect, in the one case she 'had a story to tell,' in the other she 'had to tell a story;' and the result, we have been assured, is never satisfactory. Her novel never was printed.

It is curious reading this same old story. Its method evidently is formed upon that of some of the most popular novelists of her time; Fielding's, for example. And it seems that the theory which guides certain ladies who write in the present day—that, to insure a story 'going off,' it must possess more or less of an element inadequately styled 'questionable,' leading them to introduce incidents and ideas which do achieve but one-half of the comedian's object as defined by Johnson in the *Rehearsal*, namely, to 'surprise and elevate'—was then in force. These shifts, it may well be

conceived, never could have occurred to the writers but for pressure put upon a fertile imagination; and we are not unwilling to believe the process must go against the grain. 'But, what the plague! a *novel* is not to show occurrences that happen every day,'—such has ever been the cry. Accordingly, Mrs. Calderwood, influenced, as it appears, by such notions as these, has occasionally drawn upon her fancy for incidents of a complexion rivalling that of anything Fielding or Smollett has ventured to give us. There is the English squire, with his attendant sycophant, very forcibly drawn, who in talk and manners out-Westerns the squire in *Tom Jones;* and the young *débutante* who falls into rough company at Bath; all cleverly drawn in a style that we know to be faithful.

It was as a writer of letters that Mrs. Calderwood shone; one or two of these, hitherto unprinted, remain among the family papers at Arniston. The following are specimens of her correspondence *at home;* characterised as before by strong common sense and close observation:—

(Mrs. CALDERWOOD *to* Mrs. DURHAM *of Largo.*)

LOND., *Feb.* 19, 1757.

'MY DEAR ANNE,—I wrot you by last post about your brothers having the small-pox. Now

I have the pleasure of telling you I have letters this day that they are both very well: Jamie writes with his own hand, and Willie by a clerk. So soon as they are fit for traveling they will be over, but as they will not be taken into any scooll till the blanes be off them, I am in hopes of geting a neat country house, a littel way from London, furnished, and a pleasant situation, which I think we will take in the first place, as your papa likes much better to be in the country, especiall as the sumer is coming in; and if we were to take a house at London we would perhaps have nine months' rent to pay for a sumer house.

'Aiton[1] Scooll is greatly comended, and I think we will put Willie to it; and for Jamie, one they call the Charterhouse, in the Citty, where all the rich merchants puts their sons, as he is just cut out for a prentice that will marie his master's daughter, and get all his mony. He is lost nothing of his bueaty by the small pox; I cannot say for Willie yet, as he dos not mention that particular I supose they are not off his face yet. You do not say wither you are to inoculat Jamie.[2] As for Tom's eyes, since he gleyed[3] they may be wake, but there is nothing

[1] Eton.

[2] Mrs. Durham's eldest son, born in 1754. [3] Squinted.

in that, for his uncle James gleyed so till six months old that I consulted Docter Clerk about it; but I should think that since an issiue did so well with Jamie that you might try it with him: it will both do his eyes good and help out his teeth. You do not write me if he is a serious man, or as *Halicat a thieffe*[1] as my ladie was at his age. . . . I think you will be very well with Betty Gibb. I never saw her, but she was a vastly carfull attendant on Mrs. Gib: I think they said she lost her health with her attendance, and if she has no consumptive complaints about her she will do very well. Your sons will certainly "ride on the riggin of the kirk."

'I was in a shope the other day, and there I saw variety of French-plate candelsticks from twelve shill. to two guineas; the fasion is now to have them very high and fluted like pillers, and they look very well to those who have lived amongst Protestants; but they look a littel Papaist-like, and looks as they had tempted some body to sacrelige by stealing them from an alter; and it may be thought it was me that did it; but if you like to have them I will run the risque of being suspected, tho' I have been so much obliged by

[1] 'Murrain on the gear! let us but get Grace out o' that auld *Hellicat's* clutches.'—*Tales of My Landlord*, vol. i. p. 179.

two priests who has taken such care of the bairns that I dout if any of our Presbeterian Minesters could have been more friendly.

'This puts me in mind of a letter I wrot from St. And[rews] when last there to Peg Rainie, where from seeing Mr. Grant I told her that the next governour I had for the lads should be a Papaist priste who she would like better than Mr. ——. Many a treu word has been spoke in jist: but to go from preist to candlestick, which is not so great a transition as you will think, the first being as materiall in religion as the last; the low priced ones was of a very genteell patern, but not so large as the fasion. There was a tea kettel chassed like my littel one, but larger, for 45 shill., which I thought very cheap; mine cost 50 long ago, and thought a great pennyworth then. I saw a pair of earings as pretty as any that would cost £120; no body would know the difference; they were vastly prettely set; three drops, and quite the fasion. They were £14. I would, if you think so, change yours, the dimonds of which is good, but makes no show for there vallue, and that you will be much braver for less mony; and tell no body whatever; and if you think of this send them up to me by a safe hand; but first see what they offer you for them

at Edr. that I may know . . . but they are always at the tope of the fasion in Edr. Since Jamie reads letters from me it is a reproof to me for not writing to him in return for his many letters to me. I desire you will clerk one from him to tell me.'[1]

(Mrs. CALDERWOOD *to* Mrs. DURHAM *of Largo.*)[2]

LONDON, *Oct.* 8, 1757.

'MY DEAR ANNE,—I received yours this day with great pleasure, for I thought you had been all dead. Four weeks on Tuesday since I left you, and not to hear but one line from you and not a scrape from any body elles. I have wrot you two letters which you will have got by this time. We have been amused for a week past with our Expedition; and I wrot you last that it was going to the West Indias, then we heard it was gone to the Island of Lee; at which Bess said, 'O they will get excellent pears.' I was realy begining to think they had some sort of policy with them when they had cheated so many folks away to the West Indias who would have beg'd to be off from such a voiage; but to our great shame and discomforten they are this day returned after landing on the Island of Aix and taken some

[1] Polton MSS. [2] *Ibid.*

prisenars and old cannon.[1] Our invasion of the Island of May I fear was a prognostick of this expedition; our kitty-wakes was almost as great a conquest as theirs; and the fleas more troublesome enemies than they had to incounter; and I am sure, for my part, I brought as many prisoners home; and we in all incountered more danger then they. The boasts that were made of the secreacy, and what not, makes the return such a disappointment that I supose this toun will go crazy. I declare I blush at the bone for them; and if I was concernd in it, London should never see my face. I congratulated Gen. St. Clair[2]

[1] This was the 'Secret Expedition' for the capture of Rochefort and the Island of Aix between the isles of Rhé and Oleron, which sailed on the 8th Sept. under command of Admiral Sir Ed. Hawke and Lt.-Gen. Sir John Mordaunt. For his alleged mismanagement the latter was tried by a Court Martial which sat from Dec. 14th to 20th, 1758; and ultimately acquitted the prisoner. Public opinion expressed itself with severity:—

'The genius of *Britons* had for fighting a passion,
'More civilised now, 'tis grown quite out of fashion;
'Fine cloathes, and smock looks, and the care of the ladies,
'Their heads and their hearts more for these than their trade is—
'Tho' *Britons*, 'tis said, were not mollies of old.

.

'The women, 'tis said, intend to petition
'That they may go out on the next Expedition.'

—*The Mock Expedition; or the French Fright.*

[2] Lieut.-General Sir Henry St. Clair Erskine, Colonel of the

upon this event, but it is nothing unless one had heard the puffs: it was Mr. —— intirly. He would show the nation had some speret. He never was at freedom to act before; this might have been done three months before had it not been for the unsetteld ministry. We lose everything by our desercions; and what not.

'The Parlement I fear will not meet in good humer, and we here there are to be a new crop of Patriots this winter: our ministry still holds to the character of the flock of Turkeys. I always liken them to sixteen of whom atempted one after another to sit upon a chemny head that was smoaking. The Duke is expected hourly; they will keep each other in countenance. The K. denyes and totaly disouns any hand in the convention, and is very angry at it; they say the K. of Pr. wrot such a letter to the K. as made him cry: but the best story of a letter ever I heard was Ld. Loudon's,[1]

Royal Scots, married Janet, daughter of Peter Wedderburn, Esq., of Chesterhall, a Lord of Session; and was father of the 2d Earl of Rosslyn. He died in 1765.

[1] John, 4th Earl of Loudon, F.R.S., at the time specified was in command of the Forces in North America; where he planned an elaborate scheme for the attack of Louisbourg and Cape Breton; not carried out, however, till 1758. He was a representative peer of Scotland for 48 years, and died in 1782, aged 77.

which occationed all the story of his being recaled and desiring to be recaled. My Ld. Loudon it seems is not a man of the pen, but his situation makes it improper for him to use a clerk; so he must write a letter to the K. with his oun hand, which is very bad: the K. gets the letter and neither the writing nor the matter could he make top, taill or mane of: 'there is a letter,' says he to Mr. Pit, 'that I cannot read, neither do I understand it.' Mr. Pit takes the letter, and he could make as littel of it, and what they could [make] out of it they did not understand. The K. told this at Court, and all the Scots folks was in a feaver that their Generall had wrot such a noncencicall letter to the K., for it was concluded that since the letter was not understood, it must be noncence. 'Let me see the letter,' says my Ld. Mansfield; and he read it; 'the letter,' says he, 'has many Scotiscisems in it, and it is ill to read, but I will explain it; and your Majesty will see that there are few of your subjects cappable of writing so distint, so sensible, and so judicious a letter.' So after the frase was explained the letter appeared to be all that Ld. Mansfield had said.

'Mr. Keith sets out on Teusday for Prussia. He has great appointments, £8 per day, £300 for his

traveling charges, and £1000 for his equpage. I saw a lady this day who had seen him, and says he looks very well, and she saw littel or no change upon him. Your papa continues very well, and the lads are very happy at being together. Jamie is placed very littel below Willie; and Willie can play a tune on the fiddel; and the dancing and fencing gos on very well. I shall not conclude till to-morrow, lest some news come out either true or fauls: this day the news is a peace for certain; and in short the only thing they can do is to *take a pint and gree.* Jamie's and Willie's tickets are come up blanks. Peg Rainie's was in this day 7 night: the £10,000 is drawn. I will here against Monday the fait of all. I supose Bess has got a blank that day she came here. All here offers compts. My blissing to all yours.—Adiue, my Dear,

'MARGT. CALDERWOOD.'

'Remember me to all at Balcarass; in particular to Soph.'[1]

For several years Sir James Steuart, whose sufferings were the fountain and origin of the foregoing narrative, continued to wander where health, or the education of his son directed; making many

[1] Sophia Johnstone of Hilton.—See p. 137.

friends. In the winter of 1756 they were detained by the severity of the season at Frankfort, where they received much kindness at the hands of Mr. Burrage, the British Envoy before mentioned. He spared no pains in his endeavours to interest all the English he came in contact with in the case of the exiles.[1] Thence they sought retirement at Tübingen, in the Duchy of Würtemberg, where they were warmly received at the Courts of Baden, Dourlach, and Hohenzollern, as well as that of Würtemberg. In 1758 Sir James was recommended to proceed to the Tyrol and Venice, on account of an attack of gout. Here commenced a romantic friendship between Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and the wanderers, which ended only with the life of that warm-hearted, brilliant, and enthusiastic woman. 'Quitting all other company,'

[1] During the whole of Sir James Steuart's period of exile, his friends at home never relaxed their efforts to obtain his pardon. In *Lord Chatham's Correspondence*, Lond., 1838, there is a letter dated 13th January 1757 from Sir Gilbert Elliot to Mr. Pitt, pointing out, with much circumspection, the loss to the country which the deprivation of Sir James's services entailed. (Vol. i. p. 214.) Again, on 19th June 1766, his nephew, David Stewart Erskine, Lord Cardross (afterwards 11th Earl of Buchan), writes to the Prime Minister, his father's friend, mentioning the case of his uncle, 'an unfortunate person, by one false step taken against his true principles in very early life.'—(Vol. ii. p. 428.)

it is said, 'she made it her sole study to contribute to their consolation and entertainment.' Sir James Steuart used to say of her that 'when she was in spirits he experienced more enjoyment from her conversation than he could derive from the most interesting book that ever was written.'

The climate of Venice was found not quite suitable for the invalid, so they took a house at Padua, and a pathetic leave of Lady Mary. Their astonishment was great when they discovered, on their settling themselves there, that Lady Mary was also installed in a house at Padua in their near neighbourhood, where she continued her kind ministrations. The letters written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Steuarts at this time were preserved by Lady Frances in an envelope on which she had written—'27 Letters from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which are decisive of the short acquaintance necessary to the adhesion which generally takes place when superior minds are brought together.'[1] She did not

[1] These letters were printed in 1818 at Greenock by their son, Sir James Steuart-Denham, in a neat volume, accompanied by a short memoir, which has been quoted more than once in this book. The most interesting of these letters were afterwards incorporated in Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's correspondence.

live to see the success of her unceasing efforts on behalf of her friends. On her deathbed Lady Mary, though in grievous suffering, sent for the young James Steuart, and took a tender leave of him, as she could not have the comfort of his parents' presence.

The exiles were again at Tübingen in 1760; when news of the death of King George II. arrived, at a most unfortunate moment for them. The constant exertions of the Earl of Holderness and Lord Barrington had been successful in procuring a pardon for their friend: it only needed signature; but the king's death upset all these arrangements.

In 1762, war having broken out, the Steuarts were at Antwerp, and in May of that year proceeded to Spa, accompanied by their sister Elizabeth, and Mr. Andrew Hay of Rannes, already mentioned. Here, it seems, Sir James was somewhat incautious in expressing his sympathy with the successes of the British arms. At all events he was, in defiance of all rule, seized by a party of 200 French soldiers under a *lettre de cachet* from Louis XIV., and conveyed a prisoner to the fortress of Givet in Charlemont. He was attended by his sister, Elizabeth Steuart of Coltness,

commonly called 'Aunt Betty,' an excellent maiden lady, strong minded and eccentric,[1] the delight of all who knew her. She shared the rigours of her brother's prison, and ministered to him in his sickness, so as to admit of Lady Frances' return to England to represent the hardships of her husband's case.

M. Cobenzl, the Austrian minister at Brussels, when complaint was made to him of their house at Antwerp having been broken into and its contents rifled, acknowledged with regret the *over complaisance* shown to the demands of the French Government, and did his utmost to assist Lady Frances in her extremity of trouble.

All the efforts of the Duc de Nivernois, the French Ambassador at St. James's, availed nothing.

On the 3d November 1762, however, peace was concluded; and on the 13th December the

[1] In *Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk*, etc.; Edin. 1882, a chapter is devoted to a sketch of the 'heavenly-minded but plain-spoken Aunt Betty,' as she was styled by Lady Frances Steuart; and an attempt to define her quaint views of religion, as shown in the volume published by her direction after her death entitled—*Narrative of Four Conferences between the Ghost of Mr. Maxwell of Coul, and the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, Minister of Innerwick*, Lond. 1808. Mrs. Elizabeth Steuart died in 1803, and was buried at Cambusnethan.

Duc de Choiseul wrote to Sir James with his own hand intimating that he was no longer a prisoner of France. The *mistake* that had been made was fully acknowledged, and it was significantly admitted, with profusion of compliments, that the Chevalier Steuart, who knew French affairs *de fond en comble*, would have been a dangerous person for their interests had he been at liberty while the terms of peace were under discussion.

Shortly after his release from the fortress of Givet Sir James Steuart was tacitly—the result of the exertions of Lord Barrington and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—allowed to return to Britain. Ultimately a pardon was granted. Though he had done little to blow up the coals of rebellion, it was felt that in the interests of his son,[1] now an officer in the 12th Regiment of Dragoons, it was better to admit, without reserve, all that was alleged against him, in the way of

[1] Sir James Steuart Denham, G.C.H. lived to be the senior general, and the oldest soldier in the British army. He was a very excellent cavalry officer, and was, at the time of his death in 1839, Colonel of the Scots Greys. He represented the county of Lanark in Parliament for many years. As he left no issue, his two baronetcies devolved on Sir John Steuart of Allanbank, the sole remaining male of this once widely-spreading family.

treason, in the formal document in which his case was detailed, and pardon granted for his misdeeds.[1] His great work, *An Inquiry into the Principles of Political Economy*, perhaps the earliest treatise on the subject produced in this country, was published in 1767, reprinted in 1770, and translated into French. In 1772, at the request of the Honourable East India Company, Sir James compiled his *Essay on the Coinage of Bengal*, in acknowledgment of which they presented him with a magnificent diamond ring. But it was not till 1773 that Sir James and his wife returned to their estate of Coltness, where he lived in much retirement, and devoted himself to study. He died in 1780; Lady Frances Steuart, 'the flower of Wemyss family,' on the 30th June 1789.

A collective edition of the works of Sir James Steuart, embracing several branches of learning, was published, by desire of his son, at London in 1805; it extends to six large volumes.

On her return from abroad, Mrs. Calderwood applied herself to the improvement of her husband's estates, the extension of political influence,

[1] The document is printed in the *Coltness Collections*, p. 381, and is tolerably comprehensive.

and the education of her sons. With a view to the first of these objects she compiled a *Journal* of her 'Factorship' during eight years of her management, which treatise, characterised by her usual plain common sense,[1] and said to be valuable at the present day, she presented to the farmers of her husband's estates in the hope of inspiring them with new ideas. Her own success in this direction was great; in the time specified she had laid out £6000, and raised the rental from £827 to £1258.

For William Calderwood of Polton, spoken of in the narrative of travel, the eldest son, his mother procured a cornetcy in the First Horse Guards; he became lieutenant-colonel in that regiment, and held the office of Silver Stick; he

[1] Some of the writer's remarks were characterised by a shrewdness of such depth, that they were thought to partake somewhat of the wisdom of prophecy. In view of the experiences of the county of Mid-Lothian in the course of the last century, the reader may be able to judge of the sagacity of the following dictum of Mrs. Calderwood:—'Any man whose esteat lies in the county of Edinburgh, and who is related and connected with it, and who has engadged in the business of the law, either at the bar or on the Bench, must have a very considerable failling in his character not to acquire a superior regard to himself and family, to any other person of equall or superior fortune.'

married in 1780 Anne, daughter of Colonel John Balneaves of Cairnbadie, and died in 1787 at Lausanne, where a monument is erected to his memory.

Regarding James, the second son, Mrs. Calderwood writes in her own quaint manner, that, having asked Professor Hamilton of Edinburgh his opinion of her son, his answer was—'That he was the finest boy that he ever had under his care, and fit for any business that he should be put to, but that he did not seem to point to anything in particular. That, as for his learning, he did not seem fond of applying to the Latin; he was making little progress in the French; and did not seem at all to relish the arithmetick; and for his writing, he was sorry to say that I was a judge of that by his letters. Here is my son—says I—the finest boy ever Professor Hamilton had under his care; a second brother, and his fortoune to make; near fourteen years of age, and has been educate in London, and has had opportunity of seeing every different employment by which people make their fortoune; knows it is not the milk and meal of a farm can support him; so wise as to be superior to his years, and yet not pointing nor thinking of any employment; and no

application given to the very fundamentalls of the lawyer, the physician, nor the merchant, and cannot be got out of bed in the morning! This youth must follow an employment where he can be a very pretty fellow; the most agreeable, the finest lad in the world, without either solidity or application, and who will get money as fast while he is asleep as when he is awake; and surely, for the benefit of all such was a standing army first established in Great Britain.' James Calderwood died, unmarried, at New York in 1770, a captain in the 26th Cameronian Regiment.

Mrs. Calderwood's active and useful life came to an end in 1774, eight months after the death of her husband. There is a portrait of her, by Chambers, at Polton, displaying much of the shrewd intelligence to be found in her writings.

In few words the subsequent history of this family may be sketched.

On the death of Lieutenant-Colonel William Calderwood in 1787, his sister Anne, Mrs. Durham of Largo, succeeded to his estates in Mid-Lothian. Of her five children,[1] James Durham

[1] Mrs. Calderwood's only granddaughter, Margaret (daughter of Anne Calderwood Durham of Largo), married, in 1783, James

of Largo, born in 1754, and repeatedly mentioned in his grandmother's letters, entered the army at the age of fifteen, was appointed, in 1794, colonel of the Fifeshire Regiment of Fencibles, which he had raised. He served in the Irish Rebellion, and held for some years the command of the Eastern district of Scotland. He succeeded to the Largo estate on his father's death in 1808; became general in 1830: till the end of his life he was Convener of his native county.

Strange, of the H.E.I.C. Service, son of Sir Robert Strange, the celebrated engraver, and adherent to the Jacobite cause. Their daughter, Isabella, the delight of Sir Robert's old age, became the wife of James Wolfe Murray, Lord Cringletie, a judge of the Court of Session.

It may be conceived with what feelings a passage in one of her daughter's letters regarding Sir R. Strange would be read by the thrifty and careful Mrs. Calderwood. Mrs. Durham writes:—'—— His works are amazing, and he has made the engraving a source of wealth to the nation, as they now export prints to all parts of the world to the value of £100,000. He intended to destroy his plates that none might print off inferior copys. Romney, the painter, who is his great admirer, bid me ask him not to do it, for they were still worth £10,000, and that as he said he was to do so, he would need a reason to give to the public. So I wrote to him a letter at Romney's instance. . . . He assured me he would do nothing rashly that any one thought might be of hurt to his son.'—*Polton MSS.* This letter is quoted in the *Life of Sir R. Strange*, by Mr. James Dennistoun of Dennistoun: London, 1855.

General Durham married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Sheldon; and secondly, Margaret, eldest daughter of Colonel John Anstruther Thomson of Charlton; and died in 1840.

Having no children, General Durham was succeeded in the Largo property by his nephew, Thomas, son of Thomas Durham Calderwood.

This last-named gentleman, Thomas Durham Calderwood of Polton (second son of Anne Durham), on whom his mother had entailed that estate and her family name, was Lieut.-Colonel of the Fifeshire Fencibles. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of James Young of Netherfield, in the county of Lanark. He died in 1815, leaving three children, James, Thomas, and Lilias.

Of these, James Steuart Calderwood of Polton, a lieutenant of the 12th Lancers, inherited his father's estate on his death. He died, unmarried, in 1818, at Lausanne, where there is, in the cathedral, a monument to his memory.

Thomas Calderwood of Polton succeeded on his brother's death. He left the naval service on his marriage with Anna, eldest daughter of William Cunninghame Graham of Gartmore. He likewise succeeded General Durham, in 1840, as heir-male of that family, and so became Durham of Largo.

He was heir-general of the Calderwoods of Polton, and of the several branches of the Steuart family mentioned in the earlier part of this narrative, namely, of Kirkfield, Coltness, and of Goodtrees.

But the estate of Polton, in accordance with the terms of its destination, devolved on his uncle, Admiral Sir Philip Charles Henderson Calderwood Durham, G.C.B. (third son of Anne Durham), a highly distinguished officer.[1] He married in 1799 the Lady Charlotte Bruce, daughter of the fifth Earl of Elgin; secondly, in 1817, Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir John Henderson of Fordel, and died without issue in 1845, aged eighty-two.

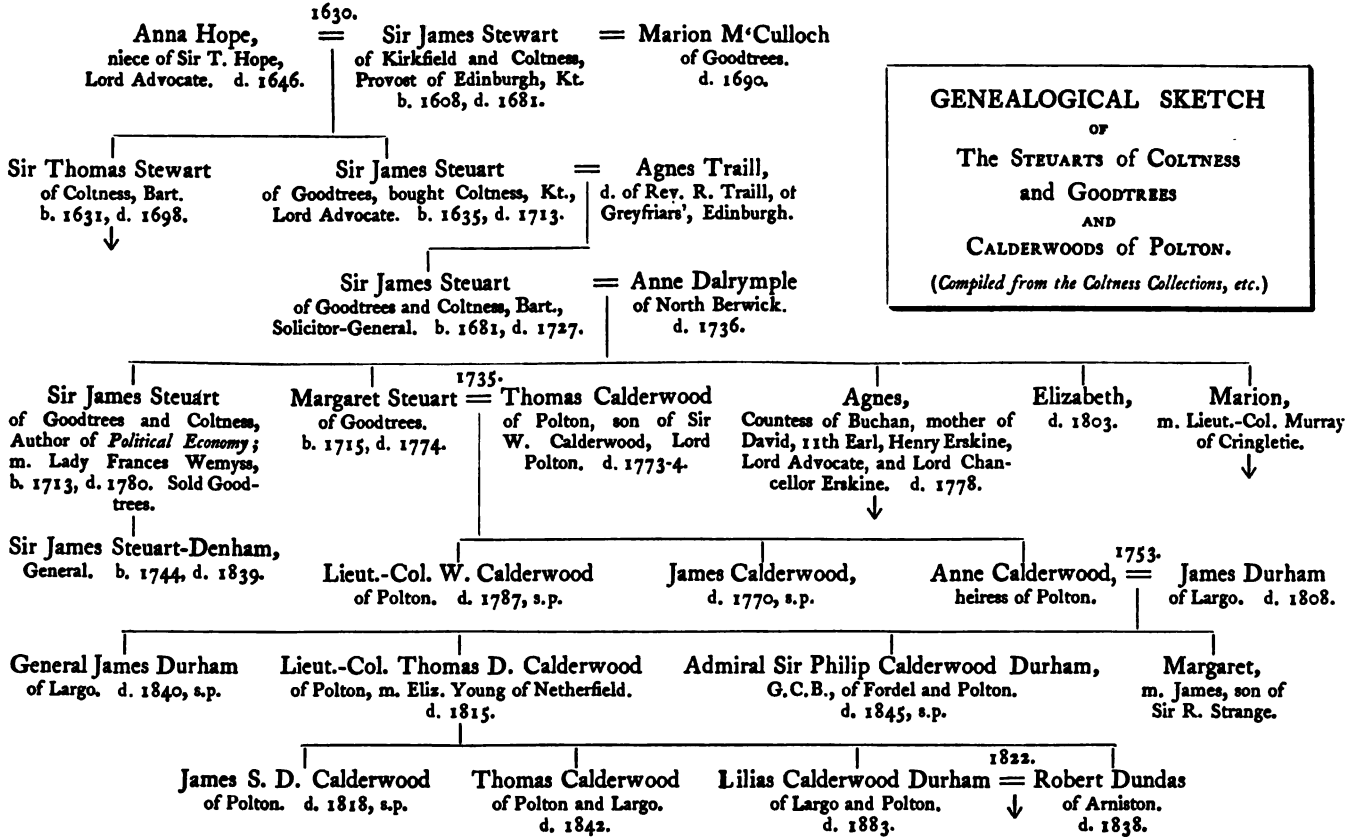
Sir Philip Durham was succeeded in the family estate in Mid-Lothian by his niece, Lilias Calder-

[1] Sir Philip Durham was a midshipman on board the *Royal George*, and one of the few who survived the sinking of that vessel. His career as a naval officer was one of singular brilliancy. The first *tricoloured* flag that was struck to the British ensign was taken by him on the 13th February 1793, and the *last* captured in the long war fell to him on the 10th August 1815.—See *Mem. of the Naval Life and Services of Ad. Sir P. C. H. C. Durham, G.C.B.*, by his nephew, Capt. A. Murray, R. Irish Fusiliers. Lond., 1846, p. 98. Sir Philip fought at Trafalgar, and was the friend of Nelson and of Collingwood: he received, with other honours, the military Order of Merit from Louis XVIII., a rare distinction; and the Grand Cross of the Bath.

wood Durham (only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Durham Calderwood of Polton), married in 1822 to Robert Dundas of Arniston, who died in 1838. She had already acquired the estate of Largo on her brother's death in 1842.

Large in judgment and instinct, true as woman and wife, this lady had inherited—besides the representation of two ancient families—many of those excellent gifts for which they had been long distinguished.




GENEALOGICAL SKETCH
OF
The STEUARTS of COLTNESS
and GOODTREES
AND
CALDERWOODS of POLTON.
(Compiled from the Coltness Collections, etc.)
1630.
Anna Hope, niece of Sir T. Hope, Lord Advocate. d. 1646.
Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield and Coltness, Provost of Edinburgh, Kt. b. 1608, d. 1681.
Marion M'Culloch of Goodtrees. d. 1690.
Sir Thomas Stewart of Coltness, Bart. b. 1631, d. 1698.
Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees, bought Coltness, Kt., Lord Advocate. b. 1635, d. 1713.
Agnes Traill, d. of Rev. R. Traill, of Greyfriars', Edinburgh.
Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees and Coltness, Bart., Solicitor-General. b. 1681, d. 1727.
Anne Dalrymple of North Berwick. d. 1736.
Sir James Steuart of Goodtrees and Coltness, Author of Political Economy; m. Lady Frances Wemyss, b. 1713, d. 1780. Sold Goodtrees.
Margaret Steuart of Goodtrees. b. 1715, d. 1774.
1735.
Thomas Calderwood of Polton, son of Sir W. Calderwood, Lord Polton. d. 1773-4.
Agnes, Countess of Buchan, mother of David, 11th Earl, Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate, and Lord Chancellor Erskine. d. 1778.
Elizabeth, d. 1803.
Marion, m. Lieut.-Col. Murray of Cringletie.
Sir James Steuart-Denham, General. b. 1744, d. 1839.
Lieut.-Col. W. Calderwood of Polton. d. 1787, s.p.
James Calderwood, d. 1770, s.p.
Anne Calderwood, heiress of Polton.
1753.
James Durham of Largo. d. 1808.
General James Durham of Largo. d. 1840, s.p.
Lieut.-Col. Thomas D. Calderwood of Polton, m. Eliz. Young of Netherfield. d. 1815.
Admiral Sir Philip Calderwood Durham, G.C.B., of Fordel and Polton. d. 1845, s.p.
Margaret, m. James, son of Sir R. Strange.
James S. D. Calderwood of Polton. d. 1818, s.p.
Thomas Calderwood of Polton and Largo. d. 1842.
Lilias Calderwood Durham of Largo and Polton. d. 1883.
1822.
Robert Dundas of Arniston. d. 1838.

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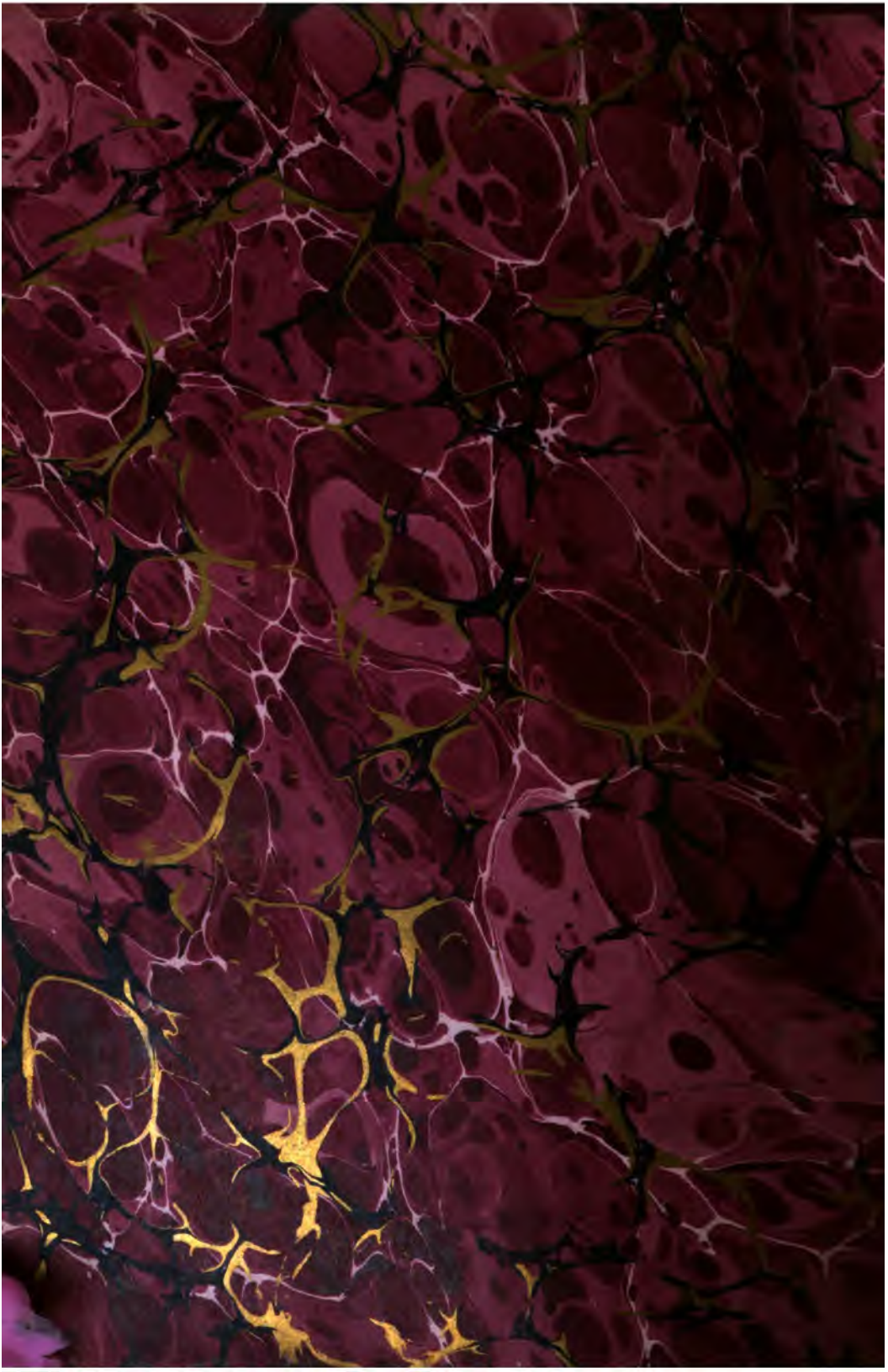
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